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PENTHOUSE

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
MARCH 1984

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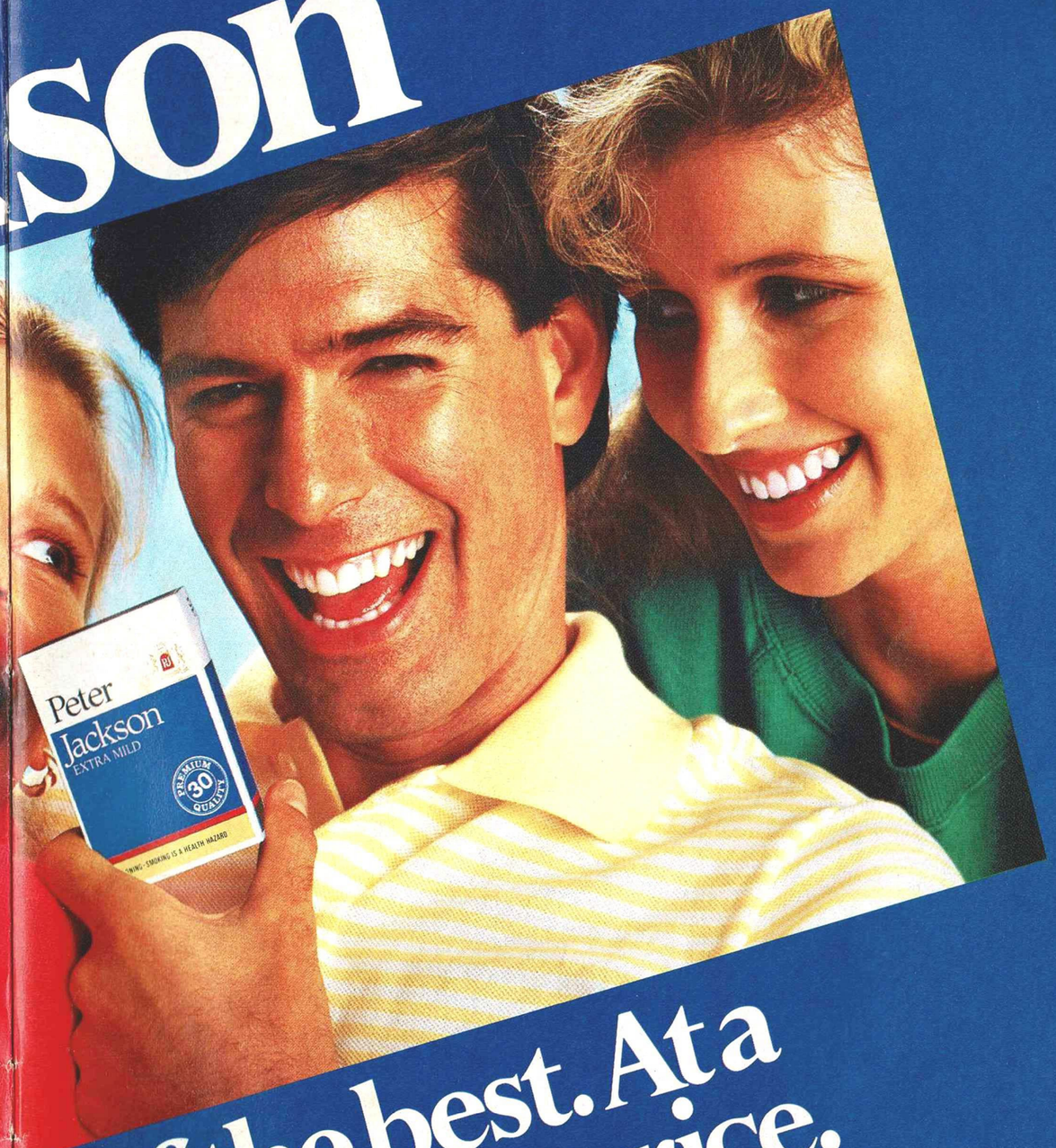

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Australian
PENTHOUSE
The International Magazine for Men/Vol 5 No 3/March 1984

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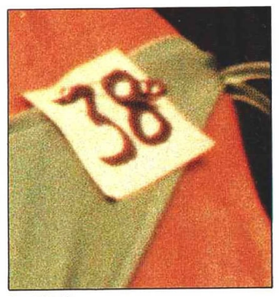

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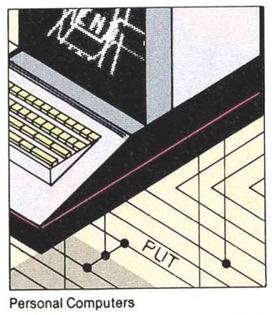

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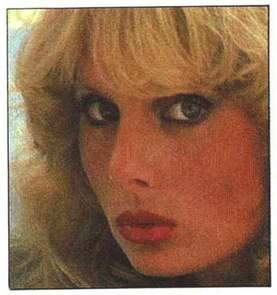
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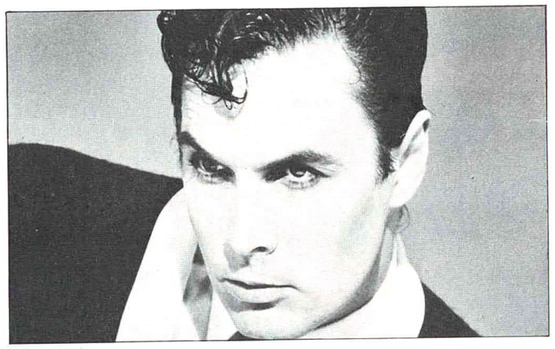
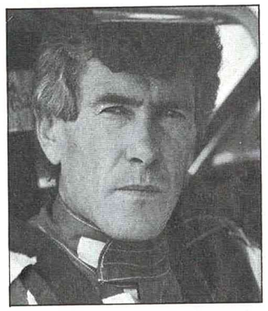
'I said bring out the Drambuie!'

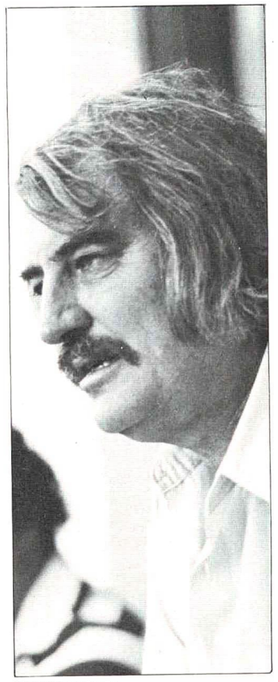


BOB WATSON

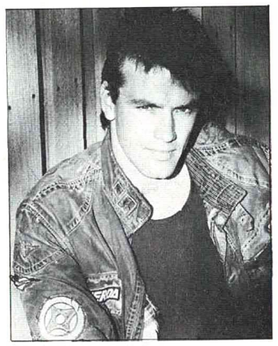


PETER MCKAY

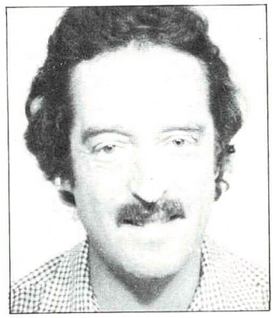
KATHY LETTE



ROBERT ENGLISH



GRAHAM MONRO



JOHN COSTELLO

HOUSECALL

What went wrong? That was the question the whole world was asking when news of America's aborted attempt to free the hostages in Iran broke across the front pages of every major newspaper on the planet. Now, almost four years later, *Penthouse* has the answers. In an exclusive story, **Major Logan Fitch**, the commander of one of the rescue squads and the man who actually drew up the battle plan, tells what really happened when America's anti-terrorist squad Delta Force set out on Mission Rice Bowl, the fiasco which resulted in the deaths of eight American servicemen. The Real Story Of The Iranian Rescue Mission, written in collaboration with **George Feifer** and accompanied by a shocking series of photographs by **Abbas** , starts on page 34.

When **Bob Sawyer** won $200,000 in the Opera House Lottery it turned out to be the unluckiest day of his life. With an "easy come, easy go" attitude, he decided to take his good fortune to Las Vegas and multiply his winnings on the roulette tables. But things didn't quite turn out as he'd planned. Sawyer soon discovered that Las Vegas isn't kind to losers. He recounts his experience of his brief life in the fast lane in Losing It In Las Vegas, an hilarious story which starts on page 52.

Also in a humorous vein, **Kathy Lette** lets fly with an incisive series of observations on the Australian male and his failings as a partner. "A husband is a thing of duty and a boy forever," contends Kathy in Bitchin' In The Kitchen, illustrated by **Mary Leunig,** on page 64. If she doesn't tickle your funny bone, she's sure to raise your hackles.

And now for something completely different: sport. This month *Penthouse* takes you from one sporting extreme to another. Women's body building is probably the most physically and mentally demanding form of competition a girl can get into. The ladies put themselves through hell. But the results, as **Graham Monro's** photos reveal, are spectacular. **Greg Hunter's** story, Hard Bodies, beginning on page 82, offers some eye-opening insights into the flesh parade.

The last thing top ice hockey goaltender Ralph Bradbury wants to show off in his skin. If he did, it would soon get busted. The ice hockey goaltender wears more than 25 kilos of padded gear and he needs every gram of it to protect him from the puck and the opposing players. In The Iceman, starting on page 58, with photos by **Graham Monro**, **Phil Abraham** asks Bradbury why he is so keen to stand in the firing line.

You want adventure, we've got adventure. This month *Penthouse* takes you rafting in Nepal, courtesy of **John Borthwick,** who captures the magic of this exotic land in Adrenalin On The Rocks, on page 104. Back in the comfort of home, computer expert **John Costello** takes a long hard look at the viability of an investment in a home computer, in Personal Computers: Toys Or Tools? on page 90. **Peter Schofield** created the artwork. From fact to fantasy, we present **Robert English's** outrageous story The Birthday Party, starting on page 96, in which English offers a new line in pet food. The illustration is by **Robert Pearce.**

Out on the open road, motoring editor **Peter McKay** has been spending time behind the wheel of the Audi 100 — the 1983 World Car Of The Year. McKay concludes that you'll have to risk a hefty speeding fine if you want to test the full potential of the Audi on Australian roads. Great Expectations starts on page 120. On the two-wheel scene, motorcycle correspondent **Noel Christensen** offers a rundown on the range of new superbike releases for 1984. A Vintage Year is on page 124.

Completing a comprehensive range of features, there's the second instalment of the Bob Jones interview with **Phil Abraham**, in which the martial arts entrepreneur talks about his booming kickboxing business and defends some of his more controversial activities, while in Advise and Dissent on page 156, crime investigator **Bob Bottom** adds his authoritative opinion to the continuing debate over proposals for a national crimes commission .

Pet of the Month Debra Braithwaite wants to become a photographer, but while she was waiting for the right opportunities in that area, she decided to expose her talents to the other end of the lens. **Bob Watson** photographed the Blonde on Blonde centrespread. Heather Lynn, shot by **Allan J. Wash,** and Toni Larsen, who posed for **Hank Londoner,** complete the trio of Pets.

This month's competition prize is a beauty — a seven-day holiday for two cruising the Fijian Islands. Turn to page 142, answer the three easy questions, and you could be on your way to an adventure in paradise. Everyone's a winner with *Penthouse,* Australia's number one men's magazine.

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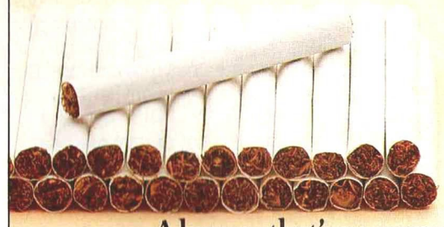
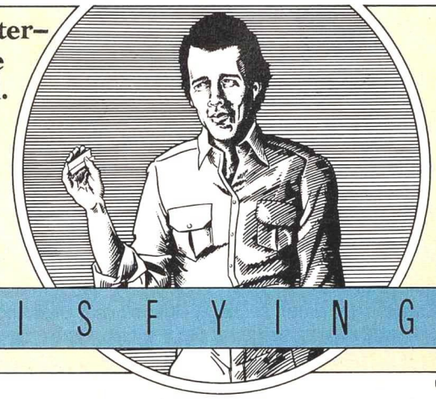
DOUWE EGBERTS READY RUBBED BANK AROMATIC CIGARETTE TOBACCO — Subtle, sweet, aromatic

evergreen MILD MENTHOLATED READY RUBBED CIGARETTE TOBACCO — Mild cool menthol



A luxury that's an economy.

Go one better– roll one handed.



MORE SATISFYING

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Big on Bowie

I thank you and Robert Palmer for the David Bowie interview in the December 1983 issue.

Interviewer and subject were well matched, and Robert Palmer never surrendered to the fashionable sin of oversimplifying the motives of this complicated artist. David Bowie seemed almost embarrassed by his symbolic life as a star, and his generous recognition of the influences in his work will bring him continued success.

That a man with such talent for mystery could be so courageous is something we might never know except through Robert Palmer. — *Don Finlayson, Scarborough, WA*

Petty problems

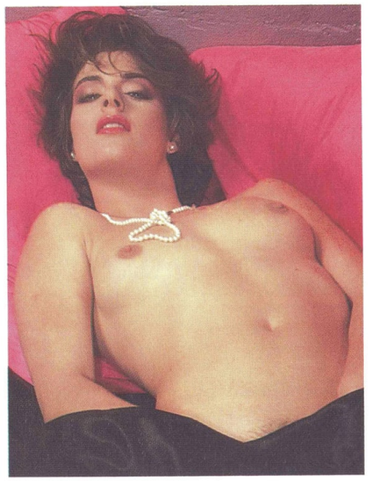
Three boos for your story on Pacific rower extraordinaire Peter Bird (December *Penthouse*). As I turned to the article I was looking forward to an account of his gutsy feat. But to my dismay, I found the story was instead centred on the journalists who had gathered to cover the event and the problems they encountered. Their problems! Christ, a man had just rowed single-handed across the Pacific. Maybe he had a problem or two as well. — *Name withheld, Woolgoolga, NSW*

Peter Bird's magnificent feat received saturation coverage in the media. A mere summary of that coverage would have been superfluous. Instead, Penthouse *presented an inside story on a series of extraordinary events which would never have otherwise been publicised. The defence rests.* — Ed

Yowie wowie

I read the Yowie article in a recent issue of *Penthouse* with some amusement. I am glad the author of the piece included UFO sightings with the Yowie reports. They belong in the same category — both being objects which exist only in the minds of gullible people.

These mysteries will always exist in the minds of men — UFOs, Bigfoot, the Loch Ness monster, just to name a few. Let me quote a famous conman. He said, "The scientists are always the easiest to convince, because they want so badly to believe." I won't tell you his name; let's just call him The Fake Who Duped A Nation. — *Paul Kinley, Christchurch, NZ*



Christianne Jende . . . The Blue Angel

Bottom fan

I noted with interest that your December issue contained a story entitled The Retail Robbers by Bob Bottom. Congratulations on obtaining the services of a man who, I believe, is among the most courageous and honest journalists in Australia.

Bottom's Retail Robbers article was an informed insight into the magnitude of the shoplifting syndicates operating in and from this country. It was also presented in the straightforward, easy-to-read style I have come to expect from the man. I look forward to more of Bottom's work in your magazine. — *R. Jenkins, Mosman, NSW*

Bob Bottom is now an Australian Penthouse *contributing editor and more of his work is scheduled to appear in coming months. The Advise and Dissent section of this issue was contributed by Bottom.* — Ed

Send me an angel

As they say in your Forum section: "I never thought I'd be writing this letter but . . ." That "but" occurred when I checked out your January Pet Of The Month, Christianne Jende. And I always thought German girls were built like tanks and had forearms like smoked hams. Not so your Blue Angel. If she wishes to settle in Australia for good, may I volunteer my services as a sponsor? — *J.Hancock, Goulburn, NSW*

Sour Chastity

I have a couple of serious questions to ask.

Why does *Penthouse* insist on drawing out the agony of that supremely unfunny serial, Sweet Chastity? It is really tedious in the extreme. Secondly, do you know if anyone actually bothers to read the thing? (Surely your marketing section would know the answer to that question.) Might I suggest you ditch poor Chastity and replace her with a few pages of topical jokes.

Failing that, a few more pages of snatch would keep this reader more than happy . . in fact, anything is preferable to more of Sweet Chastity! — *Denis Mead, Eltham, Victoria*

The good news

As a subscriber to *Penthouse* since it was first published in Australia, I thought I would write to you after reading the good news which recently came to me in the mail.

The news I am talking about is the *Penthouse* 1984 calendar. As a collector of calendars over the last 12 years (including your great 1980 edition), I feel qualified to comment on your latest product.

It is fine, except for one problem. It should have been spiral-bound like the 1980 one. The current one is difficult to turn over month by month because of its binding. I hope the problem is rectified in the 1985 *Penthouse* calendar. If you go back to spiral binding, and couple it with photos of a similar quality to those in the current calendar, you will produce a real collector's item. — *Jim Sonter, Epping, NSW*

Enarmored

I have enjoyed *Penthouse* for many years, particularly the photographic features of girls clothed in a variety of fabrics, such as leather, tulle and lace. But I feel one important garment has been left out — armor.

I know that it is not exactly practical in this day and age. But in days of old, both chain mail and the complete steel suit were regarded as essential items of milady's wardrobe, particularly when she was travelling or when her castle was under siege. I would like to suggest that a pictorial be done on this theme, using the *Penthouse* Pets as models. — *Name and address withheld*

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RENAULT FUEGO

Renault Importers (A Division of LNC Industries Limited). N.B. Fuego is pronounced 'F-way-go'. Which translated means 'fire'.

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Don't thank us . . .

I am a 25-year-old archaeologist and until recently, a virgin. A few months ago I began dating a young woman whom I had met at an acquaintance's party. Delores is a 24-year-old chemist at a nearby scientific institute. Needless to say, our chemistry was right from the start.

This sensitive woman is of less than average height, with coarse brown hair (pulled back into a bun), and beady brown eyes. To my great satisfaction, she has enormously large (although not quite proportional) breasts with well-defined aureolas and large nipples that are " on" most of the day. She is slightly overweight, but otherwise her appearance is tolerable. Considering that I am not exactly a beefcake myself, I feel that we are well suited. I am of average height, with an unathletic body, a slight paunch, a receding hairline, and a four-and-a-half-inch penis when fully erect.

After an extended courting period, Delores and I finally came to terms with our sexual dilemma last weekend. Following a rational analysis on the state of our relationship, we concluded that the time was ripe to initiate a physical dimension to our relationship.

Last Saturday evening, Delores and I met at a nearby restaurant. We ordered biscuits with cheese, some carrot slices, and a carafe of house wine. The alcohol soon dulled our sexual inhibitions (I think I was getting horny — I felt a flush all over my body that was centred at my very stiff but fortunately unobservable erection). I could tell the wine was having a similar effect on Delores, when she ran her tongue over her hairy upper lip. I knew that it was now or never.

Soon thereafter, we left the restaurant (in our great excitement, we forgot to pay the bill) and began the short walk back to my flat. Both of us perspired profusely in anticipation of what lay ahead. By the time we reached my residence (fortunately the bloke that shares my place was away for the week-end), I could see beads of sweat exposing the pimples under Delores's thick layer of acne medication. By now the soreness in my testicles was clearly annoying me. I quickly entered the room, closed the shades, lit a small candle, and put on my portable cassette player — side one of Kamahl's greatest hits. Delores excused herself and went into the bathroom. I undressed and crawled under the covers. Hastily, I placed three prophylactics on my enlarged penis. Delores returned, wearing nothing but my blue terry towelling bathrobe, which she quickly shed. It was then that I first caught a glimpse of her ample body silhouetted against the whitewashed walls of my room. My body shuddered with anticipation. She joined me in bed and accidentally knocked her knee against my hip. I proceeded to stroke her coarse and somewhat greasy hair. Her strong natural odor, undisguised by commercial perfume or deodorant, triggered my animal instincts.I forced my tongue into her faintly stale-tasting mouth. I then placed a hand on her larger breast and began to move my hand over her nipple, which soon became erect. I detected a slight irregularity in her breathing. Delores responded by clawing at my back with her nail-bitten fingers. As we engaged in a strong embrace, I asked Delores if she was still certain that she wanted to have intercourse. She responded with a softspoken but confident yes. I reached down to her vagina and began a massaging motion as my left hand carressed her smaller breast. As I felt the wetness build up at the entrance to her vagina, I positioned myself on top of her. She spread her legs apart and after several unsuccessful attempts, I finally penetrated her lubricated vagina, ejaculating with several strong spasms even before I had fully entered her frontal orifice. Delores responded with a faint whimper. Soon after, I dozed off. The next evening we had sex again, except that my orgasm was a bit more premature, as I had mistakenly entered her anus.

My sexual horizons thus broadened and I can certainly conclude that a vagina is vastly superior to a milk bottle. At any rate, I just wanted to thank you people at *Penthouse* for providing me with the sexual education that was so necessary in making my first sexual endeavor possible. I also want to say that never again will I think that the encounters portrayed in your magazine are mere sexual fantasies, for as you can see from my letter, anything is possible. — *Name and address withheld*

Say something dirty

Several years ago I enjoyed the sexual charms of a number of females. Several were colleagues, and the most memorable was my secretary, Violet. She and I had a year-long affair during which

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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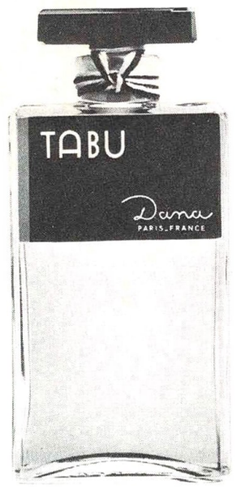
MARCH

Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.



The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

we made love in my psychology office and at one another's home when our respective spouses were away.

Violet is a tall, slender, striking blonde with small, pert breasts, exquisite legs, and perhaps the most beautiful arse of all time. She possesses the most seductive and sensual voice I have ever heard, the eyes of a temptress, and, when it suits her, a most wicked smile. Many times a devastated male would stumble into my office and profess immediate love and passion for the lady he had only just met.

She was a hell of a good secretary, too.

One summer night, when my wife had gone home for a vacation, Violet came over. After a few drinks and our usual quarrel, I carried her up the steps into my bedroom. She was soon out of her jeans and shirt and modelling for me. I snapped a couple of pictures of her partially nude and put the camera down. The tension from our quarrel was still in the air along with our ever-present contest for personal supremacy. I again lifted her up, hot with lust, and threw her on her back on to my bed. I pulled her panties off roughly and stood looking down at her as I slowly unbuckled my own jeans and removed them. The tension, force of wills, and sexual lust between us was overpowering. As I lowered myself on top of her, she whispered in a very husky voice, "I hate you. I hate you." Our eyes were locked, and she pulled me down to her, kissing me with an unbelievable passion. We kissed for a long while and I began to roughly caress her body. Working down across her breasts and belly to her pubic area, I suddenly turned her over on to her stomach and rubbed my hands along her.

I moved up to her neck, lifted her hair and whispered to her, "Tonight". My fingers were playing between her cheeks and occasionally one would enter her arsehole. A smile came over her face. "I somehow knew I was going to lose this to you tonight." Rising up on to my knees, I put my index finger into a jar of Vaseline and, spreading her cheeks, bent down and lovingly kissed her virgin arsehole goodbye. I slowly slipped my finger all the way into her rectum. I don't know who groaned loudest or with more satisfaction. My finger felt so good and looked so nice implanted in her bottom, I was hard put to pull it out, but I did. Telling her to relax, I placed my penis against her small, pretty opening. The first inch was surprisingly easy, but then she tightened up and the final push was slow and difficult. When fully embedded in her arse, I lay down on top of her to hear her moan, "O, God! O, God!" over and over. "It's beautiful, I feel so full!" We fucked slowly at first, then more energetically, with her arse coming up hard to meet my thrusts. A wicked smile was on her face.

I suddenly pulled out of her arsehole pushed her over on to her back, and slammed my cock all the way into her sweet pussy with one thrust. Violet's face recorded her confusion at my leaving her arse and her pleasure at having me in her love hole. "Do you hate me now, Babe?" I asked. "Say it to me — say, 'I hate you.' " "No, no, I love you, " she cried. "Yes, you love me and you hate me for that, don't you?" I asked. "You're mine, Violet, mine — aren't you?" Her brown eyes stared straight into mine. "Yes. Yes. I belong to you, I'm your cunt."

Violet was fucking me hard now and kept saying she was my cunt. I continued to talk to her and have her repeat it to me. "Yes, fuck me. Fuck Violet's cunt with your cock," she screamed. "Fuck it hard. Fuck it till it hurts."

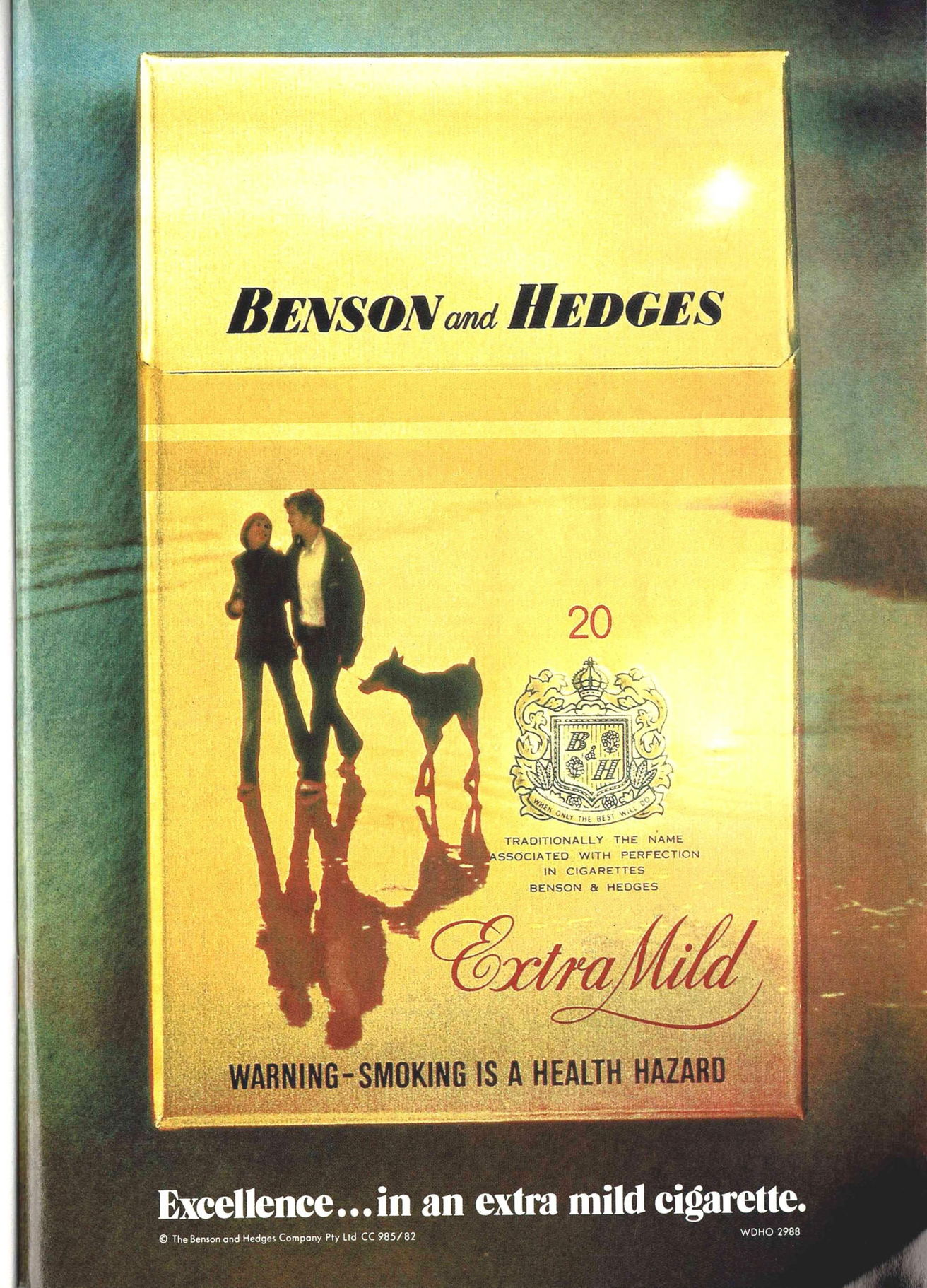
I turned her over on top of of me and started pulling and pinching her little titties. We talked more. She told me how she would masturbate and fantasise that she was a princess at her court, sitting on her throne with only a robe on, and while everyone looked on, I would come in, throw my cape aside, open her robe, and fuck her with my big cock. The most exciting fantasy she shared with me, however, was when she said, "I want to eat Gladys' (my wife's) cunt. I want to suck and lick it while you fuck her arsehole. I do. I really will, you know." I whispered that I would pull out of my wife just before I came and would shoot off on her arse and pussy and also watch it drip on Violet's face. She said she would lick up all of Gladys's love juice and my come.

She continued to talk dirty as we fucked, until I was near coming and needed to concentrate. "Shut up, slut!" was all I could growl out. As I did, she shuddered in orgasm. I came in her hole a minute later.

At work the next day she told me she was so sore she could barely sit down, but each little jab of pain brought the memory of the previous night to her mind; and that smile was still on her face. — *Name and address withheld*

Flabby fun

I had just separated from my live-in boyfriend when this incident occurred. My ex was a barman and occasional model, too wrapped up in himself to devote any time to developing a relationship. It had been a couple of months since I had gone out and I was feeling kind of restless. It was a Friday night and I desperately wanted to party. I put on a pair of totally transparent bikini panties and a bright yellow formfitting miniskirt that showed a lot of leg. I had a good tan, so I decided against nylons. This was the first time I'd worn the dress without a bra, and I noticed that my nipples were slightly visible through the fabric. I like the way I looked.



FORUM

Having decided to head into town to one of the singles bars, I pulled into a suburban pub for what I thought would be a quick drink. The pub was very crowded and smoky. I gathered a few appreciative stares from the burly road workers that frequented the place as I looked for an empty table. I finally sat down at a table with a large, U-shaped booth that faced one of the pool tables. I could tell it was occupied, because there was a half-empty pitcher of beer and a burning cigar in the ashtray, but I decided to stay anyway.

Waiting for the barmaid, I noticed a huge, beefy man glance in my direction as he readied his cue to make a shot. He was a giant of a man. He wore a faded black muscle shirt that stopped about six inches from the top of his dirty jeans. A large, fat stomach hung over the front of his pants. Every time he bent over to make a shot, his pants would fall down over his bum, revealing about three inches of his crack. He wore his hair in a very short flat top and had a tattoo on his forearm of a naked woman with her legs spread wide. He was repulsively fat and so unusual-looking that I was both disgusted and fascinated by him.

He sat down at the table, after finishing his game, and I apologised for having moved in on his table. He guffawed and made a comment about joining him anytime. He introduced himself as Bob. While waiting for the barmaid, we made small talk and I found out that he was a wharfie out on the town while his "old lady" was away visiting her sister.

When the lady came for our order, Bob turned to me and said, "Let me order for us." He promptly ordered another pitcher of beer and four nips of whiskey. Before I could protest, the barmaid was gone and he was laughing, saying, "You can bet your arse you haven't had nothin' quite like whiskey chased by beer. Give it a try."

When the drinks arrived, he insisted on paying. Turning to me, he smiled and said, "Now watch me and I'll show you how it's done." He promptly downed one nip, gulped some beer and then downed the other. "Drink 'em down fast and they won't bother you."

"What the hell," I said nervously. "You only live once." By the time I'd followed his example, we had four more nips sitting in front of us. "But I can't . . ." Bob waved off my protest and urged me on with another leer. Shortly thereafter, things got a bit fuzzy for a while and I eventually passed out. I awoke, or more aptly, slipped out of my stupor, to find that Bob had slid over next to me in the booth. His tongue probed against my lips and his left hand was between my spread legs. He searched deep inside my drenched twat with two of his meaty fingers. I tried to clear my head as his fingers became more intense, pushing deeper and deeper inside of me.

"Back to the land of the living?" he asked as he looked me in the eyes. "You've got a very agreeable pussy," he groaned. "And these panties aren't too bad either," he said as waved them in front of my face. "How did you . . . I don't remember you taking them off me," I stuttered. "Baby, you've been out for almost a half-hour. I had your legs spread and your little skimpies here off you in the first five minutes. You've worked up quite a lather down there. Let's get out of here, I want to get a better look at those tits," he said.

I protested weakly, but he lifted me up by the arm and guided me toward the door. Once outside, the breeze felt good against my face. He tucked my panties into has back pocket and said, "Best to take my rig. You're in no shape to drive." He led me to a shiny new four-wheel-drive ute. Once inside, his dashboard glowed like the cockpit of a plane, with dials and gadgets I'd never seen before. "Now, let's see what those titties look like," he said as he grabbed the hem of my skirt and began lifting it past my hips. "Ooh baby, what knockers. You have definitely got one hot chassis." His big paws grabbed and squeezed at my breasts and alternately pinched my hardening nipples. He began sucking on my left breast while his right hand dived between my legs, tweaking my clit and finger-fucking me. "It's time to get you home, baby. I've got plans for that cunt of yours."

Once we made it to his caravan, he made apologies for the mess, explaining that he'd kind of let things go crazy while his wife was away. Finally inside, he grabbed half a dozen cans and led me into the bedroom. The bed was in total disarray, with blankets, sheets, and clothes strewn everywhere. Empty beer cans were spread all over the floor. Bob pushed me back on to the bed and gave me a very wicked smile. "Now's the time baby," he cooed. "I'm going to fuck you silly." Grabbing my ankles, he pulled me to the edge of the bed, lifting my legs high over my head as he spread them wide. My dress had slid back over my stomach and Bob pushed the rest of it up and over my head. I lay nude beneath his gaze, except for my heels which he wanted me to keep on. Bob knelt on the floor, placed both thumbs on either side of my cunt lips, and opened me wide. He then poured beer into my slit, and licked thirstily, slipping his tongue deep into my hole. I had an instantaneous orgasm that swept through me like fire. I moaned and bucked beneath him as he drained my cunt and chewed on my clit. I pushed my pussy against his face and tried to suck his face right up into me. After I'd come again, he stood up. Leering down at me, he pulled his T-shirt over his head and I could see at least seven other tattoos spread over his chest and his fat hairy belly. After taking off his boots and jeans, he straddled me on the bed and sat down upon my chest. I looked up at his cock and saw that it was huge and throbbing. It's not that it was so long, but it was incredibly thick. I stared in amazement as I noticed that a quarter of the way up his dick, he had a tattoo of two flies fucking.

He grabbed my head and pushed it against the tip of his cock. "Suck it, baby, take it all in," he moaned. I began licking the head and caressed the length of it with my tongue. "Harder, honey, harder," he hissed. I slowly began inching his big dick into my mouth but it wasn't fast enough for him. Bob pushed himself into me, pumping my head back and forth as he did so. Groaning and panting, Bob slid his rod deeper into my widened mouth. Within two minutes he came, pulling out before ejaculating and squirting it on my face. Bob then slid back on to my belly and began smearing his come over my face and breasts, laughing lustily as he gazed upon my come-slick breasts. "I want you in me," I groaned. "Please fuck me. I want to feel you inside of me."

Within a few minutes, Bob was completely hard again. He positioned his bulk between my legs. I was so wet that my thighs were glistening with my juice. He worked his fingers deep into my pussy, working me into an incredible frenzy. Withdrawing his hand, he positioned his cock against my pulsing hole and entered me with a single thrust. As wet as I was, the fit was still incredibly tight. Bob lay down upon me and began ravishing me with pistonlike pumping. His mass of fat completely engulfed me and I felt literally buried in fat. For some reason this became an intense turn-on, and I came in only a matter of seconds. Bob reached under me and grabbed my bum cheeks, squeezing and kneading them as he humped me furiously. He chewed on my nipples until they were tingling with passion. My legs were pushed up over my shoulders and he sunk into me so deeply that I began experiencing a series of multiple orgasms. Sweat began pouring down my face from the heat generated by Bob's massive body. I panted and whined, digging my nails into his chubby back as he pounded relentlessly into me. I could hear his balls slapping against my arse, beating a steady rhythm as we fucked.

"Do you like this, huh? Do you like this, bitch?" he chided. "I'm going to fuck you until you're too weak to walk." Bob twisted my nipples, toying with them until they ached with desire. Pulling my legs back underneath him, Bob lifted my arse off the bed, forcing me to bridge my back into an arch with my legs and shoulders as he grunted into an orgasm. He withdrew, shooting his load on to my stomach and rubbing down into my steaming hole, drenching my pubes with jism and sweat.

My breath came in gasps and I lay spread before him. My entire body smelled of sex and my hair clung in wet strands

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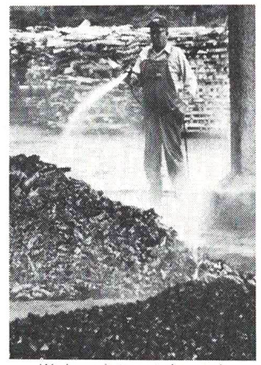

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against my neck and face. Bob's thick fingers continued slipping in and out of my cunt. He worked in two, three, and finally four fingers to the hilt, spreading me wider as he did so. Bob's other hand began working on my arsehole. Gently working his fingers along the entire crack, he gradually began rimming me and eventually slipped his middle finger into the hole. With his meaty arm, he flipped me over on to my belly. Slipping the thumb of his paw into my cunt, Bob began finger-fucking me while he licked in and around my arsehole.

"Cool off a little," Bob hissed as he poured beer in a steady flow over the top of my head. The sudden chill caused me to arch my shoulders and back.

Bob then reached under the bed and brought out a jar. "Now the real fun begins," he said. "A little grease in your hole and you'll be primed for some slick bum fucking." "Please, no!" I screamed. "I've never been fucked there before." "Ho, ho," he boomed. "I've got this down to such a fine art that you'll feel nothing but pleasure, baby." Bob then grabbed my hair and pulled me into a kneeling position, doggy-style. He worked his thumb back into my pussy and entered my bung hole with one quick push. I felt momentary pain, and although I can't say that I enjoyed the feeling, Bob's constant fucking and breast squeezing relaxed me to the point where I could comfortably go along for the ride. Bob humped my arse at the same relentless pace at which we'd fucked earlier. I felt the grease oozing down into my cunt and I wallowed in the slick, creamy state my body was in. Suddenly, Bob stiffened and I felt hot come spurt deep inside my arse. This time Bob didn't withdraw until he drained every last drop of jism into me.

I lay completely helpless beneath Bob's girth as he collapsed on top of me. His limp cock had slipped out of my arse and lay like a hot coal between my legs.

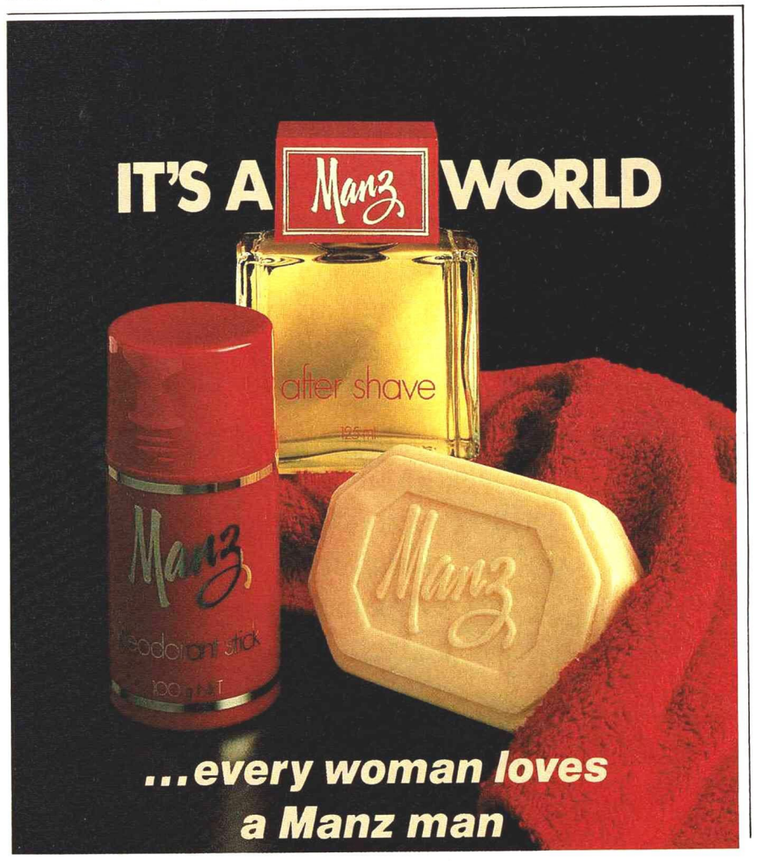
Bob and I continued fucking throughout most of the night and following day, with only occasional stops for quick naps. By the time I left, on Sunday morning, we had fucked so intensely that I was stiff everywhere.

Bob was supposed to meet a couple of friends on Sunday morning, so he arranged to meet them in the parking lot of the pub where I'd left my car parked. We got there a little early and his friends had not arrived yet. "We're early," he said. "Let's have one for the road." Before I fully realised what was happening Bob had unzipped his fly and pushed his pants to his knees. Moving to my side of the truck he lifted me on to his lap so that I was facing him. Bob had kept my panties as a souvenir, so he simply hiked my mini up and hoisted me on to his dick. I was tender, so it took a couple of moments for my vaginal muscles to relax.

I closed my eyes and leaned back against the dashboard, giving Bob a good view of my naked body. This also gave him full access to my breasts and stomach. He worked me quickly into a sexual pitch and we felt ourselves coming to an early climax. Bob gripped my buttocks and forced me against him in a final thrust as we came in unison. I sighed with my eyes closed and relaxed my back against the dashboard, my dress still pushed about my breasts.

Applause and throaty laughter brought me quickly out of the euphoria I'd been enjoying. I opened my eyes to see both of Bob's friends, one at each side window, leering in at my naked body. I felt my face flush in embarrassment as I struggled to pull my mini down. I had difficulty in disengaging myself from Bob's penis, in the tight confines of the ute. While struggling, I ended up falling head first on to the floor in my haste, my legs spread wide and come dripping down my thighs. Bob's friends got a real eyeful and hooted their appreciation. I fumbled for the door and ran to my car.

Since that weekend, I've gone out with a couple of men that more closely fit the image I'd been used to in the past. Nothing though has compared to the sexual intensity that I had felt with Bob during that weekend of sex. I still see Bob's bulldog face and lumbering body in my fantasies.
— Name and address withheld



Bald balls

I am 29-year-old male, and for as long as I've had pubic hair I have trimmed it. I gets my rocks off just thinking about it. A few years ago, I was curious as to how long and bushy it would get if I didn't trim it (I cut it weekly to about one inch long). I let it go for a year and couldn't believe how thick and curly it got. I promised myself I wouldn't touch it until my birthday. Well, with my birthday one week away, I was getting pretty anxious. It had grown to almost four inches long, and you could barely see my limp dick through it. I then decided not only to trim it but to shave it all off. I'd shaved once or twice before and loved it — I couldn't wait to do it again. My wife knew nothing of this. I thought I would surprise her. But guess again. What was about to happen was beyond my wildest dreams.

My birthday was on Saturday, and my wife and her friend were going to be out at the spa for the next two hours, giving me plenty of time to lather up and shave myself. With the house to myself, I set up a towel and a mirror on the floor of the bedroom. First, I slowly trimmed off the bulk of the crop. Then I lathered up and shaved myself clean. The feeling of the cold steel gliding over my abdomen, prick, and balls was almost too much to bear. I had a raging hard-on in no time.

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FORUM

When I was finished, I got up to shower and guess who was standing there watching the whole thing: my wife and her friend Denise. Needless to say, as I stood there, naked and completely smooth, I wasn't sure what to do next. I stammered out, "Surprise!" for lack of anything else to say. Rachel (my wife) grabbed my hard-on and started jerking me off while Denise undressed, revealing a hair pie that went up to her belly button. Denise took over on my cock as my wife undressed. Then the scene began when both asked to be shaved! Let me tell you, shaving myself was fun, but shaving them was even better!

In no time, there were three totally smooth crotches going at it like there was no tomorrow. It seems my wife caught on to my plans and set the whole thing up.

I've been smooth for four years now, and while the threesome has never occurred again, Rachel and I have had some great hairless sex. — *Name and address withheld*

The big game hunt

My friends call me a nymphomaniac. Actually, I'm just a uni student who likes guys with long, thick, hard cocks. You see, my friends became envious last year during orientation week when I bedded a different guy for six straight nights. On the seventh day I had three in a row at a party, but that's another story. The next morning I found a 24-centimetre dildo taped to my door. The attached note read, "The perfect present for an insatiable nympho. Bet you haven't had a cock this long." They were right. I hadn't. And it was exactly what I was searching for.

I know that size shouldn't matter so much, yet for some reason I become unbelievably aroused, actually uncontrollable, at the sight of a large, fleshy dick. Through my seven-night stand the biggest cock I had taken was only about 18 centimetres. Not bad, but not the ten-inch-plus that I was dreaming about.

When it comes to attracting men, I usually have no trouble. Probably because I have grapefruit-size tits to go with a slim, curvaceous body. When guys look past my tits, and few really do, all of them compliment my pretty face and clear green eyes. Most of the time, however, the guys are too busy pawing and kneading my breasts to notice that I have a pussy that likes a good, hard fucking.

After I grew bored with the big dildo, I began to frequent the uni pool in order to do some prick watching. On my second visit to the pool, Jim, the lifesaver, and also one of the participants in my seven-night stand, invited me to a beach party to be held that evening.

To the party I wore a two-piece bathing suit which consisted of a standard bikini bottom and two practically sheer cloth bands, just wide enough to conceal my nipples. With bulk of my tits on display, I felt like a lascivious vamp — just the thought of several cocks stirring at the sight of me made my pussy wet.

About an hour after I arrived at the party, I spotted two guys (with considerable wads underneath their swim trunks) talking with Jim near the keg. I made my way toward them, said hello, and was introduced to Owen and Vince. Suddenly two girls pulled Vince and Jim on to the dance floor. Left together, Owen and I made small talk until he asked me to dance. The song ended as we started to dance, so we waited for the next number, which was slow. As Owen pulled me close, I could feel his long cock swelling to an even larger size. Just as the song ended, I whispered, "Fuck me, Owen." Without hesitation, he whisked me upstairs to his room.

Owen's cock was a whopper. With measured strokes, he brought me to numerous orgasms, the last one mutual. Then he stroked and kissed my tits until he fell asleep. I got up, threw on a towel, and wandered into the bathroom across the hall. Inside I encountered a naked man with a cock that looked larger than my dildo. Embarrassed, I apologised for not knocking before entering, but while I spoke my gaze was fixed on his monstrous shaft which expanded into a tulip-shaped end. I almost failed to notice that this well hung guy was Vince from the party. Vince chuckled and assured me that I could use the bathroom. As I disappeared behind the stall door, I heard him say, "From the noises I heard it sounded as if Owen and you just had a real good time."

Without thinking, I found myself saying,"I can't believe you're letting all that cock go to waste tonight. Didn't you pick someone up? I thought you guys always got more than you could handle." He replied, "Well, tonight I got dumped for an old boyfriend." "Poor Vince," I mockingly sighed. "Too bad you didn't ask me to dance. I wouldn't have ditched you." "Yeah," he replied, "but you're with Owen for the night." "But I can spend the morning with you. I'm not even warmed up yet," I said, as I emerged from the stall.

Vince went right to work. He sat on the sink and greedily pulled me on to his lap, slowly inching me down his enormous tool. He then eased me up and down his pole at an increasing pace. Just before I thought I would climax, he carried me into the hallway, placed me on the carpet, and began pounding deep inside me at a furious pace. I thought I was going to pass out, but I orgasmed instead.

It seemed as if I could never get enough of Vince's wonderful cock, even though we screwed at least once a day until he graduated in May. — *Name and address withheld.*

New Toyota Supra. Move over Turin, here comes Tokyo.

The areas of Turin and Milan, in Northern Italy, have long been leading centres in the world of high performance automotive innovation. The home of such legendary names as Ferrari, Maserati, Lancia, Alfa Romeo, Bertone and Pininfarina.

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The instruments are completely digital. Concise and easy to read. They feature a speed sensor, zone display tachometer and fuel gauge, and a segmented water temperature gauge.

Another impressive element is something the driver will rarely look at, but always use. The sports driver's seat is adjustable 16 separate ways, including something no other car has in Australia, a pneumatic lumbar support.

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The other thing that sets Supra apart from other high performance sports cars is that you don't have to be a Howard Hughes to buy it.

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It is a car designed for people who take their driving seriously, and place demands on their machinery.

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"Your wife obviously got excited by the live show. Maybe next time you can bring home some porno movies"

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

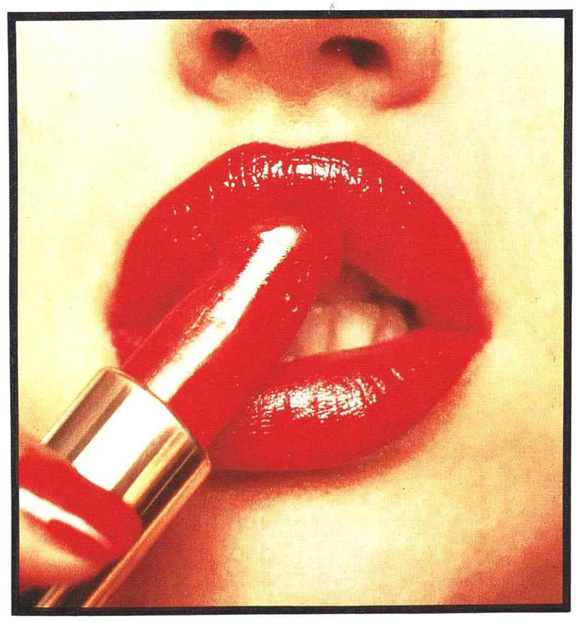
LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a student at a country College of Advanced Education and I never thought that I would be writing to you, but here goes . . .

Last week I had an important exam coming up and I knew that I would have to study for it. My flatmate was out for the night, so I decided to stay in and do some necessary reading. I sat studying and taking notes until 9.30pm — the telephone did not ring. Nor was there a knock at the door. I didn't have to get up to answer it only to find some blonde, brunette, or red-headed student whom I had lusted after in physics class standing at the door in a flimsy nightie. Nor did I have to invite her in only to have her confess that she secretly lusted after me. She didn't grab my rampant nine-incher and force it down her throat. Following this, she didn't rip the rest of her clothes off and beg me to fuck her for hours on end. I didn't come in quarts, and when we weren't finished she didn't give me a little kiss on the cheek and promise to come back the next night with her sexy girlfriend, one she "knew I'd like."

Instead, what happened was that no-one interrupted me that evening. I studied until 11 pm, had a beer, and went to bed. I rose early the next morning, showered and shaved, and took the exam. My mark was an A. While I was sitting for the test, a sexy blonde ignored me. — L.L.

Better luck next time.



MASTERBAIT

I'm a 24-year-old guy with a beautiful 22-year-old wife. I've had a fantasy about seeing my wife masturbate for some time now. From the letters and articles I've read, I know it's something that quite a few women do. I've told my wife about sex in my family, but she said she had never masturbated before and would feel funny trying it now. I bought one of those penis-shaped vibrators, thinking it might get her started, but she said it was too noisy and turned her off. Our sex life is good otherwise. She can orgasm during regular fucking and when I eat her.

One time I thought I was on the right track. We went to a nightclub that had a live stage show. We both did a little drinking and were feeling pretty good. The floor show was mainly striptease acts, but the girls went a little further than that. When they got down to G-strings, they would start fondling their breasts, then take off their G-strings, and rub their pussies. Some of the girls even lay down on the stage and spread their legs so everyone could see as they stuck a finger or two in their pussies. Needless to say, I was really turned on.

It was the last act that really topped off the show. A really good-looking redheaded girl came onstage and started stripping. When she got down to her G-string, she was rubbing her breasts, taking her nipples between her thumb and fingers, making them stand out at least three quarters of an inch. Then she took off her G-string, showing us her red-haired bush.

My wife, knowing that I was really turned on, had reached under the table and was rubbing my cock through my pants.

Meanwhile, the girl had lain down, spreading her legs wide open and rubbing herself. It was really quiet in the club then, and we could hear her moaning. She spread open the lips of her pussy, letting us see how red and wet she was, then picked up a big rubber dildo. She placed the head of the dildo to her pussy and slowly inserted it. Then she started running it in and out.

XAVIERA

When my wife saw her doing this, she gave a little gasp, took my hand, and put it on her pussy. I pulled the leg band of her panties aside. She was soaking wet. Then, keeping her hand on mine, she started rubbing in time to the motions of the girl on stage fucking herself with the dildo. The girl soon started moving faster, then, giving a small cry, arched her back and jammed the dildo in as far as it would go. At the same time my wife started coming — and so did I. We were a bit embarrassed getting up to go, afraid someone had seen us, but I saw some of the other men trying to hide wet spots on their pants too. When we got home we fucked ourselves silly.

My wife admits she was really turned on that night, but things haven't changed. Do you have any ideas of something I could do? Maybe buy a dildo? I would even be willing to let her watch me masturbate first. What do you think? — R.K.

If a vibrator already turns your wife off, you may as well forget about bringing her home a dildo. That will probably scare her even more. But from what you tell me, your sex life is quite full and satisfactory. Since she can easily reach orgasm when you suck her or fuck her, she obviously sees no reason to masturbate. Masturbation is usually a substitute for sex.

That striptease was the beginning of a new period in your sex life. Your wife obviously got excited by the show. Maybe next time you can bring home some porno movies or make your own video films. Why not try swinging with another couple? Even though she may not be interested in masturbating, the next time you make love to her, try rubbing your cock with one hand after having sucked her for a while without letting her come. Then, continue rubbing her clitoris with your finger. In this way she can see you take care of both of you — if, that is, you are sufficiently ambidextrous.

Suggest fellatio, interchanging it with her manual stimulation of your penis. In the meantime, you can then try to masturbate her. Once she gets used to the idea of masturbation, you can probably talk her into each watching the other masturbate. It is better to handle the situation this way than to sit down and talk about it. Just let it happen gently, by coaxing her into doing it. Tell her how beautiful she looks and how you would be delighted to see her play with herself.

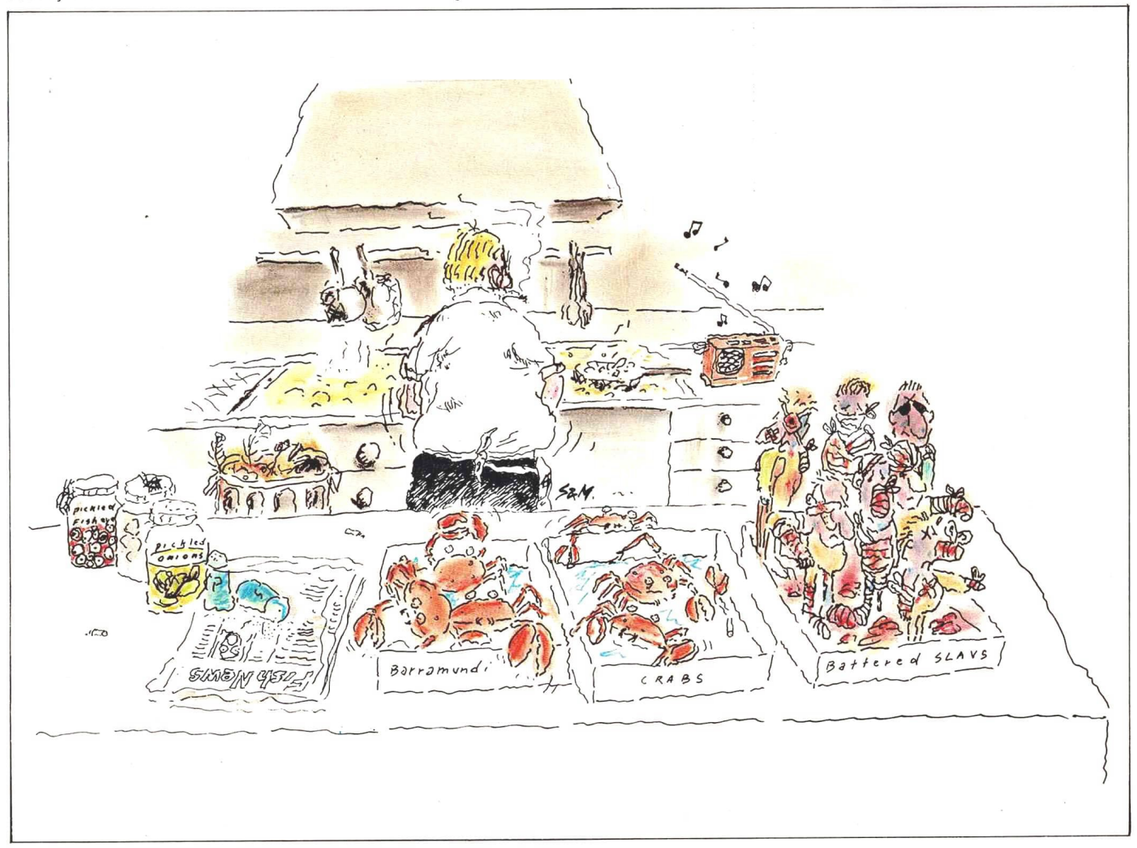
ANGLE OF THE DANGLE

The guys at work had a discussion about the angle and direction of an erect cock. Some of them say their cocks stick straight up and touch their stomachs. Others say they stick straight out.

We would like to know the most common angle of an erection and the advantages or disadvantages, if any, of the various angles. — Y.C.

When a standing young man with a hanging penis feels the first tingling of sexual excitement, the oncoming erection will produce an angle of 45 degrees (measured in comparision with the limp position). A good, healthy hard-on may stand out at a straight, 90-degree angle or may point to the sky at 180 degrees. Belly touchers are in the minority . . . unless they are lying down, of course. There are as many different shapes and styles of penises as there are of noses. When a man has an erection of 90 degrees or more, you can test his firmness by hanging over it a towel or a coat hanger with a dress or shirt on it.

For fun, women sometimes classify the shape of their tits by means of the so-called pencil test (tucking a pencil underneath each breast). Breasts that are not standing up anymore will hold the pencil; others, outright perky tits, will not be able to hold the pencil. Test with your friends who can hang the most weight on his erect penis and who can hold out the longest. There is no real advantage to any particular angle of the cock. What counts is that it be stiff enough to penetrate without bending. Of course, for a woman it's more exciting to be with a man who can also show his proud state of arousal visually. ○



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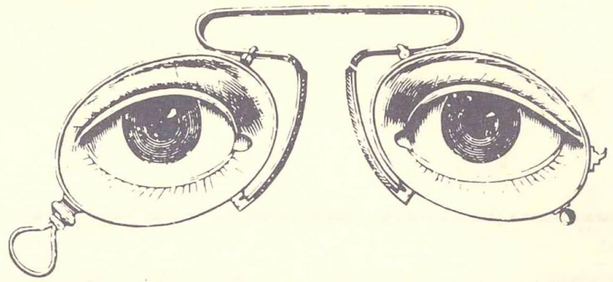


VIEW FROM THE TOP

FROZEN SECRETS

BY COLIN HINTON

If you want to gain an insight into your friends' minds, if you're interested in finding out what makes them tick, then forget about Freud and look in their fridges. Just open the door of that big white box in the kitchen corner and "pop" — as the light switches on, a smorgasbord of psychological secrets will be illuminated. For while the brain collects the memories which make up your mates' personalities, their refrigerators are storing an equivalent array of definitive objects.

Yes, I contend that the contents of your refrigerator are a physical manifestation of your subconscious mind.

Take the array on the shelves of my old Kelvinator as an example. It's chock-a-block with fast food leftovers — Colonel Sanders chicken carcasses, mouldy chow mien in plastic buckets, half-eaten chocolate mousse, and more. So what does it all mean? Here's the experienced ice box analyst's diagnosis.

"The patient is obviously a miserly man in a hurry, a stingy speed freak. Not only is the owner of this fridge moving too fast to bother to do his own cooking, it seems he hasn't even got the time to eat. And what's more, he's so tight he's unwilling to throw away even the last leftover slice of pizza, in the forlorn hope that maybe he'll eat it cold later in the week."

Wow, what an incredibly incisive observation! You must be psychic. Everything you say is true. You're certainly not the first person to call me thrifty, and that was a particularly astute insight about me being a fast mover. I am always in a hurry, even when I fuck. As far as I'm concerned, premature ejaculation is a positive trait. I strive to come quickly; in fact, I can blow my wad so fast that I double park outside *A Touch Of Class* and never get a ticket.

Do you see what I mean? A quick look inside a person's fridge can be a real embarrassment as far as personal revelations go. And I didn't even let you know what I keep in the freezer. But that's enough about my inadequacies. Let's move on and make some broad observations about frozen secrets. There can be no doubt that a relationship exists between perceived social identity and patterns of refrigeration preference. Take the vegetarian as an example. If you go around to some girl's place and find her fridge is full of mung beans, then you can assume the lady is likely to be a hypochondriacal shrinking violet. Bugger the veges. Give me a hardcore carnivore any day. I like to open a girl's fridge door and see it stacked with chump chops, huge lumps of rump, sides of beef and chunks of devon. She's much more likely to be a real woman — a nympho rather than a hypo. A cock-crazy kind of girl who's bound to make your meat disappear faster than the first sausage at a butcher's picnic.

Now let me describe to you the definitive exercise in fridge psychology. Unfortunately, the night this experiment occurred was a particularly big one. In fact, I drank so much at the club that evening that I almost made medical history by becoming the first human being to overdose on beer. So my perceptions were a little distorted. But I do remember the vital points.

Her name was Julie. My animal magnetism and abnormally high natural pheromone count won her over even before I'd had the opportunity to ask her about the chances of a quick fuck. She invited me back to her place. Of course, having never laid eyes on her before I was keen to know what I was getting myself into, so when Julie ducked into the bathroom to squirt some Tia Maria, the first thing I headed for was the fridge.

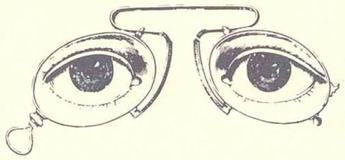
As soon as I opened the door — even before I'd had a squiz at the contents — things weren't looking good. My olfactory system was assaulted by the stench of stale seafood. Julie's fridge was really ripe. And no wonder. When I looked inside, all I could find was a six-pack and a big butcher's paper parcel with a cloud of green stains around its base. I had a quick poke at it and glimpsed the contents. The bloody thing was full of rotting prawns.

Anyway, I helped myself to a beer and then I helped myself to Julie.

It didn't take long before I had her pants off. And what do you know: same stench. Phew, talk about a toxic shock. Those prawns must have been taking lessons from her.

Which proves the point I'm trying to make: you are what you refrigerate.

Illustration by John Mitchell



SOUNDS

LIVELY VETERANS

This month, as a respite from the quest for a new unsung god in popular music, there are several old names with new products that deserve a listen. **Genesis** has been recording for 15 years and the band has seen some fairly radical shifts in personnel. The current trio of Collins, Banks and Rutherford have shared a dozen of those years together.

Their recent studio venture, ingeniously titled *Genesis* (Vertigo), sees them relying solely on their own resources without the help of brass sections or Welsh choirs. Phil Collins is firmly implanted as the voice of the band, having been more in the public eye with his own solo albums during the last couple of years.

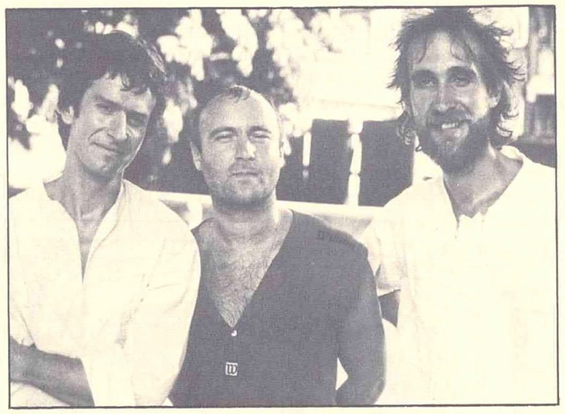
Collins' solo visions have been heavily influenced by the breakup of his marriage a couple of years ago, and a similar cynical melancholia permeates this band effort. They close with a plea for some cyclic inevitability of good times "cos you know, I know it's time for a change."

Deep stuff, but not nearly as cosmically effusive as fellow veterans of the early Seventies, **Yes.** Jon Anderson is back in cahoots with the Squire-White rhythm section and original (ie pre-Rick Wakeman) keyboard player Tony Kaye on *90125* (Atco). The only interloper is guitarist Trevor Rabin, as former Yes stalwart Steve Howe is still presumably too busy filling stadiums with Asia.

The album's ever-changing arrangements are full of frenetic Grand Moments giving way to strong, rich harmonies with diminutive Anderson's cherubic tones placed squarely on top. The only real major change to the Yes sound is guitarist Rabin's grunge-out chording and fleet-fingered excess that would do Van Halen proud. To hear Yes lapse into some bona fide heavy metal riffing on "Hold On" and especially "City Of Love" is at least a new experience.

New experiences are definitely not what the **Rolling Stones** are about. *Undercover* (EMI) continues in the revitalised spirit of *Tattoo You.* The songs are all Jagger-Richards with Ron Woods stumbling into the credits for one tune. Apart from two token mentions of political prisoners, the songs are basically about the Glimmer Twins' ongoing fantasies of being salivating, lustful animals.

Collins, Banks and Rutherford of Genesis



Self-confessed jogger Jagger admits: "How the years they rush on by birthdays, kids and suicides, Still I play the fool and strut, still you're a slut." Our heroes pick their noses, wave the nasal offal at their audience and condescendingly admit: "Must be hell living in the world like you . . . I say we, we are heaven-bound."

Another voice that started to be heard in the Sixties but probably has a stronger claim to a room in God's motel is **Bob Dylan.** Having passed through the "born again" phase, he no longer feels the need to try to convert all and sundry, but his attitudes to the world have not altered. *Infidels* (CBS) is his address to the. "False-hearted judges dying in the webs that they spin." He has never been one to circumnavigate his targets and now, having been blessed with the Truth, Dylan gives us his thoughts on patriotism, democracy and man in general.

He manages to find room for a love song, "Don't Fall Apart On Me Tonight", which includes the simple human plea "I need you." Aided by ace Jamaican rhythm section Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakesphere, ex-Stones guitarist Mick Taylor and guitarist/producer Mark Knopfler, Dylan sounds more than ever like someone who remembers the tune but is hazy on the words. Still, it is a convicted, passionate, freewheeling mumble.

Alive She Cried (Elektra) is just a false alarm but at least provides the faithful with some previously unreleased concert recordings for the **Doors** 1968-70. Death seemed to seriously hinder Jim Morrison's output, so closet Doors freaks will have to consume these live versions of "Gloria" and a very long version of "Light My Fire" from the days before stretch mixes when ten-minute versions of singles meant actual organ and guitar solos.

Local heroes of the Seventies, **Skyhooks** celebrate their comeback whip around the eastern states with *Live In The Eighties* (Mushroom) and the requisite multi-versioned 12-inch of "Women In Uniform." Age has not wearied them, nor the years condemned — they still have the same silly costumes (look ma, no moth holes) and these ears have succumbed to few of their "million dollar riffs."

Hurtling forward into the Eighties proper, a new band to be gracing the charts is Melbourne-based **Real Life.** Their hard act to follow was the hugely successful debut single "Send Me An Angel." If you thought "Ayn-gel" was a stylish start to a recording career, then the sound of their debut album *Heartland* (RCA) won't disappoint.

For all their technology they exhibit none of the strong dance funk of similarly equipped outfits, while their standard rock feels and simple melodic ideas seldom reach anthemnic proportions.

Jagger and Richards . . . lustful

Skyhooks . . . *album celebrates their comeback*

Recent virtual migrants **Duran Duran** graced us with their presence for three months mixing *Seven And The Ragged Tiger* (EMI) and made surprise appearances on rock shows that were as unexpected as Christmas. Now they have decided to trot off around the world, we are left with this vinyl legacy whose title refers to a song that didn't make it on the album. The rest of the record is as revelatory. Perhaps it would help if I was 15 and female, for certainly such folk seemed to know something that escaped me at their concert. At least the screaming masked the bad sound and the varying levels of adulatory noise indicated Significant Moments in the proceedings.

The album has strong inputs from people not related to the rhythm section on sax, percussion and vocals and they are used prominently throughout to vary the basic Duran texture of guitar and synth. The lyrics seem to have been affected by reading too many menus in vegetarian restaurants. The album recalls the Duranos' familiar swag of melodic ideas like drunks at a party chuckling over old jokes.

Ricky May has a deserved reputation as a top nightclub act both here and abroad. His stints with the Daly Wilson Big Band established his credentials as a big band singer with style and a love for the music. He was a natural choice for a celebration of tunes from the Thirties and Forties recorded by the ABC under the banner *Fats Enough* (ABC/Festival).

Another ABC product is the inaugural disc from Sydney radio station 2JJJ's own label. *Live At The Wireless* (JJJ) has excerpts from the radio program of the same name which broadcast bands live from two ABC studios and Sydney's Trade Union Club. Not all bands that were broadcast found space on the album, but it is still a well-recorded memento of some of the show's highlights.

Ska bands tend to demonstrate the concept of strength in numbers. Sydney's **Allniters** are no exception with 10 members and several strong pop hooks to make you *D-D-D-Dance* (Powderworks).

INXS ponder some *Original Sin* (WEA) with some social moralising based on their American experiences. Nile Rogers produced and arranged, and has injected a similar feel to what he achieved on Bowie's *Let's Dance* — one of the better sounding INXS tracks but one of their weakest songs.

An in-between-albums 12-inch comes also from **Mondo Rock.** *Come Said The Boy* (WEA) is Eric McCusker's slow, wistful adolescent memories, while Ross Wilson's "Gotta Get Out" has some more worldly wise advice to "get out and find some love." No new territory charted here.

Men At Work strut their *High Wire* (CBS) act backed with some unspectacular live versions of "Falling Down" and "I Like To."

The Venetians' second effort is a chugging, sequenced ditty of paranoia — *Chinese I's* (Parole). "Here come the minute men so lock away your lives." In case you missed it last time, their "Sound On Sound" is on the back.

China Crisis have a couple of mood instrumentals flipside to their *Working With Fire And Steel* (Virgin) — a bouncy dance beat with upwardly mobile falsetto vocals.

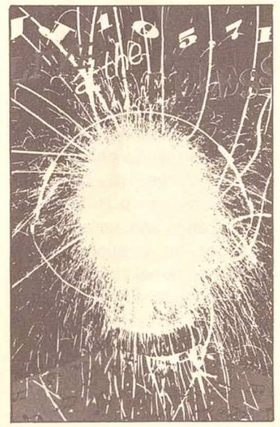
Those who, for reasons known only to themselves, empathised with **Irene Cara's** notion of Flashdance in "What A Feeling" can prolong the sensation with a stretch remix of *Why Me* (Epic).

A Mr M. Johnson, posing as **The The,** has proven one of the more poignantly attractive tunesmiths of late with songs like "Uncertain Smile." *I've Been Waiting For Tomorrow (All My Life)* (Epic) prolongs the mood with the short version heavy on the piano accordian. It possibly mirrors record company executives' feelings waiting for The The first album, having paid handsomely up front for The The product.

Adam Ant is back for a public *Strip* (CBS) in cahoots with his Ant Music guitarist Marco Pirroni. He has thoroughly milked the original swashbuckling package he bought from Malcolm McLaren, turning himself into a right little media personality. He may fancy himself as the logical heir to Tom Jones' ruffled shirts, but this may have to wait until he completes a successful voice transplant.

Veteran jazz and funkster **Herbie Hancock** continues to aggravate his purist fans with a heavily synthesised dance bout of *Future Shock* (CBS). It comes complete with a scratch DJ on some tracks and the best sales figures of any of his past albums.

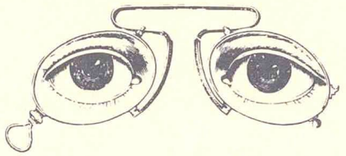
Mi-Sex prove how tedious a great sounding album can be with *Where Do They Go* (CBS).



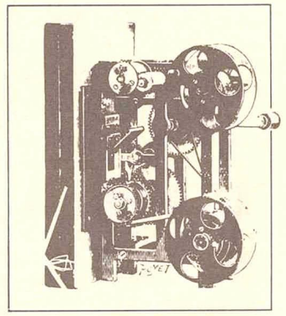
JJJ's *Live At The Wireless*

The Sacred Cowboys' "Nothing Grows In Texas" is back in the company of five more morbid workouts on *Sacred Cowboys* (White).

Brian Eno has some more *Atmospheres And Soundtracks* (EG) from the film *Apollo* about the first moon landings. Like most Eno ambients, sounds good at 45 or 33 depending on your mood. A gentle seductive tonal wash with much of the feeling of weightlessness and none of the mood of *Star Wars.* — *Jeremy Cook*



FILMS



LIFT AND SEPARATE

The publicity surrounding producer David Elfick's new film **Undercover** portrays Fred Burley, the man behind Berlei lingerie, as one of Australia's great unsung heroes: a visionary, perhaps the best thing since the hundreds and thousands sandwich. It's rubbish. Mr Burley was by all accounts a nice chap. He was kind to kids, dogs and women in his scramble for a buck girdling millions of female loins and lifting and separating twice that number of tits. He had a firm belief in the quality of Australian-made goods and he formed a society to promote them. But a national hero, up there with Blue on the tuckerbox? Ptooee!

Undercover ought to have been promoted for what it is — a lighthearted, humorous and often touching romp through the Twenties in Australia. It's a difficult film to categorise, and that's one of the chief factors in its favor. It's like a collage of Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland shouting "Hey kids, let's put on a show" to Dad and Dave while the Gold Diggers of Broadway strut their stuff in the background. For a film about the cut and thrust of women's underwear manufacture, it's a great suspender of disbelief.

Directed by David Stevens (co-writer of *Breaker Morant*, director of *A Town Like Alice* and *The Clinic*), the film's centrepiece is Genevieve Picot. Picot plays her first film role here as Libby, the naive but ambitious Mudgee corsetry assistant who hits the big smoke. She unsucessfully tries her hand at a few jobs before applying to Fred Burley's corset emporium, proving the cut of her gib to Fred and being hired as a trainee designer. Amid romance, scandal and intrigue, she works her way from the bottom of the foundations business, through the midriff, the bustline and on to *her own range!* Picot handles the role admirably.

John Walton, a young Peter O'Toole look-alike, is Fred Burley. He's another of the cast tackling his first feature film role and he romps through it with an

Suspenders of disbelief

engaging twinkle in his eye. Sandy Gore is Nina, the Coco Chanel of the Berlei design room. She's an eccentric and classy old boiler with an interesting dyke nuance about her. Gore doesn't have to overact in *Undercover*; the script does it for her and it works to good effect.

American ring-in Michael Pare is Max Wylde, the Brooklyn boy wonder Burley imports to inject pizzazz into his campaign to bring underwear out into the open. Pare looks just right but for most of the film he tends to deliver his lines with the emotion of a chunk of four-be-two. But even as a cardboard cutout, he wins the dame in the end with a pash in the wings as the Big, Big Shew — featuring her corsets, his dancing girls — wows an all-woman audience of corset buyers.

Undercover is brilliantly designed and costumed. The cinematography is rich, artful and redolent of the Twenties. The film has no heavy social message and at no stage takes itself seriously. It's a diverting and entertaining flick.

So, undies down, what next? How about the life story of the man who prompted women worldwide to throw in the towel . . . the inside story of the guy who rolled the first tampon? Call it *Stick Up* and make a fortune.

Peter Hyams, writer/director of spacebound *Outland* and space sham *Capricorn One,* keeps his feet firmly on the ground with his latest effort, **Star Chamber.**

This is an engaging thriller which ruffles the petticoats of Miss Justice — examining the grey areas and loopholes of the legal system. *Star Chamber* sets out to contrast the differences between the law and justice, portraying the impotence often felt by lawyers and policemen who are bound to uphold the strictures of a faulty institution. Sounds a mite dry, but Hyams' treatment of this topical theme rises above the legal dust with pace, drama and empathy.

Michael Douglas, in keeping with his past association with films that tackle social issues (*Cuckoo's Nest, China Syndrome*), takes the central role of Judge Stephen Hardin, a young judge whose idealism is fast evaporating. Conscience-stricken and frustrated after being obliged by legal loopholes to rule against the conviction of two murderers, he turns to his mentor, Superior Court Judge Ben Caulfield (Hal Holbrook), for guidance.

Caulfield initiates him to the Star Chamber, a bench of nine judges who meet in secret to pronounce judgement on the obviously guilty who have escaped prosecution through failings of the law. The sentence for the offenders is death by assassin. After some hesitation, Hardin takes his seat on the secret bench until circumstances and guilt make him realise that what he is doing is no better than what the criminals who frustrated him have done.

The film is gripping from its opening sequence and a wealth of action scenes prove that Douglas has lost none of the agility of his *Streets Of San Francisco* days. And, although peppered with oversimplifications and improbabilities, *Star Chamber* delivers a thought-provoking message in an entertaining and absorbing fashion.

Walton and Picot star in Australia's Undercover

Star Chamber *sees Michael Douglas back in action*

Never Cry Wolf is a tale of a young biologist who takes on a lonely assignment in the Arctic studying the habits of wolves. Charles Martin Smith is the scientist who, not unreasonably, comes to learn a great deal about himself during a long vigil with his four-legged friends. It's directed by Carroll Ballard, a fellow who won critical acclaim for his 1979 kid and horse effort *The Black Stallion*. Brian Dennehy, who plays a wild barnstorming pilot, provides the only punch this film has to offer. His performance, along with some neat method acting from the wolves and the awe-inspiring Yukon and Alaskan scenery, save *Never Cry Wolf* from being a dog.

The idea of sticking your member into your best friend's mother may normally have as much appeal as dangling the aforementioned appendage down the hole in the kitchen sink. But in **Class**, the best buddy's mum is Jacqueline Bisset, and she's well worth plugging. It's not surprising mum looks as she does, because in this film everyone is too gorgeous, too clever, too rich and too snappy of wit and attire to sit easy with a bellyful of Fantales. *Class* is the story of two preppie room mates working for acceptance at Harvard. One is picked up by the other's mum in a bar and embarks upon some nicely choreographed porking, all the while unaware of the true identity of the lady he's climbing aboard. Inevitably the truth outs, and number one son catches number one buddy under the doona with mum. The boys fight they make up, mum checks herself into a psychiatric hospital and the boys get accepted at Harvard and live happily ever after. Rob Lowe is Jonathon Ogner, the lad who gets the lady, and Andrew McCarthy is Square Ellsworth Burroughs IV, the lad that gets the snappy lines. It's a funny film, smacking of upmarket *Porky's* and diverting in its happily lightweight, unbelievable mode. — *C.J. Mackay*

Risky Business is a slice of Middle American humor. It is certainly helped by two engaging performances: newcomer Rebecca de Mornay as the street-wise Lana is captivating, while leading man (boy) Tom Cruise — previously seen in *Taps* and *The Outsiders* — is equally agreeable as the transformed teenager, Joel Goodsen.

The setting is suburban Chicago. Mr and Mrs Goodsen are resort-bound, leaving young Joel at home to mind the ranch. Rigid Mr Goodson clearly spells out rules and responsibilities to the eminently reliable Joel, who's as clean-cut as American boys can be. Joel's intentions are good (briefly), especially because of the imminence of his final senior high school exams.

The tranquility doesn't last. Joel has adventurous friends who are inclined to treat Joel's castle as their own (what are friends for?), and with his own fantasies about co-eds and babysitters, together with his mates' plotting, Joel falls easy prey to the idea that here is an opportunity not to be forsaken. A chance to taste the forbidden fruits.

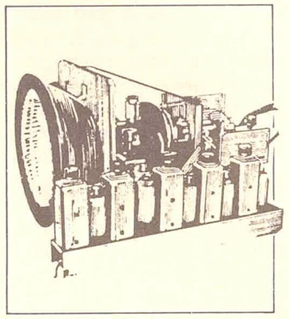
The first foray is into the

Jackie B. in Class

liquor cabinet; next is the drive in Dad's Porsche (strictly off-limits). It's not long before the girls start to arrive, and the real adventure begins. Mind you, these are no ordinary ladies, and thanks to the enterprise and energy of the girls and the adolescent vigor and free spending of his friends, career-minded Joel soon turns an adventure into a booming brothel business.

Risky Business is an unpretentious and effective comedy, with a message about the operation of the free enterprise system and adolescent and adult attitudes towards sex and love — all presented with a sympathetic smile. — *John Elliot*

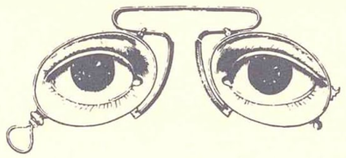
VIDEO



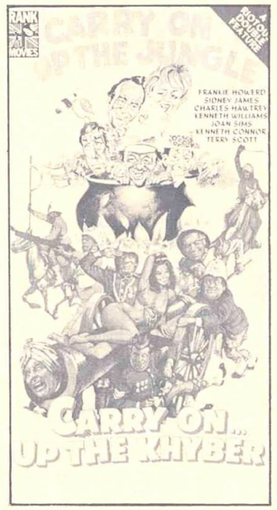
FUNNY BUSINESS

If all the screen genres, comedy is perhaps the most difficult for writers, directors and actors to get a fix on. A pie in the face is the epitome of hilarity to some, and about as funny as Ronald Reagan playing President to others. The mutual mainstream of humor traditionally shared by Australia and America (from Charlie Chaplin to Laurel & Hardy through to Abbott & Costello and on to TV's *The Honeymooners* and any Jack Benny or Bob Hope special) is now a chasm that grows wider with each passing year. There's still a *Happy Days*, a *Mork & Mindy* or an *Animal House* striking a chord every now and then — but as for Chevy Chase, Dan Ackroyd, the late John Belushi or Richard Pryor being guaranteed box office in these environs, it just isn't on. They and a dozen others are talking the same language, but when it comes to striking our funny bones they might as well be performing kabuki theatre.

Wending your way through current video releases of film comedy is akin to dabbling in a thesis on (a) what is funny and why, and (b) what is funny *only to a particular period or generation*, the *Carry On* series of the late Fifties and Sixties being of particular interest, strangely, to the



(a) group to start with. Depending on experience garnered by thespians who trod the vaudeville boards and dodged instant criticism in the guise of rotten eggs and tomatoes, **Carry On Abroad/Carry On Behind, Carry On Matron/Carry on Girls, Carry On Up The Jungle/Carry On Up The Khyber** (double features



Nudge, nudge, tit, bum

from Thorn EMI Video) are still a delight. Classics of the "nudge, nudge, wink, wink" school of outlandishness, flaunting tits and bums in a way that was daring then but now appears nothing more than crass, the series works because of the *Carry On* family's familiarity with each other's lack of style and taste. Sid James, Charles Hawtrey, Kenneth Williams, Joan Sims, Hattie Jacques and Barbara Windsor kept the vaudeville tradition alive (some might say the British film industry as well) and England's balance of payments in a healthy state during the 20-odd years of the series. The three current releases are a rich slice of the Old Blighty's screen humor, while **Carry On Emmanuelle** (Video Classics) is a limp "last of the line" example of how certain styles of comedy are strictly time-bound.

Confessions . . . Of A Driving Instructor, From A Holiday Camp and **Of A Window Cleaner** (RCA/Columbia/Hoyts Video) were to blame, in part, for the demise of the *Carry On* series. Featuring Robin Askwith as a young tearaway sewing his oats, the *Confessions* reverted to the kindergarden approach by spelling out every nudge and wink, going for the ribald. They worked at the time (the late Seventies) but were soon replaced by a natural high originating in the drug culture humor of Cheech & Chong.

Their **Nice Dreams** (RCA/Columbia/Hoyts) reveals them to be the Abbott and Costello of now. Dubbed the "masters of marijuana", Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong in their third movie have a common thread with the *Carry Ons* and *Confessions* — thin plot lines linking a series of sketches. Just as dope is not to everyone's liking, these dopes are likewise an acquired taste.

The same can definitely be said of Richard Pryor. Recently the signee of a $40 million production deal in the States, Pryor's films languish on the shelves of distributors in this country. A black with a delightfully tasteless line in the four-letter humor of which Lenny Bruce was undisputed master, Pryor can be seen doing his standup onslaught in concert **Live On Sunset Strip** (RCA/Columbia/Hoyts), guest starring with Dudley Moore as the Pharaoh in the dreadfully misguided **Wholly Moses** (RCA/Columbia/Hoyts) and teamed with Gene Wilder in the tepid **Silver Streak** and likewise in the equally exasperating **Stir Crazy**. The worth of Pryor is that he is able to surmount his material. When working standup from behind a microphone, he is a genius; when working his way out from under the weight of inferior material, he is still worth renting for the night.

Wilder, who mugs to the point where you start wondering whether he subscribed to the *Carry On* school of acting without graduating, does his schtick also on **Hanky Panky** (RCA/Columbia/Hoyts), a carry-on from the suspense/comedy machine chase of *Silver Streak*, this time with helicopters doing the flying high instead of trains. In either form of travel, Wilder grates without the levelling influence of Mel Brooks, who directed him in **The Producers** (CBS/Fox Video) **Blazing Saddles** (Warner Video).

As an American comedian in London, Wilder was far inferior to the homegrown Monty Python mob, who were then managing very successfully to give international audiences (including Americans) what Wilder failed to deliver. The Pythons are a phenomenon.

From **And Now For Something Completely Different** (RCA/Columbia/Hoyts) to **Monty Python & The Holy Grail, The Life Of Brian** and **Monty Python Live At The Hollywood Bowl** (all Thorn EMI Video), Cleese, Chapman and Co — inheritors of the Goons' tradition of British lunacy — have proven themselves unequalled as international translators of humor. Crossing international boundaries was once solely the domain of America through Hollywood, even though key exponents Charlie Chaplin, Stan Laurel, Bob Hope and Marty Feldman were in fact British-born.

For the most part (the works of Woody Allen and Mel Brooks aside), American screen humor went off on a tangent spurred by the influence of *National Lampoon* magazine, with the Lampoon's **Animal House** (Rigby Video) and underground cheapies such as **The Kentucky Fried Movie** (Video Classics) targetting anything that walks, talks or breathes in contemporary society in a none too subtle style. Mr Gross himself, John Belushi, stepped from TV notoriety on America's *Saturday Night Live* (a satirical weekly revue that actually was live) to screen stardom in *Animal House* and *The Blues Brothers* (Rigby Video), blotted his reputation in **1941** and **Neighbors** (RCA/Columbia/Hoyts), played it low-key and as romantically as he was able in **Continental Divide** (Rigby), then died a nasty death by overdosing on success. Only now through *The Blues Brothers* is Belushi's worth as a potentially great comedian being appreciated as it picks up a *Rocky Horror* type following around Australia.

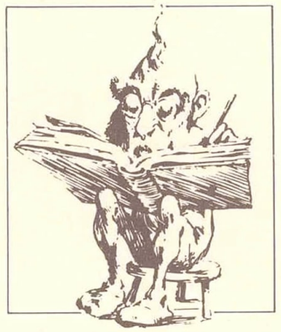
Monty Python . . . unequalled international lunacy

The Blues Brothers reveals the crazed excess Americans have reverted to in the quest to *shove* laughter down our throats. Steven Spielberg attempted to outdo *Animal House's* director John Landis with *1941*, a mish-mash in which the Jananese invade Los Angeles if only in the minds of its paranoid inhabitants. Not content with scooping tens of millions of dollars out the window on that exercise, Universal allowed Landis another $30

Blues Brothers . . . *crazed excess*

million to choreograph the screen's biggest highway disaster as a finale to Belushi and Ackroyd's blues brotherly quest to save an orphange. Fifty million dollars that would — and did — give more astute studios a handful of winners from Allen and Brooks, who were less concerned with excess and astutely attuned to the *tickling* of funnybones rather than the smashing of same. — *Denis Whitburn*

WORDS



SHOCK TREATMENT

The popular media's constant need for controversy has resulted in the casting of Robert Spicer, the author of **Ball Breaking** (Animo $5.95), as an ogre.

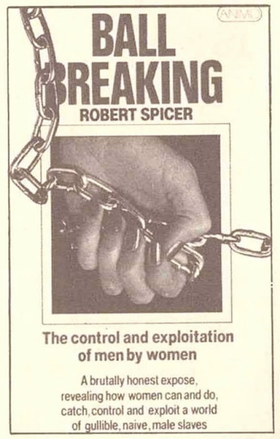
Spicer's central premise in this aggressive tract about the control and exploitation of men by women is that "Man's basic cowardice has resulted in his turning for comfort and support to a creature who has no concern or depth of feeling for him as an individual . . . Woman has sacrificed her potential for a life of glorified prostitution, lived at man's expense, in return for empty flattery and carrot-and-stick style sexuality."

Spicer's shock treatment description of the marriage contract presents the child as a hostage, produced by the woman to ensure that the male maintains the conditions of the marriage agreement. He contends that in modern times every opportunity to escape from the typical housewife's existence has been available to the woman — but she has chosen to remain where she is. "One can therefore only assume that there were never any shackles to throw off," Spicer asserts.

It's provocative stuff — irrational, overstated and cynical. But in the final analysis it appears that much of the flak aimed at the author is misdirected, for his ultimately sad, sensitive and perceptive conclusions include the observation that "Love is the child of freedom", and that in the current state of the conflict, both sides have lost the battle of the sexes.

For rapid relief from the concussion produced by Spicer's shock treatment, take a quick dip into **The Men's Club** (Triad $5.95) by Leonard Michaels, a novel which broaches the same subject — male/female relationships — but this time in a shockingly funny manner.

The narrator of this marvellous tale gets straight down to


BALL BREAKING
ROBERT SPICER
The control and exploitation of men by women
A brutally honest expose, revealing how women can and do, catch, control and exploit a world of gullible, naive, male slaves

Ball Breaking . . . *provocative*

business. Women, he says, are always getting together in groups to talk about anger, identity and politics. Then his friend Cavanaugh invites him to join a men's club with the same aims. They're meeting around at Kramer's place in Berkeley, California that night.

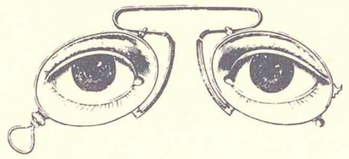
At the all male get-together, under the influence of a few bottles of wine and a few joints, the guys let it all hang out, revealing their attitudes toward their spouses and lovers as they take turns relating anecdotes which illuminate the baffling nature of the opposite sex and expose at the same time their own insecurities and inadequacies. *The Men's Club* is a frivolous, unpretentious and hilariously funny read.

From the shockingly funny to the simply shocking: Roberta Perkins' **The Drag Queen Scene** (George Allen and Unwin $14.95) presents a dozen frank interviews with those denizens of Kings Cross in Sydney who took a walk on the wild side and stayed there.

A transsexual herself, Perkins' status allowed her to gain the confidence of her subjects, resulting in a collection of trivial but vivid detail — bitchy gossip, jargon, descriptions of everyday life, prices charged for prostitution, drug habits, attitudes toward customers, and more — which all adds up to a comprehensive profile of one of the most exploited and oppressed minorities in Australian society. At the very least, a quick flick through the book's photo section will help you to avoid getting rolled by a Maori drag queen the next time you're staggering around the streets of Darlinghurst.

From the simply shocking to the simple shocker: Peter James' **Lifesaver** (Landsdowne Press $30) is a rather queer pictorial perv at the lifesaving movement, a collection of color photos of the bronzed Aussie at work and at play. Unfortunately, James appears to have a peculiar fascination for one particular section of the surf lifesaver's anatomy, an obsession which makes this book a real bummer. — *Phil Abraham*

Kevin Bartlett (the race driver, not the VFL footballer) has always said it like it is. It was KB who told commentator Evan Green, and six million race fans watching Seven's 1981 James Hardie 1000 telecast, that he intended to punch a rival competitor on the nose. Bartlett, brave but not silly, quickly recanted



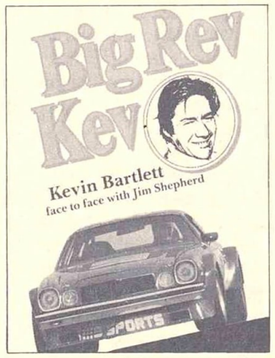
when he discovered the object of his intentions was a man not entirely new to the world of professional pugilism.

This and other stories from Bartlett's eventful quarter-century of blood, sweat and gears are recalled in **Big Rev Kev** (Lansdowne Press $9.95). Penned by Sydney author/historian Jim Shepherd, the 128-page hardcover book avoids the safe but sometimes tiresome chronological approach.

Bartlett pulls no punches. His old foe, the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport, gets the biggest rev from Kev. Alan Jones will also be in no hurry to thank KB for suggesting the former world champ made attempts to return to Formula One racing principally for ego reasons.

Bartlett's rating of our touring car stars is required reading for

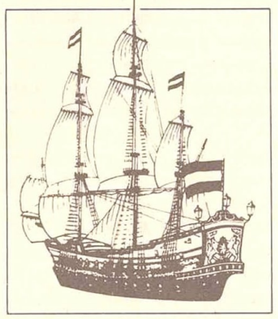
Blood, sweat and gears



motorsport aficionados. He almost damns Peter Brock with faint praise and happily rates Allan Moffat as number one. This chapter was obviously written before the last Bathurst race, when the Canadian snubbed Bartlett.

The Bartlett/Shepherd collaboration doesn't quite (as is claimed on the front cover) lift the lid on motor sport. And it doesn't reveal too much of Bartlett the man. But it's an entertaining two-hour read which will have chins wagging in motor racing circles. — *Peter McKay*

TRAVEL



ALOHA GOODBYE

Most people think Hawaii is like Surfers Paradise, only bigger and more tawdry. That's certainly true of Honolulu — but Honolulu is no more the whole story of Hawaii than Surfers is of Queensland.

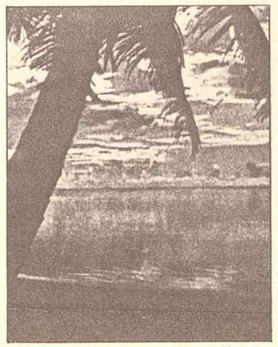
Half the population of Hawaii — about half a million — lives in Honolulu; the rest is scattered about the other eight main islands, mostly in smaller towns. That leaves plenty of untouched space. Molokai Island, for example, is pretty much in its natural state. And along with most of Hawaii, it's relatively unexplored by tourists. An operator called Sea Trek Hawaii offers not-too-strenuous short treks on the islands, which you can combine with brief sailboat sectors.

Paradoxically, one of the virtues of destinations like Hawaii is that it's a tourist Mecca. Mass tourism keeps itself cheap by limiting the options it offers, concentrating customers in relatively few places to achieve ecomony of scale. That gives you two advantages. First, it means there are top-grade facilities you can use either as a base for some independent movement or as a retreat from more strenuous activity. Second, places like Hawaii are always well served by international and local transport, and their mass-market nature necessarily entails a price war between airlines, hotels and resorts — which always benefits the customer.

Away from the bright lights and fleshpots of Honolulu, the unspoiled paradise most people dream about still exists. Hawaii provides a combination unmatched anywhere in the world, with spectacular waterfalls roaring in the middle of dense tropical rainforest, alien landscapes surrounding erupting volcanoes, snow-capped mountains rising more than 3000 metres, and clean, uncrowded beaches of black and white sand. If that sounds like a brochure, fair enough. This is one of the few cases where what the brochure says falls a bit short of the reality.

Hawaii is cheaper to reach than you might think. A bitter struggle for market share between airlines has kept fares down on what is one of the longest hauls in the world. In terms of kilometres per dollar, it's cheaper to fly the Pacific than any other route out of Australia. Barring unexpected increases, your return Sydney-Hawaii fare should cost as little as $946 with Continental Airlines. And in the fight for passengers, airlines are offering ludicrously cheap deals on accommodation; a Continental ticket will entitle you to seven nights' accommodation for $99.

Combine that with, say, an eight-day Sea Trek package



which will include four days' trekking on one of the islands and four days' sailing, and the ground content of your two-week holiday is under $1000; and, at the right time of year to get the cheap airfare, the total cost is under $2000. Going just over that and spending $1140 with Sea Trek, you'll visit three islands, check out the volcanoes and spend some days sailing. Hard to beat.

If you don't feel that energetic, and you like to holiday with a bunch of friends, try Hawaiian Rental Homes. Most of these are on Oahu, but on the other side of the island from the tourist traps of Honolulu. A party of eight can stay for a week for $123 a head — which includes two cars and a motorboat. Everything's included down to teaspoons, and Australians will find a jar of Vegemite in the kitchen cupboard.

It's a better way to live on holiday than in high-rise blocks overlooking crowded beaches. Horse-riding, fishing, sailing, water sports and golf are close at hand. And since that side of the island is in a rain shadow, it gets less than half the tropical torrents dumped on Honolulu.

With air fares and a few side trips, as well as a $10-a-day maid service, all of which can be arranged by a resident social director, a two-week holiday could cost less than $1650 including airfares. You cater for yourself, of course. The houses are all huge and modern, with views of uncrowded beaches, and you can come and go as you please. These holidays are sold by Continental Airlines.

Sea Trek Holidays are sold in Australia by Sundowners of London Travel Centre, which has offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth and Brisbane. Continental Airlines, which I rate as the smoothest operator in the Pacific, has Sydney and Melbourne offices, or your local travel agent can book for you. — *Fred Baker*

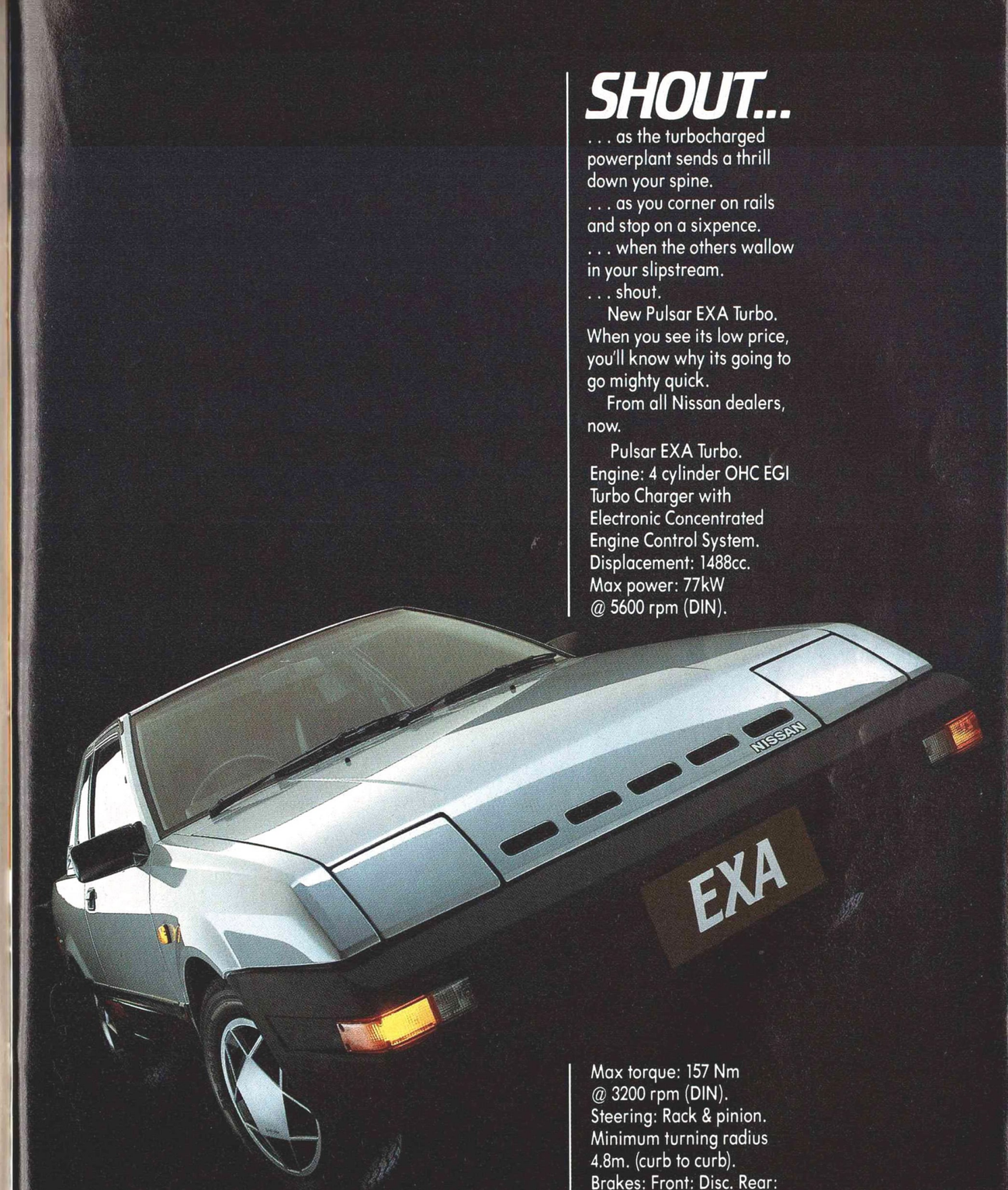
SHOUT...

. . . as the turbocharged powerplant sends a thrill down your spine.
. . . as you corner on rails and stop on a sixpence.
. . . when the others wallow in your slipstream.
. . . shout.

New Pulsar EXA Turbo. When you see its low price, you'll know why its going to go mighty quick.

From all Nissan dealers, now.

Pulsar EXA Turbo.
Engine: 4 cylinder OHC EGI Turbo Charger with Electronic Concentrated Engine Control System.
Displacement: 1488cc.
Max power: 77kW @ 5600 rpm (DIN).



Max torque: 157 Nm @ 3200 rpm (DIN).
Steering: Rack & pinion.
Minimum turning radius 4.8m. (curb to curb).
Brakes: Front: Disc. Rear: Self adjusting drum.
Suspension: Four wheel independent. Tyres: 175/70 HR13 steel belted radials.

NISSAN

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DAT 2098

THE REAL STORY OF THE IRANIAN RESCUE MISSION

The years of training for Mission Rice Bowl culminated in a disaster which left eight men dead

On April 24, 1980, Delta Force, the US Government's primary group of anti-terrorist fighters, landed in the Iranian desert, 500 kilometres from Tehran, ready to free the 56 Americans who had been held hostage for 444 days. Before the night was out, Mission Rice Bowl had become a fiasco and eight Americans lay dead in the desert sands. Now, for the first time, Major Logan Fitch, the commander of one of Delta's operational forces and the man who actually drew up the Rice Bowl battle plan, tells the real story of what happened on that fateful night.

BY LOGAN FITCH AND GEORGE FEIFER
PHOTOS BY ABBAS/GAMMA LIAISON

When the Sea Stallion helicopter smashed into the Hercules C-130, resulting electrical fire sparked a fuel explosion which incinerated eight American soldiers. In its haste to evacuate, the task force abandoned the charred corpses in the desert.

RESCUE MISSION

The C-130, workhorse of the US assault transport fleet, is called the Hercules, but could well have been called the Flying Hangar. Inside, the cargo space smells of raw metal and of fluid leaking from the visible hydraulics. Electric wiring twists around structural members like the arteries and veins of a mastodon. But it is an utterly reliable plane; I've never liked one more.

We had taken off from an island in the Arabian Sea in the late afternoon of April 24, 1980. As predicted from satellite photographs and other last-minute data, the weather was perfectly clear, with good visibility promised for the entire route. Flying almost due north, we crossed a vacant, green sea for hours and refuelled in the air.

Darkness was our ally; every moment of the coming night was going to be precious. The plan was to cross the border at dusk, before 7pm.

At precisely the right time, just when darkness sufficiently hampered vision from the ground, the Hercules crew chief shouted the news in my ear over the relentless scream of the plane's four turboprop-jet engines: "Message from the navigator. We've just penetrated Iranian airspace."

Passing the word to my squadron, I took further encouragement from their predictable reaction. Unemotional by nature and training, they grinned, made the thumbs-up sign, and nodded in affirmation and resolve.

"Go, man, all *go.*"

"We got it made now."

"Piece of cake."

The temperature had been 50 degrees on the island. We had spent only a few blistering hours there, changing from another plane to the C-130. Before that, our final preparations were in Egypt, where we lived in a hangar built by Russians for their MIGs in the days of Soviet-Egyptian fraternity. The men could not fully believe we were going on the real operation at last — Mission Rice Bowl.

A few continued to doze. We could not count the number of times we had been similarly stuffed into C-130s. Our training had included five major rehearsals, from which the present flight differed only by a barely perceptible increase in commitment. It was closer to anticipation than tension.

In this version, C-130s normally carry 40 to 50 passengers. We had removed the seats to accommodate a dozen more Delta soldiers, together with explosives, anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons, machine guns, two motorcycles, and a jeep. Also crammed into this flying ordnance depot was a six-man Ranger detachment and an air force-combat-control team. Under Delta command, the Rangers would help secure the perimeters of our first stop: Desert One. The air force team would serve as ground control for the mini-airport that would function there for several hours. Also on board was a former Iranian Air Force general who was trained to deceive and confuse Iranian fighter planes through misleading radio transmissions in the unlikely event that we would encounter them. Colonel Beckwith was in command. He rode in the cockpit.

On the day the hostages were seized — November 4, 1979 — we had just completed an extremely difficult evaluation exercise in Georgia, to which we had invited representatives of many civilian governmental agencies. We had been given two years to form, equip, and train ourselves. The objective was the simultaneous release of two widely separated groups of hostages held by terrorists in constant communication with each other. Tackling it, we wanted to demonstrate that we were not a collection of commandos with blazing guns but a discreet, responsible organisation capable of extraordinary feats — and of holding fire as well as delivering it.

If any military unit deserved high esteem, it was Delta, the army's First Special Forces Operational Detachment, and the government's primary anti-terrorist force. Its quick maturation, despite bureaucratic and rivalry-prompted opposition, was cause for pride and a great tribute to Colonel Beckwith.

Roughly a hundred extraordinarily high achievers were selected from the 14,000 applicants for the Delta Force. Their average age — over 30 — was much older than that of other units. Many were senior non-commissioned officers with extensive behind-the-lines combat experience and highly developed military skills; they had the flexibility and versatility to think for themselves rather than rely on standard military procedures.

"From the *Nimitz*. Eight Sea Stallions helicopters launched, all mission operable."

This was almost cause for elation. The aircraft-carrier *Nimitz* had launched the Sea Stallions from its station in the northern Arabian Sea. There were eight of them; we needed six. From the beginning, the helicopters had been the weak link: the helicopter *pilots* and everyone else knew this. But with two machines to spare, it seemed that we were far ahead of the odds.

Five hundred kilometres southeast of Tehran, deep into Iran's most desolate region (Desert One, where we would land in another hour), was virtually the only suitable landing site in the country. It had to be in the narrow corridor which was free of radar surveillance and within the safe maximum range of the helicopters launched from the *Nimitz*, yet far enough north so that the helicopters could reach Desert Two from there — then proceed to the assault on the embassy — after refuelling at Desert One. The landing site also had to be secluded but able to accommodate the eight C-130s and eight Sea Stallions that would meet for that refuelling.

To eliminate the need for a ground meeting between the planes and the helicopters, it had been suggested that the Sea Stallions be refuelled from giant bladders that were to be dropped from the air. Previous exercises showed this method to be insufficiently accurate, especially in high winds. A search for an abandoned airfield followed. One was found within the corridor, and proponents argued strongly for its use in order to alleviate uncertainties about whether desert sand would be solid enough for landings and take-offs by heavily loaded C-130s. But the airfield was on caretaker status and the Iranian Air Force surely received regular reports from the caretakers, hence the use of this airfield was ruled out.

After extensive satellite photographs of the area had been taken, a desert strip alongside a one-lane, unpaved road linking desert settlements was chosen as the landing site.

Several weeks before we launched the mission, the CIA flew a reconnaissance mission in a light aircraft. The three men on board included the air force major in charge of the ground-control team now with us in the C-130. The plane landed for soil samples. The sand was impacted enough to support the weight of an aircraft, and so a beacon was implanted.

Approaching the site now, our C-130 activated the beacon and searched the area with FLIR, its forward-looking infra-red radar. In the vast, otherwise lifeless desert expanse, a vehicle was on the road but gave no sign of having seen us. We orbited while it drove out of sight, then made a second approach, retracting the FLIR in order to lower the landing gear — landing parallel to the east-west road.

The troops were ready but neither worried nor nervous. The instant the cargo ramp was lowered, the Ranger team was away on the two motorcycles and the jeep. Their job was to secure the road by taking up positions at a distance of about a kilometre in both directions. A pair of headlights rigged to the motorcycles racing east and west made them appear to be trucks. Parked on the one-lane road facing outward, they would make any approaching vehicle easier to deal with by forcing it to stop.

My men followed the ranger team down the ramp with no sense of now-or-never urgency. That would come the following night, at the embassy. Our jobs at Desert One were routine.

Out of the plane, the noise of the engines obliterated all other sounds while a small dust storm almost did the same to our vision. I looked over my arm and through the sand cloud saw what might have been an apparition.

A large, ultramodern bus with its interior lights on was well inside the western position — not yet established by the motorcycle. In fact, it was almost next to the plane, creeping west to east along the road. The passengers were trying to pretend they didn't see us or comprehend the danger we represented.

My men broke into a run without instruction. As Beckwith roared "Stop that bus! Stop that bus!" above the engine noise, I made out a Mercedes emblem.

Since we had chosen a site that was intersected by a road, we had rehearsed for any such inconvenience. Probably scared stiff, the driver did not stop at the first warning shots. The second shots, including a 40mm grenade round, were more than a warning: a tyre was shot out and water was spilling from a hole in the radiator. Inside, a large portrait of Ayatollah Ruholla Khomeini confronted, or comforted, the terrified passengers from above the driver's seat.

Few missions are without ironies. Rice Bowl's first was that the unit on its way to liberate hostages was about to acquire some of its own.

Meanwhile, a bonfire lit the sky. The minute our area-securing motorcycle was in place on the western side of the road, it had encountered another vehicle — a fuel truck — which would not stop. This area was also used by petrol smugglers. An explosive round from the Rangers made the fuel truck burst into flame. Its driver leapt out and raced to a pickup truck that was following closely behind it. We were not the only ones who had rehearsed action for that desert. To complete an obviously practised manoeuvre against rival smugglers, the pickup made a sharp U-turn and sped off. The motorcycle could not overtake it, but we reckoned *those* Iranians would not run to the police.

> We had trained in a mock-up of the compound. Meadows' strolls past the walls told us where every guard was posted

I reported to Colonel Beckwith that the bus passengers were secure at the side of the road and guarded by eight of my men. We planned to fly them out on a C-130, then back in again the following night when the planes returned for the (freed) hostages, and us. The bonfire was worrisome, because of the attention it might attract — all the more so when the truck exploded. But Beckwith wasn't displeased about the interceptions.

If any man was larger than life, it was "Chargin' Charlie" Beckwith, who drew every eye when he entered a room. A former commander of an airborne battalion in Vietnam, he became an army legend when he stopped a .50-calibre machine-gun bullet but survived, against all predictions. He was a man who had had the vision and the experience to conceive Delta and then the political skill and tenacity to keep it going.

He inspected the site and set up the radios. All units were on strict radio silence, but Beckwith could receive. Through Major General James Vaught, in Egypt, who had overall command of Rice Bowl, he was linked to President Carter.

Primarily an air force show, Desert One was under the command of an air force colonel named Jim Kyle. Two more C-130s were due to arrive with the rest of our teams and more equipment, then four more C-130s with the fuel for the helicopters.

The first arrived an hour later, on the button. All would follow without the slightest hitch. They were manned by highly skilled crews who were accustomed to flying special-operations aircraft for sensitive missions. Having trained for Rice Bowl on C-130s they quickly became experts — as they did on every job. They were what Beckwith called "the right cut of the cloth."

Delta's primary task at this point was to unload equipment from the C-130s and get it ready for reloading in the Sea Stallions, when they arrived. The equipment included water for the next day at Desert Two, camouflage nets to hide the helicopters, and explosive charges for destroying them when their work was finished. My experts and I had prepared an explosive device that was hardly larger than a shoe box.

When Colonel Beckwith heard from Richard Meadows, his confidence, and my own, advanced yet another notch. Meadows' quick, coded satellite message had little chance of interception. "I'm in place," it reported. "Everything is ready here."

"In place" was at Desert Two, where Meadows would greet us as we disembarked from the helicopters after the flight from Desert One. His presence there would further boost the confidence of the troops. I saw myself throwing my arms around the hero.

Dick Meadows was Beckwith's equal as a Special Forces legend. His exploits behind the lines in Vietnam were the stuff of combat fiction. The final Vietnam mission of this model commando and Ranger was to lead a raid to rescue American POWs in a camp near Hanoi. The Israelis who planned the Entebbe assault used his classic, flawlessly executed raid as a model. Meadows, who retired in 1977 after 30 years in the army, had joined Delta as a civilian adviser and participated fully in the planning of Rice Bowl, including the embassy assault that was under my command. And he was our point man in Tehran.

Meadows' "everything is ready" was the best possible augury that the arrangements would go as smoothly as on his previous missions. Desert Two's surface was not important, because only helicopters would land there. It had to be much closer to Tehran, yet remote — and it was. The site had been picked out with the aid of maps and aerial photographs. It was in a hilly area north of Garmsar, about

a kilometre from a paved road and 100 kilometres southeast of Tehran. After our flight there in the Sea Stallions, we planned to hide the aircraft farther up in the hills under nets, then hide ourselves until the following night. Desert One was essentially a refuelling loading stop; Desert Two was a concealed staging area. Both were necessary because of the distances involved: the helicopters' range did not permit a strike in one go from farther away.

After dark, trucks would arrive at Desert Two to deliver us to Tehran. They had been brought by an Iranian exile who had volunteered his services to the CIA, and would be driven by American soldiers of Iranian descent, who spoke Farsi fluently.

Meadows had previously checked the trucks and every section of the drive. He had also reconnoitred the entire route through Tehran's streets to the embassy, looking for potential obstacles missed in satellite photographs. There were none. In the wildly improbable event that we would be stopped at a roadblock where an Iranian armored division happened to be passing, we would not get through. Otherwise, we would make it to the embassy, and, once there, our success was even more assured.

We had trained in an exact mock-up of the compound. Meadows' many strolls past the walls told us where every guard was posted. For the breach, the east wall on Roosevelt Avenue was chosen. The action to follow was timed to the second.

Our principal weapons were machine guns, assault rifles, and submachine guns. Splitting into teams of as few as one or two, the men would race to their assignments, individual specialists working at the tasks they did best. Some, with heavy machine guns and anti-tank weapons, would be stationed at the gates — to stop any reinforcements the Iranian Army might try to send in. Others would be positioned outside the dozen embassy buildings: the chancery, the ambassador's residence, the staff bungalows and the warehouses.

Our hardest problem had been intelligence. Debriefings of former embassy personnel had given us vast knowledge of the compound itself, down to each room's curtains, which were reproduced in our models. Former military attaches had been especially helpful; an air force major, whose tour as assistant air attache had ended just days before the embassy's seizure, worked with us for months. We knew the furniture, how the doors opened, the combinations of many vault doors. But we didn't know precisely where each hostage was or the movements of the guards. At first, the lack of day-to-day intelligence seemed an insufferable problem. We got more information from minute study of news films and reports than from the CIA, which provided very little useful intelligence.

Then we hit a possible bonanza. Just hours before we embarked from Egypt on the Iran mission, Beckwith joyously passed on to me some seemingly miraculous intelligence. The day before, the terrorists had freed the embassy's Pakistani cook, who had also been a prisoner. On his plane out of Iran, he happened to sit next to a CIA agent — who took him for questioning the moment the plane landed. The cook reported that most, perhaps all, of the hostages were in the chancery building, and he provided precise details about the deployment of the guards — who, he said, were not ordinarily in the hotages' rooms.

This might have been a last-minute spectacular by the CIA for maximum effect — the agency was rarely totally above board, even with its fellow agencies. It might even have been a clever plant of

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> aviation fuel

misinformation by the terrorists. But if it was accurate, it would make our job considerably easier — even though the security at the chancery had been strengthened before the Iranian seizure to keep embassy personnel secure.

Each man had a radio. At my signal, all would spring as one, aiming to hit all targets simultaneously. But we had also drilled exhaustively for every man to hit his objective alone and immediately if someone was spotted before all were ready.

Break into the buildings. Eliminate the threat to the hostages. Release all 50 of them, for if one were left behind, his chances of surviving the terrorists' anger would not be good. When we had the 50, retire quickly. Assemble for a final count in a patio outside.

Meanwhile, a separate team would have liberated the remaining three hostages from the Foreign Ministry. Yet another team would have taken the soccer stadium almost directly across Roosevelt Avenue. And tactical aircraft capable of staggeringly rapid fire would have destroyed on the ground any Iranian fighters at Mehrabad International Airport, on the outskirts of Tehran. We had a winner.

The schedule required us to be in the Sea Stallions and on our way to Desert Two by 8.30pm. Darkness was the controlling factor; only two months from the summer solstice, we needed every minute of its shrinking hours. We had to be hidden away at Desert Two before dawn.

The hours after arrival had passed quickly. Now minutes seemed like hours. People thought they heard rotor blades over the din of the C-130 turboprops. False alarm. Another one.

The helicopters again. Their choice had also been governed by unchangeable requirements. Above all, they had to be able to ferry heavy loads over long distances and to operate from carriers. A Navy RH-53, which had folding rotors, was chosen. It usually did minesweeping and anti-submarine work, flying hours over the sea.

Although the mechanical complexity of most helicopters made them prone to breakdown, the crews worried us more than the craft. The original navy pilots were so unsuitable that they were reinforced by marines — but not from the corps known to the public: they were fliers first and fighters second. Although fine for ocean patrols, they had little combat experience and few of the special qualities needed for special operations missions. Unlike the C-130 pilots who had volunteered to fly hairy missions and liked them, the helicopter pilots never seemed to be the right stuff for Rice Bowl.

Many of my men who had worked on behind-the-lines helicopter raids in Vietnam were quietly contemptuous of our pilots during training. No-one I knew had full confidence in them. During the rehearsals, the other participants felt much more nervous about their flying — and commitment — than about any other aspect of the procedures.

Desert One's drop-dead time was 9pm. If we weren't away by then, the mission would have to be aborted.

Knowing this, the men began to grumble. ("What did you expect?" "I could have told you before we flew out here." "I could have told you three months ago.")

We had no idea that one had gone down and another, lost in a dust storm, had returned to the *Nimitz*. Or that some of the others had set down to wait for tolerable visibility.

The weak link.

Another false alarm.

Then, we actually heard a rotor blade. It cut the air like individual machetes as it came in, the sweet sound making Delta buoyant. "Forget what I said, man. Let's get on with it."

A pair of fine-looking Sea Stallions arrived and landed. Minutes later, a second pair took position behind their fuelbirds. It was 8.45, and we were supposed to have been in the air 45 minutes earlier, but we had some flexibility. Everything seemed fine again.

I happened to be at the eastern end of the "airport," and as the senior officer present I welcomed the unnerved pilots. All seemed to have had more than they had bargained for. One in particular was clearly shaken, and tottered slightly, although he was glad to have his feet on the ground.

"We gotta cancel this thing," he said.

"What do you mean? Are you okay?"

"I guess so."

"Your chopper?"

"Yeah, but you don't know what we've been though."

Not knowing that the C-130s had flown through 10 or 15 minutes of an unexpected dust storm, I assumed that what the marine pilots had "been through" was a flight over enemy territory: nothing new to us. But the first time, I thought, could be enough to jolt them, and I tried to be reassuring.

One of the other two pilots was walking off his stiffness in the sand when I got to him.

"Welcome, guys. How're you doing? We're sure glad you finally made it."

"Yes, we're late. I had a little problem with the machine."

"Anything serious?"

"A little hydraulic problem."

"Will you be able to make it?"

"Don't look so worried. The primary system's down, but the backup's fine. No problem."

This boost allowed us to hope that our pessimism about the helicopter pilots was unfounded. But the wait for the other four — any two of them — dragged us down again. Loading the four choppers on the ground, my sergeant major made certain the explosive charges were handed to the Sea Stallion crew chiefs. For total demolition, all they had to do was pull a fuse, on their pilots' instructions: a five-second operation. We also led the Iranian passengers back on to the bus and moved it closer to the fuelbirds. But nothing took our minds off the minute-by-minute waiting.

Desperate to find a way to save the mission, Beckwith had a little conference with his executive officer and me. "Logan, is there any chance we can make it with less than six birds? With four?"

"Who can we leave behind, sir? What happens to the assault plan?"

Accepting this argument reluctantly, he turned to the question of time. Slipping a schedule beyond drop-dead time was not very prudent. On our recommendation, however, Beckwith decided to extend ours by half an hour, to 9.30.

Something approaching joy flew in with the fifth and sixth Sea Stallions. The magic half-dozen were at last on the ground, being refuelled.

The pilot of one of the last two helicopters was "Skipper," the commander of the eight and a marine lieutenant colonel. He was a likeable man but had little of the Delta fire in him. I again happened to be near the fuelbirds when he landed. There was no time to ask why he was late. I didn't care. We would tell our stories over drinks one day. Now it was on with the mission.

The helicopter pilot who crashed his Sea Stallion into the C-130 had probably become disoriented in the dust cloud created by take-off. After the collision, the helicopter sat in the desert like a locust devouring its prey.

Toward the end, I ran up to Skipper with a little speech. "Your machines are up, your pilots are up. One has a hydraulic problem, but he's ready to go. We'll load you. Maybe you can get topped off and we can get out of here. We're behind schedule."

Even before he answered, the lack of urgency in his movements reinforced the tension in the air. He properly said that he himself would check his group. It wasn't this commanding officer's instinct that disturbed me but his deliberateness.

"It's been a rough one, Logan. We'll just go see what shape the others are in."

We *were* ready to go. When Skipper ambled off to confirm the readiness of the others, I saw Beckwith and told him about my exchange with Skipper. Returning to my men, I prepared them to load the last helos. Beckwith now joined Skipper, and the two conferred for several minutes. As my squadron made final preparations, our commander wheeled toward us.

"It's *go*!" he shouted to me. "We're redesignating the helos. That's number five — get your men on."

Maybe he was even more gleeful than I. Like kids, we slapped each other on the back.

"We're late but okay. We're going to make it!"

I hurried to tell my men to embark, then ran back for the eight guarding the 44 passengers. An armed doctor who was part of the support team happened to be just outside the bus. There was no time to wait for the Rangers to take over guarding the passengers from us.

"So long, Doc. They're all yours."

As I rushed back to the Sea Stallion after my quick exchange with the doctor, one of my captains met me on the run.

"It's abort."

"What?"

"Abort. Final word."

"Bull. What's the matter with you?"

Not bothering to answer my silly question, he said he'd been ordered to get the men off the helicopters and into the fuelbirds, ready to fly out.

"*Bull!*" I repeated. But I didn't really disbelieve him. I just wanted to. My chest felt as if I had just discovered the loss of something very valuable. I already knew the reason for the decision, but had to hear it for myself.

On the way to find Colonel Beckwith, I tried to pretend I couldn't understand what could be wrong *now* to convince myself that there was some misunderstanding by my captain, a communications mistake. But I felt dread. And the look on Beckwith's face when I found him deepened it. He was totaly deflated, like a tyre with its air — his energy — gone.

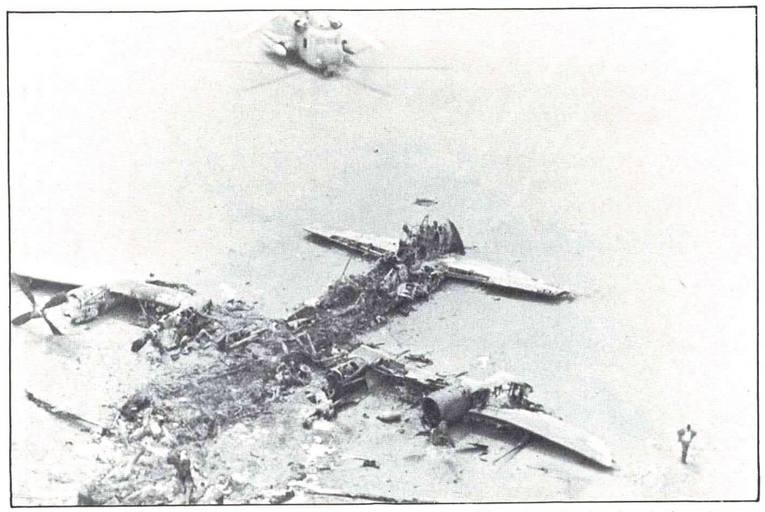
"Why the hell is it abort? What happened?"

"We've only got five helos."

"We've got six." I felt my sense of frustration welling despite all my training.

"Skipper says the hydraulic backup won't do it. Only five are mission capable." He pointed. "Get your people on that fuelbird. We're pulling out."

We had reviewed the need for six helicopters so often and so recently that there was no point in further talk. I knew that nothing *objective* had changed since the pilot of the chopper with the hydraulic problem had assured me that he could fly the mission. No new mechanical investigation had been made. What had changed was the *subjective* judgement of his commanding officer. But if the CO says



Major Logan Fitch describes the collision this way: "Two dull thuds shook the plane . . . suddenly, like fireworks, a spray of sparks lit up the entrance to the cockpit." Within minutes, the front of the Hercules had turned into a murderous oven.

RESCUE MISSION

his pilot won't fly, he won't fly. Disappointed to the point of actual hurt, I wasn't, however, in despair. I had been around aircraft all my adult life. I knew that they broke down — and that temporarily returning from Desert One might be better than getting stranded on that number six chopper somewhere in the desert.

It *would* be better if we could get out cleanly and come back in a few days. When I confirmed the abort to my men and they left the Sea Stallions, one picked up some stones and put them in his pocket: mementos of having gotten that far.

"I can't believe it. Why can't we *go*?"

I had never felt such collective disappointment in my career.

In my depression, it didn't occur to me to ask how the sixth helicopter could make it back to the carrier but not to Desert Two, which was much closer. Maybe there would be less strain on it because it would be flying unloaded.

When we boarded the fuelbird, its cargo space was dark, full of sweating, sand-caked soldiers and carpeted with a huge bladder that still contained some aviation fuel. My sergeant major and I stumbled over it, looking for an unaccounted-for man. Most of the soldiers were "tired, disgusted, and pissed off," as one put it — but they were accustomed to start-and-stop missions. And like me, they felt that the bad luck surely wouldn't follow us on our second try.

A clean abort wasn't a tragedy, I repeated to myself. Anyway, it was out of our hands. "This one's over, now let's get out of here. Maybe we'll be back tomorrow."

Our C-130 would be first to take off — as soon as the two helicopters it had been refuelling repositioned themselves to avoid its prop wash. Screaming in warm-up, the turboprop engines made the airframe vibrate.

Then two dull thuds shook the plane. I thought the nosewheel had hit a depression. Suddenly, like fireworks, a spray of sparks lit up the entrance to the cockpit and the bulkhead, where most of the avionics were stored. The electrical fire, combined with one fed by aviation fuel, was turning the front of the plane into a murderous oven.

I grabbed my weapon. We were obviously under attack. In one blink, it was clear we had no forward exit. Savage flames there were driving soldiers toward the rear.

We had to answer the strike. The crew chief began opening the door at my back before I could even ask him to. From its half-open position, it shot up on springs, but we were immediately using all our strength to slam it shut again before it reached the top of its ride, because the entire port side of the plane was a fireball, trying to reach in and consume us. Fierce heat scorched our faces. The cargo space reeked of burning wires, melted metal, and aviation fuel.

Opposite us, on the starboard side, the one remaining door was already open, and my men were leaping two metres down to the ground. But the rabid blaze seemed certain to explode the fuel bladder before the next breath, prompting unthinking, panicked reactions. My men shouted, staggered, stumbled on to the hot bladder. They fell over one another and clawed in their urge to escape. Someone had to assert control. It came not from me but from Don Linkey, whose bull-like roar sounded over everything. "Don't panic! Don't panic!" The sergeant major's voice *was* authority. In responding to it, the men returned to being his subordinate in Delta.

Linkey's presence of mind was responsible for the lives that would be saved — together with the men's training, without which not half of them would have been able to exit in the few seconds available. "Go, go, go!" Out they fell, as if in a parachute jump.

Flames were racing toward the rear faster than the men could advance to their exiting turn — men moving with remarkable agility, yet seemingly in slow motion compared with the urgency of the situation. I realised that some would not make it. The last ones were going to perish, and there was no way to prevent it.

I had figured to be the last off — but changed my mind. If I was going to remain alive, I would have to move now. Maybe my duty was to take command of the resistance to whoever or whatever was attacking us outside, but survival was my overriding instinct. I entered the stream moving toward the door. I pulled myself up after being knocked down, then was flat on the floor again.

At last, I was out and on the ground, this time knocked flat by the men jumping down after me. Down a second time, I finally got free of the jumble and ran off, trying to be alert for clues about the enemy. Then I looked back. The fire and smoke were boiling as if from a bombed oil tank. There were even flames under the plane, licking at the open door. Men were still jumping off as our ordnance — bullets, explosives, grenades, and missiles — began exploding. Hell must look like that.

I realised there was no enemy. The rotor blades of one of the two repositioning Sea Stallions had caused the two thuds and the disaster. The blades had crashed into the top of the plane. Its skeleton was sitting there like a locust devouring its prey, staring with the eye that used to be the plane's cockpit.

The helicopter pilot had probably become disoriented in the dust cloud his takeoff created. I remembered that kicking up a minimum of sand was one of the skills most of the pilots could not master during training.

Before I had made much progress back toward the inferno, I saw that no more people were jumping from it. A explosion larger than the previous ones had ruptured the fuselage, blowing a body out the door. Alive but horribly burned, the man tried in vain to drag himself away. Two of my soldiers ran back to save him.

He was the radio operator, and Larry Orth, the smallest Delta soldier, had dragged him to the door. Badly burned himself, Orth collapsed and fell out the door. Yet once on the ground, he returned to the flames as one of the two rescuers.

A stoic senior sergeant named James Andrews joined Linkey and me in trying to collect the men and get them on to the other planes. The C-130 nearest the fire was appropriately taxiing away from the danger, but I wondered whether it would leave us there. Caught in the middle of a hostile country with many weapons being incinerated and without an escape or evasion kit or water gave us a naked feeling — even without the huge bonfire to announced our disaster and our presence. Stopping at last, the plane accepted a few of my men and hurriedly took off.

The other C-130s were now dangerously overloaded, but by beating furiously on doors most of my remaining men got places. The planes took off. I had forgotten that one more C-130 remained: the one furthest from the fire, which Colonel Beckwith had boarded sometime after I last saw him. To save weight in order to take on the stragglers, soldiers were jettisoning the motorcycles and even the mattresses. But what I took for the departure of all the fixed-wing aircraft no longer worried me, and I began searching for survivors. My few remaining men and I would stay to make certain that no wounded or other stragglers were left behind, to clean up what we could of the devastated area and then to evacuate in one of the helicopters. The five surviving helicopters were waiting, their rotors still turning. I leaned against one of them to rest for a moment, still dazed by the inferno but reassured by the Sea Stallions' healthy-sounding engines. By waiting to make certain that everyone had been picked up, the pilots were demonstrating a professionalism I hadn't expected.

I looked at my watch. Just under five hours had passed since our first plane had landed. I remembered how quickly Colonel Jim Kyle had taken charge after the accident. He stood out in the desert, calmly directing aircraft traffic and reassuring survivors who were less than fully coherent.

Now, a jeep sped past, carrying the Delta officer in command of the Ranger unit.

"What the hell are you doing?" he asked.

"Making sure everybody's out. Then I'm going to take this helo when it flies back."

"You idiot. Look up there."

I stepped back to peer into the cockpit. It was empty. The helicopters had been evacuated with their engines still running.

The unlit cargo space of the last C-130 was no darker than my mood. Falling from an ordinary height might have hurt less. However, Rice Bowl was the summit of my career and my life and had consumed my men and myself for almost six months. Our two and one-half years of training had culminated in disaster. This ignominious retreat made me want to give up the world. I could not bring myself to think about my squadron's performance, as I should have. Colonel Beckwith was apparently in the cockpit, but I didn't want to talk to him, much less to the helicopter pilots riding with us in the back. I forced myself to have a look at those in my command who had been slightly burned, then shrank back into despair for the remainder of the flight to the Arabian Sea island.

Back in the MIG hangars in Egypt, our new mission seemed to be to stay out of sight for several days, during which many officers and enlisted men tried to forget by drinking too much beer. When Colonel Beckwith assembled us for a talk, his face was flushed. I wondered whether he was in better control of his emotions than we were. No-one had been under greater stress or was more hurt by the abort and the accident. Although he offered praise very rarely, he now gave us the encouragement, if not the cheering, we had all along expected from him. Then, almost as an aside, Colonel Beckwith switched to admonishment by saying that we had not acted as he would have wanted. It was disgraceful, he said, to have left our weapons on the plane. We had had the time to get them; it had been our duty to do so. His reminder that a soldier's unforced abandonment of his weapon is a grave lapse was properly military, but in this case his information was incorrect. He hadn't bothered to check it with me, the senior officer present, or my sergeant major. He had misinterpreted a secondhand remark from a staff assistant that one of my troops had climbed back into the plane for his machine gun, and now he berated those who hadn't done likewise. James Andrews, the laconic sergeant whose authority among the men was second only to Linkey's, tried to explain. Colonel Beckwith lost control, ordering him to "shut up."

"You're all a bunch of goddamned cowards! You should have retrieved your weapons!"

> But who deserves praise if not the splendid soldiers of that unit? They were superb men to begin with

From the beginning, Delta was more inspiring, as well as more important, than its founders. Their participation in the operation deserves to be understood — in the context of the whole.

Tests and probability analyses have established that the helicopter with the hydraulic problem, the helicopter that would have completed our needed six, could have flown the mission many times over. Of course, the judgement of the commander on the ground must be relied upon; but inclination and motivation help make that judgement. A mission-capable helicopter was pronounced to be not mission-capable.

This was not a question of bad luck but one of bad personnel selection, for the crucial failure was not mechanical but mental. A mechanical problem need not be a mechanical failure. It now seems clear that a different choice of pilots, men having different temperaments and better training, who might have leapt into the refuelled helicopters and quickly delivered us to our destination, might have saved the mission.

The chopper pilots' backgrounds and preparation could hardly have differed more from those of the Delta group. However wonderfully skilled they were in the work they knew, they were wrong — just as we had feared through our exercises — for *this* work. We and the air force contingent were determined, dedicated, motivated to a rare pitch — in contrast to the helicopter pilots, who were not a crack unit and lacked the flair and morale of such a unit. They were not a unit at all. They had never developed maximum commitment to the mission, not only because they were weak in combat experience but also because they were not in the service to operate under the stress of special operations, and were not trained for such operations. They represented a different fighting man.

Rice Bowl was a lesson, and there is some consolation in having benefited from it. It was, however, a terribly expensive way of learning. But was it the failure pictured by the public? Were we, in fact, the popular image of the Keystone Kops stumbling around in the desert? Time was critical. The planning detail was immense. The logistics could have been overwhelming. Yet everything was ready for our assault, and potential enemies knew nothing about it.

It is no longer very difficult to put men on planes and fly them great distances, even when, as in our case, they have to be gathered from around the world. But to accomplish this in total secrecy in an age of sophisticated electronic surveillance, to train a sizable commando-type force under the eyes of Soviet satellites that compete with ours in sophistication, to launch helicopters from aircraft carriers that are followed relentlessly — to mention but three aspects of the mission — is not failure but a kind of success.

The complexity was staggering. On the day of departure, 41 aircraft with 800 personnel were on the move, at great distances from their bases; and the scope of the support, supply, and communication

Continued on page 160

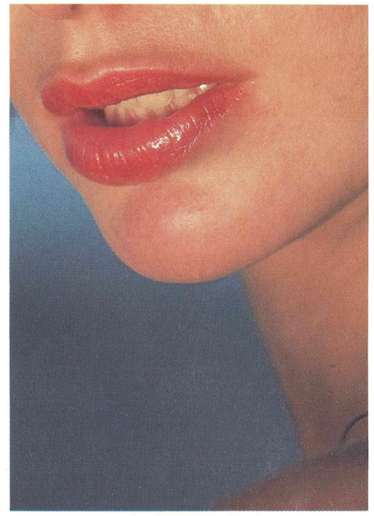
A RICH, FULL-BODIED BLEND

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

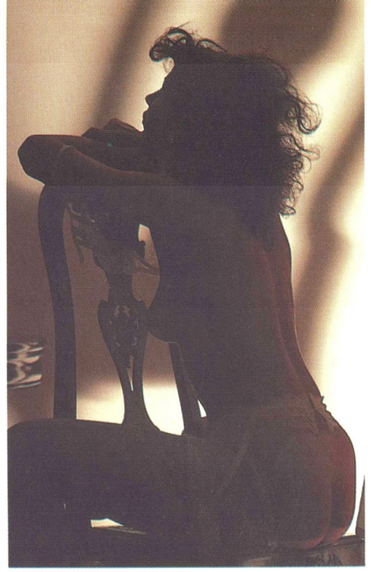
The perfect woman is not unlike a good cup of coffee — a strong, exotic, full-bodied blend that revs up your senses and alerts you to new possibilities. Lush brunette beauty Antonia Larsen, a half-Swedish, half-Italian ethnic original, is just such a creature. Her Italian side accounts for her dark, smouldering good looks, while the Scandinavian influence accounts for her cool reserve and radiant good health. And her down-home, girl-next-door spirit is reflected in her insistence on being called "Toni" for short.

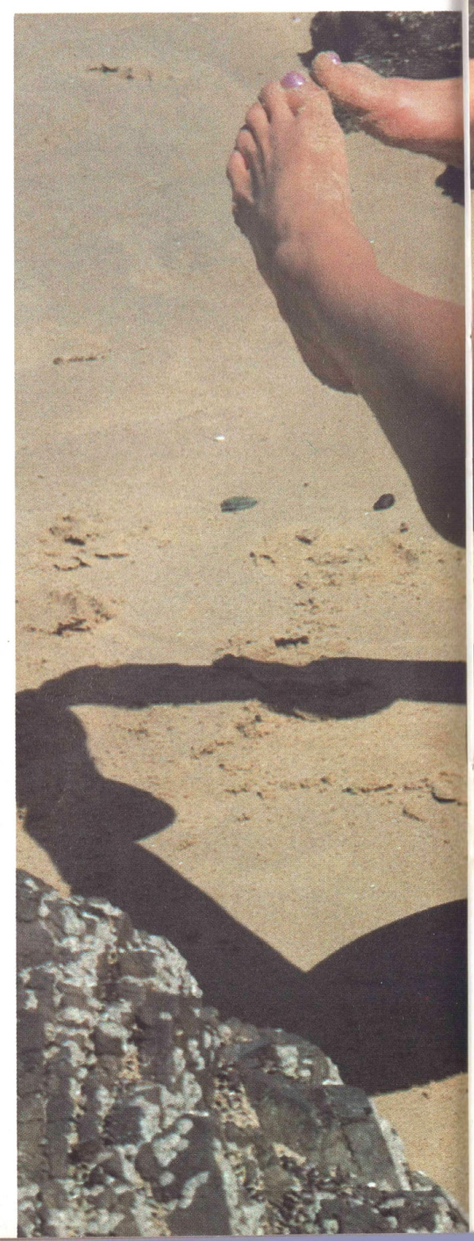
Shooting on location in the tropics, Toni felt overwhelmed by beauty, while all those who caught a glimpse of her were compelled to linger, likewise overwhelmed by her steamy attractions.

She has been likened to an orchid before, but when placed in equatorial surrounds, beneath a dripping green canopy of jungle or the delicate canopy of her bed, Toni's exquisite beauty and resilience flourish.



Just 22, Toni has already learned
that some men are only out to use
her. "That's why it takes so long for a
man to win my trust," she explains.
"But once he has it, my walls
come tumbling down . . ."





That long, lean body is more
of a fortress than a temple, according
to Toni. "I tend to hide my
feelings, but I keep myself in a
constant state of readiness for
attack." Not that she doesn't invite
the occasional confrontation:
"The right man may storm my turrets
any day," she sparkles.

The true story
of how an Australian
blew $200,000 in Sin City

LOSING IT IN LAS VEGAS

BY BOB SAWYER

How many times have you been in a hotel or a club when one of your friends has lamented: "Jesus, I wish someone would hand me a cheque for all the money I've ever spent on booze."

"Or on gambling," another will add.

"Or on wasted meals at forgettable restaurants."

On one of these occasions, I estimated that my own cheque would be larger than the GNP of Argentina. And then, a couple of years later, the man I had been fantasising about walked up to me in the form of first prize in the Opera House Lottery and handed me a cheque for $200,000. Although this amount fell somewhat short of my estimate, I grabbed it and set about regaining the *status quo* by instructing my travel agent to book me into Caesar's Palace in Vegas for a year. After all, it had gambling, booze and forgettable restaurants.

Photo courtesy of the Photographic Library of Australia

LAS VEGAS

I arrived during a taxi strike. The temperature was hovering around 48 degrees in the shade. A man wearing an eyepatch and a shiny suit greeted me as I came through to the luggage carousel and guided me to a black limousine parked illegally outside the entrance to the terminal.

"Mr Wasserburg hopes your stay will be a pleasant one," he said, opening the rear door for me.

"Mr Wasserburg?" I queried.

"He runs the Palace and, on the side, the US of A."

I nodded or whistled or did something equally inane. "I'd like to meet him," I said, noticing that a tray of drinks had suddenly opened out in front of me from the back of the front seat.

"So would the President," he replied as he drove straight out into a line of traffic, causing chaos amongst the startled motorists. When we arrived at the hotel, he bustled some people out of his way and announced to the clerk, "Look after him," then disappeared.

It was more of an order than a request. I couldn't hear what the clerk was saying because behind me, down a half-level, was about an acre of gambling. Bells going off. People yelling or moaning, depending on their luck. Cocktail waitresses shouting orders and section supervisors clapping their hands in a most chauvinistic manner, demanding service from these running girls for the high rollers at the tables. It was a melee of anguished humanity, something like you see at Kennedy International just after 50 747s have landed.

The clerk, competing against this background cacophony, was trying to tell me something about my room, something about there being a mix-up in the bookings. I immediately became paranoid. Having travelled 20,000 kilometres for a six-month booking (immigration had knocked me back on the full-year plan) with an illegally imported hundred thousand dollars in traveller's cheques, I was aghast that there could possibly be a foul-up, especially as I had paid for the room in advance. And it wasn't as if it was a suite or a double, because due to the length of my stay, I had opted for one of the cheapest in the house at $39.50 a night, which I felt would be quite sufficient for my requirements.

The clerk leaned forward and made another effort to be understood but he was foiled by a huge man at the other end of the desk, who suddenly turned on his female companion and slapped her brutally several times across the face with the back of his hand. The clerk banged the bell on the counter, which could hardly be heard above the poor woman's hysterics, but nevertheless a couple of ex-world heavyweight champions suddenly appeared and lifted the big man off the ground and carted him away as if he was nothing more than a crushed soft drink container. I later learned that these efficient gentlemen were known as "the undertakers."

From what the clerk was saying it appeared that the hotel was fully booked due to the annual appearance of Tom Jones, and that as a result of an unfortunate error regarding my booking I would have to be accommodated in what was known as the Cleopatra Suite for one or maybe two nights, until the room at my modest tariff became available. Naturally I agreed that this arrangement would be quite satisfactory, never imagining that the Cleopatra Suite was second only in prestige to the Emperor's Suite, which was presently housing Tom Jones. But I was assured that I'd only be paying the basic $39.50 until I could be moved.

So when the clerk eventually smacked the bell again for the porter and shouted for him to take me to the Cleopatra Suite, I swear half an acre of gamblers stopped and turned to take a look at me. The porter explained in the elevator that the last occupant, some three months back, had been Henry Kissinger.

> Running everywhere were scantily clad cocktail waitresses trying vainly to fill the orders of a thousand thirsty millionaires

To describe the Cleopatra Suite as opulent would be as big an understatement as calling that famous lady's barge a rowboat. With the press of a button on the wall near the double oak doors, the porter was able to slide the two tonnes of hanging velvet drapes away from the picture windows overlooking the pool. And the pool was not your ordinary hotel pool. It was Olympic size with eight lifeguards — four male and four female — glamorously seated atop white-painted wooden lookouts. Running everywhere were scantily-clad cocktail waitresses trying vainly to fill the orders of a thousand thirsty millionaires and their attentive, smiling companions.

In one corner of the room was a cedar-and-glass cocktail bar, large enough, I imagined, to make Guccione jealous. It was stocked with liquor from parts of the world I'd never heard of. The porter was gone for about 15 minutes taking my bags to the bedroom. When he came back he was out of breath. Then he handed me a cut lunch and we set out for the bathroom. It would be wise to describe this room as Neroesque. The taps and fittings appeared to be solid gold and all the walls were mirrors. The sunken bath was full to the brim with lightly scented, foamy water, obviously regulated by some inflow-outflow system. There were more jars of perfumes and lotions than you'd be likely to see in a Chanel showroom. It would not be difficult, with the aid of room service, to spend a week in there with a special friend.

After he had given me the grand tour and hesitated by the door, I handed him a dollar. He looked at it the way a starving child might look at one baked bean and then, with a professional smile, he handed it back.

"You never know, pal . . . you might need this," he said, and I knew then and there that I'd have to clean up my act if I was to be accepted in this place. The porter's polished contempt brought on my second attack of paranoia.

After showering and changing and helping myself to a couple of tumblers of Glenfiddich I ventured down to the tables for a little roulette. As my watch had stopped I wasn't sure of the time but I guessed it was getting towards late afternoon. And that was about the last time for at least a fortnight (apart from the odd glimpse through my picture window) that I knew whether it was day or night. Because at Caesar's Palace, unless you venture outside, there is absolutely no way of knowing — unless of course you ask somebody, and then they think you're nuts and report you to one of the undertakers.

I decided to cruise slowly at first so that by the time I'd had enough and was ready for some sleep I'd only lost a little over $6000. Much of this was attributed to the fact that the single number I was backing was number eight and it didn't show for 256 consecutive spins.

The next day (or night) I decided to resume my attack on number eight and this time it failed to show for 352 spins. Back in my room I consulted my roulette almanac and found that both these losing sequences were new world records. My second session cost me a bit of change under $10,000.

And then things started to go wrong. Firstly, the room manager rang to advise that they had not been able to relocate me, so that I'd have to remain in the Cleopatra Suite for an indefinite period. That in itself would be okay, I thought, but about an hour later two gentlemen in red jackets arrived and proceeded to rearrange my quarters. Both bedrooms were locked off and they brought in a makeshift stretcher-bed which they deposited in the middle of the room, where it sat in mute testimony to American ingenuity. Similarly, the bathroom was sealed, leaving me with a tiny shower recess next to the bar. The liquor remained where it was, ostensibly because it would have required a major undertaking to remove it, but a quick stock-take was sufficient to render me liable for all further indulgence.

The next session at the tables cost me $25,000. Now I'm not making excuses for such indiscriminate play but there was very good reason for momentarily losing my head. About an hour after I'd sat down, Xavier Cugat and his entourage of bodyguards and camp-followers arrived, and, after a supervisor had cleared the rest of the table, they crowded around me with their wealth, glamor and indefensible bad humor. A young lady given the chair next to me was probably the most attractive woman I'd ever seen. After spilling a few drinks over each other, she announced in a purring accent that she was Xavier's new wife's best friend. When I tried to chat with her about a lifestyle quite remote from my own, a couple of gorillas standing behind her told me to mind my own business. She looked at me and shrugged in sympathy, then returned to placing hundred dollar bets all over the table.

I was so unnerved by what was going on around me that I lost all concentration and thereby missed a series of bets that would have seen me well in front.

The next incident in the chain of my misfortune had little to do with gambling. That night, after a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee in my room, I ventured back down to the gambling arena determined to stem the tide of defeat that had been surging over me. At the cash desk I converted some cheques into a thousand dollars in chips, and headed for the blackjack. I chose an empty table hosted by a tall brunette called Cindy and played two slots at $50 apiece. In less than an hour I was $10,000 in front so I left $100 for Cindy and went back to cash my winnings.

The guy behind the grille was so typical and inconspicuous that two days later I could not give a description of him when trying to claim my $10,000. I demanded to see the Credit Manager, who was a thin, tidy man with a soft but firm voice by the name of Calvin Kurl. He looked and acted as if he had served his apprenticeship looking after the books for Albert Anastasia. The conversation went like this:

Me: I've told you three times, Mr Kurl. I'd won a little over $10,000 at Cindy's blackjack table and came straight here, to this stand, and deposited all but the change . . . a neat $10,000 . . .

Calvin: But you say you didn't get a receipt?

Me: No, for Chrissake . . . this guy behind the grille says you don't get a receipt . . . just an entry book .

Calvin: What book?

Me: He had a book — a black ledger — he entered my name, room number and amount deposit . . .

Calvin: Were there other entries?

Me: Er . . . I don't know . . . I suppose so. It looked legitimate enough .

Calvin: What did this man look like?

Me: Jesus, I don't know . . . they all look alike . . .

Calvin: Who?

Me: Guys behind grilles in places like this.

Calvin: Really? And how is that?

Me: Well, you know . . . efficient, bored, bony hands . . . good at stacking chips.

Calvin: With green eye-shades and silver arm-bands?

Me: No . . . for chrissake, don't joke about $10,000 . . . I've already dropped over $40,000 in less than three days . . .

Calvin: I'm sorry about that.

Me: Well?

Calvin: Well what?

Me: What about my money?

Calvin: You mean the alleged $10,000 you deposited here and didn't get a receipt for?

> The teller had sized me up quickly. A sucker. And he'd shot through with my $10,000

Me: You think I'm on a scam, don't you?

Calvin: Well, you do admit to losing a lot of money . . .

Calvin turned away and slid a glass panel so that he could talk to the adjoining teller.

Calvin: Charlie, who was working this line two nights ago?

Me: Er . . . (Charlie was thinking) . . . that would have been Harold Kellogg, Mr Kurl . . . same shift as me . . .

Calvin: And where is he tonight?

Teller: He's gone, Mr Kurl. Tuesday night was his last . . .

Calvin: I see. Well, where's he gone?

Teller: I don't know . . . he just quit . . . I think he went back to Amarillo, Texas.

I lay back back beside the pool and tried to plan a campaign. I'd been robbed but I knew I couldn't really hold the hotel responsible. I'd been the victim of the oldest game in town. The teller had sized me up quickly. A sucker. And he'd shot through with my $10,000. But I had to do something.

I slipped off the stool and went inside to the bank of elevators, having decided to spend the rest of the day in my room writing a few letters home and getting drunk on the line of Pol Roger that nestled in the bottom of the fridge, never suspecting that by the end of that week I'd be completely broke.

And broke I was. But what else could you expect in a place like this? Las Vegas was designed by the devil and managed by a succession of fiends who only had to apply the simplest psychological tricks to extract every last dime from your pocket whilst surreptitiously offering the ultimate in hedonistic pleasure, which was, in fact, never there.

So there I was, playing the quarter slot machines hoping for the impossible — a jackpot that would get me back at the tables and a running streak that would make the front page of the local dailies and restore my faith in the elusive American Dream.

"Change your luck for $50, Mistah?"

"Uh?"

She was a black velvet dream — and she was looking straight at me with the wide-eyed innocence of a startled Diana Ross.

"You a hooker?" I asked stupidly.

"Ahm your friend, Mistah . . . your $50 friend."

I think I gulped a couple of times because she was what I now imagined to be the true reason why the North had once invaded the South.

"I haven't got $50," I said weakly, but before I could explain, she had dropped her price to $20.

"I haven't even got $20," I announced, deciding to continue this ridiculous charade. Little did she know that if I'd had $200 I'd have gladly spent it just for her company over late-afternoon cocktails. After that we could have negotiated the price of her body.

"Youse cheeky but youse also a liar, Mistah?" she grinned.

"How's that?" I queried.

"Cos I sees your room key in your top pocket and it sure looks like the Cleopatra Suite to me."

I looked down at the stupid, offending key plaque. "Ah yes . . . I can explain all that . . ."

But then she turned sour. "Black stuff not good enough fo' you, huh Mistah?"

"No, no! You don't understand . . . I *am* really broke and the Cleopatra business is all a . . ."

She had already turned away and was wiggling with an accentuated sway towards another group of players. I rammed home my last quarter and then adjourned to the bar. I ordered a Bloody Mary which cleaned me out, except for some small change. What a nightmare. What a bloody disaster!

When the waitress dropped by for another order I asked where I might find Mr Wasserberg, the all-powerful manager of the hotel. She gave me a strange look. "Mr Wasserberg?" she repeated.

LAS VEGAS

"Yes," I said. "I have some business with him."

"I suppose he's in the executive offices . . . the third floor, I think . . ."

"Thank you," I said, waiting for her to move away, but she stood there, tray in hand, watching me with a curious stare. Eventually she sauntered off and a few moments later I noticed her talking with a fellow waitress. As she spoke, she was nodding in my direction. Just who the hell *was* this Mr Wasserberg? A manager is a manager, right?

Wrong! I'd forgotten the words of the chauffeur who had driven me from the airport: ". . . And on the side, he runs the US of A."

I hung around the lift lobby for more than half an hour trying to collect the courage to go on up. I was also trying to rehearse what I might say. Eventually a couple of undertakers started to show interest in me, so I strode towards the lifts and pushed the button.

The third floor was the antithesis of the lobby and gambling area. As I left the elevator a certain plush calm came from everywhere and enveloped me. There were no shrill announcements from the PA up here — just the haunting themes of specially selected musak tapes. The thick ankle-deep carpet was a rich brown, a color that toned with the mahogany and walnut of the furniture and the huge landscapes hanging on the walls. The reception area was how I imagined it would be at the World Bank or the White House. In the centre was a desk area where one young lady was operating a giant computerised switchboard behind another young lady who sat facing the lifts and looking like a semi-finalist in the Miss World contest. She smiled, indicating that she was the receptionist.

"Can I help you, sir?"

In another mood there would have been a variety of answers to her question.

"I would like to see Mr Wasserberg."

"Have you an appointment, sir?"

It was only then that I appreciated the full degree of her grooming. It would have been a full two-hour exercise after she had climbed out of the shower.

"No . . . but I have a complaint of the most serious nature . . ."

"Then I suggest that you see our Mr Steinberg of Personal Relations . . ."

"No," I interrupted. "I want to see Mr Wasserberg . . . which is his office?"

"At the end of the corridor . . . but I'm afraid no-one can see him without an appointment . . . now would you give me your name, please?"

I ignored her and strode up the long passageway towards the double oak doors at the end, about 400 metres away. At regular intervals on the right were huge alcoves fronting other offices and in each of these there sat a secretary behind a desk and a typewriter. Every one of them tried to stop my progress with urgent questions and advice that no-one was allowed any further without an escort. As I strode on, ignoring their requests and warnings, I was aware of a rising atmosphere of panic and confusion. I imagined buttons being pushed and alarms raised as if I had suddenly penetrated the prohibited areas of Fort Knox. Finally I was at the reception area to the great man's office.

"You can go no further, sir," the receptionist said, barring my way like Horatio would have, had he been a woman. But instead of a sword she was armed with other weapons equally effective. To brush her aside would be like assaulting a souffle. She was a tiny doll-like creature with Dresden fragility. With these thoughts I looked at her for a second or two, then brushed her aside.

The only reaction Mr Wasserberg gave

> Las Vegas was designed by the devil and is managed by a succession of fiends

to my intrusion was to raise one eyebrow as he looked my way while deeply engrossed in a telephone conversation. He was tilted back in a reclining armchair made of wood and leather, with his feet up on one of the biggest office desks I'd ever seen. With a wave of his right hand, in a manner with which I imagined the Pope dismisses sinners, he motioned me to one of the chairs adjacent to the desk, and continued talking into the phone. It seemed my presence was of no greater import than that of a cockroach clambering across his carpet.

"You tell Ronald that everything's set up here . . . I'm expecting himself and Nancy and his secretary and 20 others . . . Yes, that's right . . . from about six o'clock onwards . . . our time." There was a pause.

My God! This person was talking about receiving the President of the United States. The souffle I'd brushed aside suddenly appeared at the door and was gesticulating at the big man behind the desk. He seemed to understand her signals and merely pursed his lips in a communicating kiss which had the effect of her turning around and leaving.

". . . That's right Milton . . . There'll be a party for about 100 . . . our executive here and 30 of our casino girls . . . hand-picked, if you know what I mean . . ." He laughed the way Vincent Price does when he's just killed somebody. Then he hung up and looked at me.

"What do you want, bhoy . . . and how the hell did you get in here?" He pronounced the word "boy" the same way as did the plantation owner in *Mandingo* when addressing his field workers.

I looked him straight in the eye. "I've come to report a theft in your hotel of $10,000 of my money."

"I see . . . what do you want me to do about it? Lock the doors and let nobody out?"

Without thinking I shouted at him. "It was your hotel . . . or an employee of your hotel, who stole my money."

It was obvious he didn't like me shouting at him. He leaned forward with his hands clasped on the desk. In a soft voice he asked: "What's your name, bhoy?"

"Bob Sawyer."

"And where you from?"

"Sydney, Australia."

"And what do you do?"

"I'm a retired lawyer."

"I see . . . well now, how about telling me all about it . . . but first of all, how did you get in here?"

I told him the whole story, which took quite a while because in between he had to take two more calls from the Republican Convention. When I'd finished there was a long silence during which he sat there and studied me. Finally, he took an extra-long Panatella from an engraved box and lit up. He continued to look at me through the rising clouds of smoke.

"You know something, bhoy . . . I believe you . . . yes sir . . . I believe every word you've said."

A great feeling of desperate relief spread through me. I sat there smiling.

". . . But unfortunately there's not much I can do about it."

The smile vanished.

"You see bhoy, I'm just a servant heah. That is to say, my first responsibility is to my executive and the shareholders, you know what I mean? I'm heah to look after *their* interests."

"And the interests of your paying customers," I added.

"Certainly . . . certainly . . . but if I somehow reimbursed you for your alleged loss, how would I list that item in the balance sheet?"

"I . . . I don't really know . . . I, er . . ."

"You see, bhoy . . . my hands are tied."

I started to protest but he waved me silent with his big cigar. "I know what you're going to say . . . put it down as a contingency item . . . but I can't do that because I'm damned if I'm going to tell the executive, the shareholders and the auditors that there's an item covering theft in *my* hotel . . . you see what I mean?"

"Then what *are* you going to do?" I asked.

He took his feet off the desk and leaned forward to write on a pad in front of him. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do . . ." He continued scribbling on the pad. "I'm going to authorise that you get free drinks and free food for the rest of your stay here . . . now how's that for an offer?"

The lousy bastard had assumed, naturally enough, that I was probably booked in for a week . . . or a fortnight at the most. He would have therefore concluded that his super-generous offer was worth about a hundred dollars tops.

He tore off the sheet which he had duly signed and handed it to me. He was grinning through the smoke as if he had just given me the result of a Keno game before it was drawn. I thought about his offer for a second or two.

"Well, it's not satisfaction, but at least it's a token gesture. I hope it's been done in good faith and not just expedience."

He stood up and held out his hand but the direct line phone rang. It was the convention again.

"Hello . . . oh, it's you Ronnie . . . just a minute ma bhoy . . ." He waved me out of the room and as I left I saw him settle back with his feet on the desk to talk to the President.

As I walked back down the corridor to a barrage of enigmatic stares from a dozen secretaries, I clutched the precious piece of paper in my sweating hand and tried to estimate just how much I could rape this rotten place for. I still had a little more than 24 weeks of my booking to go. As I waited for the lift I was reciting a sort of arithmetic table.

"Three meals a day at $20 a throw makes 60. "Twenty drinks a day at $3 a drink makes 60 . . ."

The lift doors opened and I got in.

Tom Jones finished at the end of the week and consequently 100 rooms were suddenly vacant. But for some reason, perhaps merely through clerical error, they left me in the Cleopatra Suite with my stretcher bed. I had to assume that I'd been forgotten and that I'd still be there until someone rich or prestigious enough made a booking.

But without company, it wasn't much fun being in a place like this. I ate well, but I ate alone. And a bottle of French champagne not shared is nothing short of masturbation. I moped around the premises in deepening paranoia. But I was determined to beat the bastards. I would stay the full term, no matter what. I had telephoned home and requested a T/T transfer of $1000. When it arrived, I was able to play the slots and while away long afternoons at the $2 blackjack. At night, I sat in on the smallest poker school and played tight and with patience. At the end of a week I'd built my capital to $3000 — and I still had Wasserberg's chit.

And then, out of the blue, I met Nadia. I was sitting in the main bar having a pre-lunch drink when I spotted her a couple of tables away. Having absolutely nothing to lose, I smiled. When she smiled back I had to turn around to make sure she was actually smiling at me. But-no one was nearby so I got up and went over to introduce myself.

Over our first drink she admitted she was in Las Vegas looking for a talent scout because she wanted to make it in show business, preferably films or television. I said that was a strange coincidence because I was over from Australia looking for a possible lead in a mini-series which would eventually have a world market. Such was her fiery ambition that she never doubted me for a moment. We agreed to dine that night and after I'd flashed my magic chit and told her that I was staying in the Cleopatra Suite the evening was quite memorable. The stretcher bed took a

> I started drinking nothing but French champagne and forcing myself to eat five meals a day in the top restaurant

bit of explaining, but flushed with hope and anticipation, she was prepared to believe anything, even my feeble excuse that I suffered from indoor agoraphobia. She said that she adored eccentric people.

The charade lasted less time than I would have liked — a mere three days and three nights. Apparently she had got chatting to one of the desk clerks while waiting for me in the lobby prior to a proposed picnic in the desert in my hastily-rented Cadillac convertible. The little creep had told her of my history and circumstances. When I rushed toward her for our usual greeting I wasn't able to avoid the full-legged swipe at my shins, which not only crippled me for two days but caused a considerable loss of face to the dozen or so new arrivals who were in the process of registering.

For the whole of the next week I kept a fairly low profile, only venturing from my room on the most necessary occasions. Once more I was desperate. The days came and went with little change. I watched a Davis Cup tie on the indoor courts, a formula one grand prix on the specially constructed track outside, a world heavyweight contest and a full performance of a European circus in the cleared gambling area. I rode an elevator with Ava Gardner and swam into Debbie Reynolds one morning in the pool. I sat opposite Burt Reynolds at the roulette table until someone spotted him and it was all over. I started drinking nothing but French champagne and forcing myself to eat five meals a day in the top restaurant. Accordingly, I was now costing the hotel $400 a day on the chit and not once had I bumped into Wasserberg. Obviously, as far as he was concerned, I was safely back in Australia.

And then one morning, sitting in the sun outside the main entrance watching the comings and goings, a bus pulled up and about 80 giggling and excited young ladies jumped on down and pushed their way into the foyer. The driver told me they were the third floor typing pool from the IBM building in New York, out here for a bonus holiday because the company had just made a billion dollar profit for the current financial year. With infectious excitement and rising curiosity, I followed them on in.

It took the majority of them until just after dinner that night to realise that I was about the only single, unattached male in the house. Now I'm not boasting that I'm any sort of prize, but things being as they were, I would like to personally thank IBM for their splendid gesture in giving these girls a fortnight away from the trivia and boredom of office routine.

Wasserburg spotted me the day after the girls returned to New York. I was at the pool-side bar listening to Charlton Heston complain to his agent about the more relevant clauses of his contract with MGM. He was with a group of Eastern-bloc delegates to the UN, showing them around a typically capitalist hotel, when he stopped in mid-stride at the instant recognition.

"What are *you* doing here?" he bellowed.

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you!"

"I'm a respected guest," I offered.

"Respected guest, my arse."

As if in answer to his raised voice, half a dozen undertakers suddenly appeared and closed in on me. The Eastern-bloc delegates looked on in awe.

After a quick audit of my expense account, which at time was in the vicinity of $22,000, they jacked me up and had me driven to the airport in less than an hour. As a parting shot, the chauffeur in his mirror sunglasses told me: "The boss advises that you don't never come back . . . okay?"

On the plane out of Vegas I was seated next to Ann-Margret.

"Did you have a good time?" she asked politely.

"The gambling was okay," I said, "but the service was lousy."

"Yes," she said in sympathy. "It's like that sometimes."

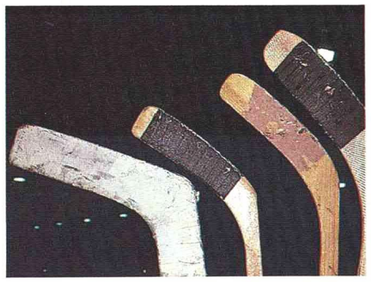
THE ICEMAN

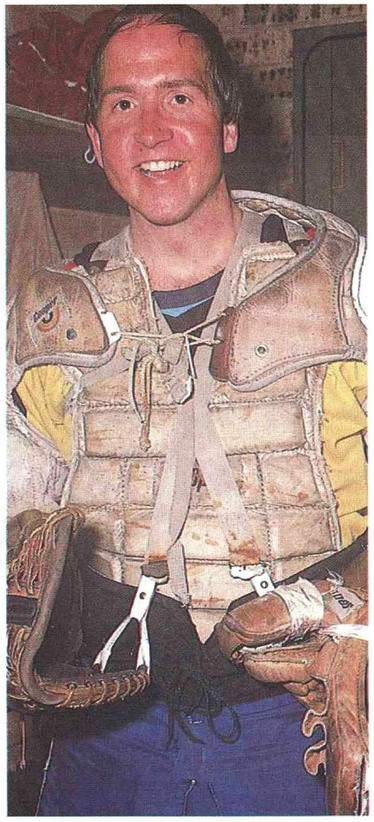
Ice hockey in Australia is coming in from the cold

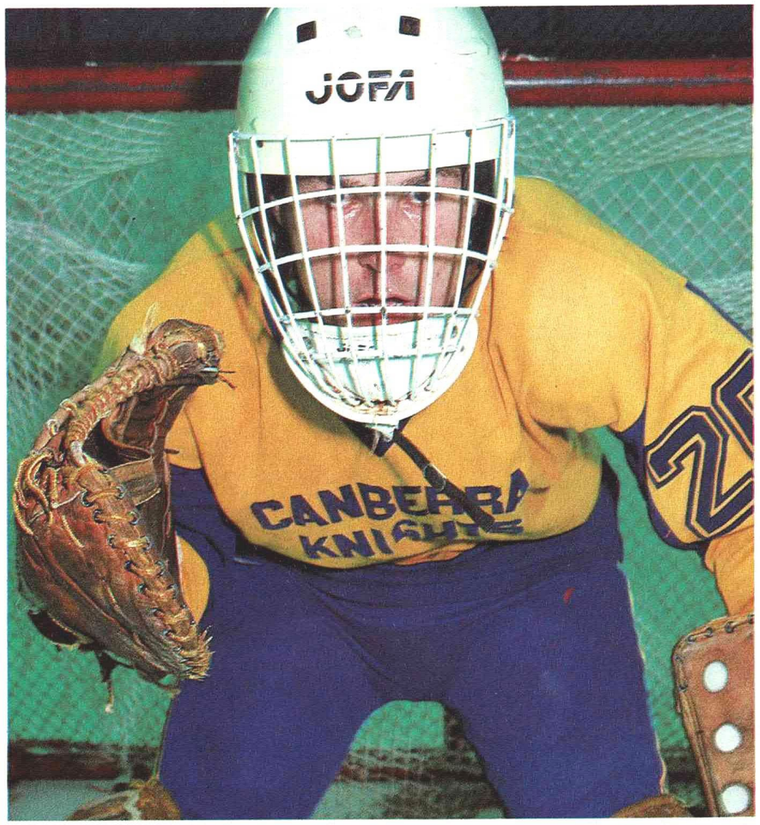
The heat arrived early this season on the Australian east coast. On the Labor Day weekend in Sydney, temperatures hit the high twenties, signalling the start of a long hot summer. Down at North Narrabeen, the epicentre of the Australian surfing scene, strutting clubbies had unfurled the familiar red and yellow flags for the first time in six months. That carnal combination of odors — sweat and suntan oil — wafted across the crowded sands, while out in the alley the regular rat pack of board riders was appreciating surfing without wetsuits as the sun and a hot nor-westerly dried the salt on their backs.

Just a couple of hundred metres down the road, summer was a thousand kilometres away. In the changing rooms at the Warringah Ice Skating Centre, goaltenders Dave Turik of NSW and Ralph Bradbury from the ACT, along with their back-up goalies, were climbing into enough protective clothing to keep them warm in a butcher's cold room . . . a suitable analogy, for in the violently claustrophobic confines of the ice hockey arena, blood on ice is not an uncommon sight.

BY PHIL ABRAHAM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM MONRO







ICEMAN

Bradbury knew he was in for a hard night in the combat zone. The Canadian import's ACT side was about to confront the powerful NSW team in a battle for the Goodall Cup. It's the most prestigious prize in Australian ice hockey, the equivalent of the national title — an event which has been contested annually since 1909.

Canberra would be skating on to the ice as outright underdogs. Their NSW opposition had the numbers. That state's team could draw from the handful of clubs which compete regularly in the local Sydney competition. It was an all-star lineup. But the ACT side was basically the Canberra Knights, the team which contested the same Sydney series. They just swapped their club jerseys for the ACT's representative colors at Goodall Cup time.

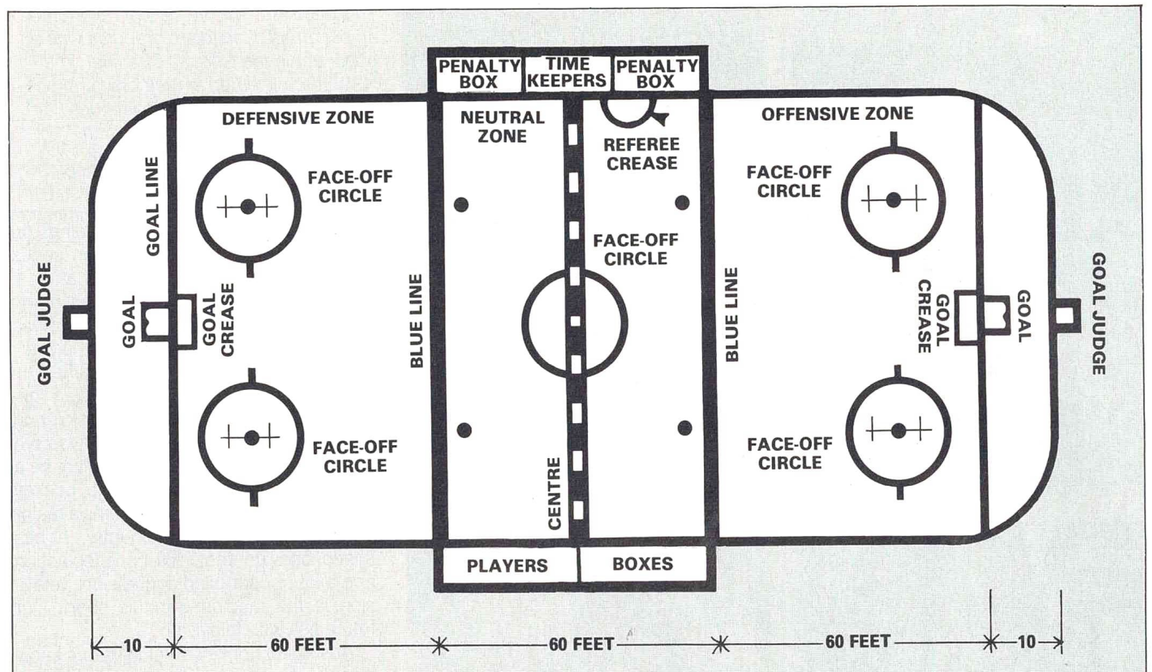
NSW had already asserted its supremacy. In a preliminary match two nights earlier at the same venue, the favorites for the 1983 cup had given the ACT at 9 to 3 drubbing. "They gooned us pretty bad," said team manager Bill Hayter, another expatriate Canadian. "We lost three players that night. We lost our centre, then Paul Hardinge took a bad hit when he was slammed into the boards, and Ken Bennett finished the night with a crook knee. We were so beaten up the next morning, we were defeated by Western Australia."

The ACT had eventually scraped its way into the final against some weak opposition in a round robin elimination series. Now they knew they were in for another battering. Ralph Bradbury was going to cop more than his share. His two defencemen were no match for the NSW attack. That meant the pressure was going to be on Bradbury.

He was going to be a sitting duck — an easy target for the puck, a frozen slab of vulcanised rubber the size of a small tin of shoe polish, which would be flying at him all night. Proficient attacking players can hit the puck with such force that if it slams into an unprotected part of the body it will break bones — or worse. These missiles have been clocked at speeds of up to 120 kilometres per hour, which makes Bradbury's role in the firing line akin to catching bullets.

The Canadian, used to playing in temperatures of two or three degrees, was sweating as he climbed into more than 25 kilos of protective clothing. "The

Previous page: NSW reserve goaltender Ken Kozak prepared for battle.
This page clockwise from top left: Tools of the trade.
Dave Surik pads up for the Goodall Cup final. Ralph Bradbury in the combat zone. Bradbury unmasked.



The ice hockey rink is surrounded by four foot high boards. The red and blue lines divide the rink into three zones: offensive, neutral, and defensive. The goal net or cage is six feet wide and four feet high. It is designed so that pucks entering the net will stay in although occasionally a shot will rebound off a back post. the puck can be put into the goal with a stick, bounded off a player on either team, or knocked in by the goal tender. It cannot be kicked in or batted in with a high stick. A goal judge sits behind each goal. When the puck crosses the goal line he pushes a button which lights up a red lamp overhead, signifying a goal scored.

heat is rough," said Bradbury. "It's at least 15 degrees up on normal for us. Yesterday it got up to 28 degrees. It sucked the strength out of us."

Bradbury, 26 years old, is built like a gorilla. He's 140 centimetres tall and weighs in at 76.5 kilos, the perfect build for a goal keeper — stocky enough to carry the weight of his padded gear, broad enough to block both puck and attacking players, but agile enough to maintain the speed and mobility needed to keep on top of the game.

As Bill Hayter paced the dressing room exhorting his players to get out there and put the wind up the opposition, Bradbury was strapping on his gear. The V-shaped fibreglass box which protected his groin was first. "Getting hit in the nuts is the worst feeling," says Bradbury. "It's happened to me a number of times. Once it happened during a warm-up, and it just made me feel so nauseous that I had to go off before the game began."

The sweat pants were next, along with moulded fibreglass thigh pads, hip pads, another fibreglass pad for the tail bone, arm pads, belly pads, then the team uniform, special skates with 12-inch blades to give more surface area on the ice, and finally over all that, the leg pads and the fibreglass helmet with a steel cage to protect the face. With all that protective paraphernalia, Bradbury looked like something off a *Star Wars* set.

He didn't bother with a throat guard, despite the fact that a couple of years ago he'd copped a high-flying puck in the neck. "It almost killed me. My windpipe was bent. I was choking so badly I thought I was going to die." Goaltenders get more than their share of injuries. A lot of them end up with ligament damage, and scars around the eyes are inevitable. Ralph's worst hit happened a few months ago when he was playing against the Adelaide Flyers. A slapshot split his head open. Despite the protection of his helmet, he ended up out cold on his back, suffering from concussion and needing 15 stitches down the centre of his forehead.

It isn't easy to understand the motivation of a man so eager to get out on to the ice and spend an hour copping flak. As Hayter says: "To get up there and have someone shoot a hockey puck at you 40 or 50 times a night, you've got to be a little strange."

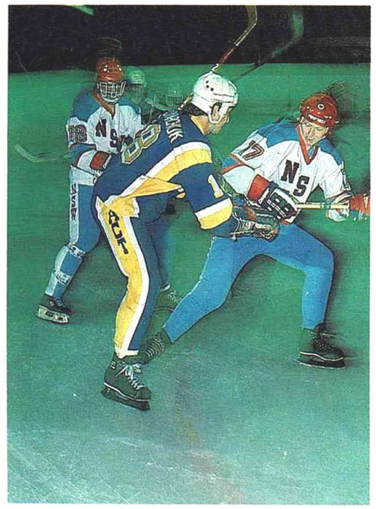
But the way Bradbury tells it, it doesn't sound strange at all. His reasons for putting himself on the line are common to every sportsman who willingly confronts the fear factor, whether it be a surfer about to paddle out into ten-metre high waves at Waimea Bay or a skydiver stepping into space for the first time.

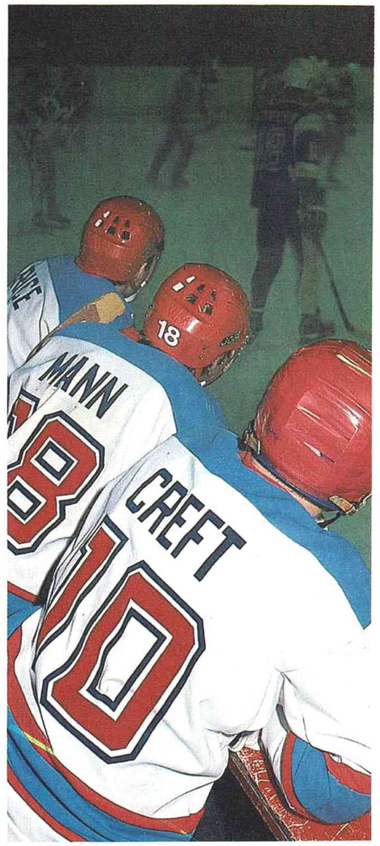
"When I first started playing I wanted to get out of the way of the puck," says Bradbury. "I was afraid of it. It was scary at first. But after a few years I gradually developed my reflexes to a point where if I saw the puck coming I knew what to do instinctively."

Now Bradbury doesn't want to play any other position. He knows that his is the highest pressure spot on the team. The goaltender can break a game by bad play or he can make it with just one incredible save. "There are times when you do get hit," says Ralph. "That's unavoidable. Maybe I'm a masochist. But there are also times when everything happens right. Sometimes you move so fast to block a puck that it's almost unbelievable to yourself. It is just exhilarating. You can take a lot of kickings, but if you do something that astounds yourself, it is enough. It leaves you higher than a kite."

So Bradbury can justify turning himself into a target, but why the hell has he come all the way to Australia to get hit? The thought of a Canadian coming to Australia to play ice hockey makes about as much sense as an Australian going to Canada to surf. But you'd be surprised. Canadian hockey players are queueing up to get out here, despite the fact that the local competition is crude and amateurish in comparison with the standards of play and pay in Canada's national sport.

Australia is currently hosting about 50 imported hockey players, the majority coming from Canada and the United States, with a few European imports. It is becoming increasingly difficult for foreign





This page left: The AET's Jim Fuyarchuk, an expatriate Canadian, grapples with an opponent in the Goodall Cup final. The NSW team lined up in their box, and on the ice. Next page: ACT goaltender Bradbury in the thick of the action. Bradbury, prone, defends his goal. Fuyarchuk corners an opponent.

ICEMAN

players to enter this country as a result of the tightening of restrictions on the importation of overseas sports stars by the Department of Immigration.

The Australian Ice Hockey Federation has also altered its rules pertaining to imports. Local officials eager to further the potential of the sport with Australian television audiences don't want to see it turning into a migrant circus, which is what some would say soccer has become. So they have recently restricted the number of imports to five men per team. It used to be eight. With the progressive reductions planned, the numbers are expected to drop to four imports per team next year.

The federation is also trying hard to vet imports in an attempt to keep out the goons whose abilities lie more in the area of violence and intimidation than sporting skills. A bad bunch of imports in a Victorian semi-pro league last year ended up being banned by the AIHF. "The league was full of roughneck Canadians," says Federation National Secretary Sandi Logan. "They were drawing blood to draw the crowds."

Most Australians' image of ice hockey is one of bone-shattering gladiatorial confrontation, largely as a result of the fact that their only insights into the game have been gleaned from the Paul Newman movie *Slapshot*, which featured a bunch of drooling, gap-toothed psychopaths engaged in an hilariously brutal ballet on ice.

Ice hockey is the most physically demanding and spectacular contact sport around, with a set of rules which allows the heavyweight defender to play the man rather than the puck and still avoid penalties. The fast pace and non-stop nature of the sport are big aspects of its appeal. Players are reaching speeds of up to 30 kilometres per hour on the ice. With that sort of momentum, they can engage in some very effective body checks.

A quick look at the list of fouls for which a player can be penalised reveals the scope for dirty tricks available to the heavily-padded iceman armed with a hockey stick. The referees can blow the whistle on a player for tripping, elbowing, charging, holding, spearing, roughing, high sticking, boarding, cross-checking, butt-ending and more. Couple these opportunities for armed combat with the fact that there is no "dead-ball" zone behind the goal, which results in radical richochets, amazing comebacks and desperate skirmishes around the net, and you've got a game which has been keeping Canadian, American and European audiences off their seats and screaming for many years.

Local officials believe their sport has a heap of potential in Australia, despite the climatic disadvantage. According to Logan, the recent ABC television series *Slapshot*, a nine-week coverage of local ice hockey competition, received much critical acclaim, despite the fact that it was buried in an 11pm Friday night time-slot.

Logan is aware of the difficulties involved in attracting an Australian audience to an ice rink. "It isn't easy to bring people to a cold environment to watch a foreign game," he said. "It will never be a major participant sport, but ice hockey does have the potential to become a major spectator sport in this country. It has speed, body contact, skill, non-stop action and a lot of controlled aggression. Television is the medium for this sport. Our future lies with television."

Australian hockey administrators know that in order to enlist a larger audience and establish the credibility of their sport, they must improve the local standard of play, which is currently way below that of international competition. That's why they're concentrating on building a strong junior division, and importing the right sort of foreign talent.

The AIHF receives about 250 applications annually from Canadian, American and European (often prospective political refugees) ice hockey players eager to compete in the lucky country. Sandi Logan explains why they're so hot to come to Australia despite the fact that the competition is weak and the financial rewards non-existent. "For a start," says Logan, "the National Hockey League television programs in Canada have flashes of Australian ice hockey competition which show the palm trees above Prince Alfred Park's Iceland near Central Station in Sydney.

"Those palms, and the images of tropical warmth they convey, are a powerful incentive to seek a hockey visa when you're playing in temperatures which are consistently below freezing. There is also the fact that a merely average competitor in Canada can come out to Australia and have star status thrust upon him, as a result of the difference in the standards of competition."

Logan emphasises the fact that his organisation is only interested in importing hockey players who will provide a positive influence. Federation president Phil Ginsberg liaises regularly with the Department of Immigration to ensure that only qualified players, referees and coaches are given sporting visas.

A smiling Ralph Bradbury's motives for his move to Australia don't quite tally with the official policies. "Well, I came over here to see what the ladies were like," he drawls. "And the other things too. Seriously, I am here primarily for the hockey. Apart from my responsibilities to the Canberra league team, I am involved in setting up minor hockey programs and promoting the sport."

Bradbury's home town is Brandon, Manitoba in central Canada, a rural wheat belt region whose raw-boned country boys provide a fair percentage of the recruits for Canada's tough urban hockey leagues. Ralph spent six years playing junior competition with the cream of his country's young players before being recruited into the ranks of the University League, where he spent two years playing in a competitive arena which demands an exceptionally high calibre of ice hockey skills.

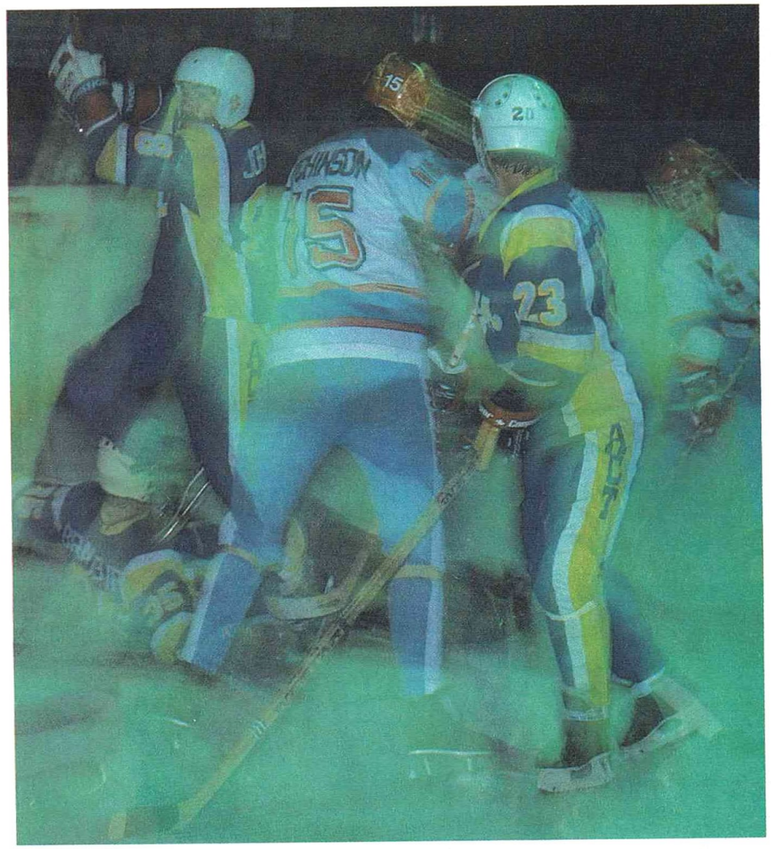
He didn't know what to expect when he first skated on to an Australian rink, but says he was pleasantly surprised. "The standard of competition was much higher than I expected. There is such a thing as a natural athlete. A lot of Australian players, even though they have only been on the ice for two or three years, have picked up the basic skills very fast, especially around the Warringah area." And the Warringah Bombers were particularly well represented in the NSW side that Bradbury was about to confront in the Goodall Cup final.

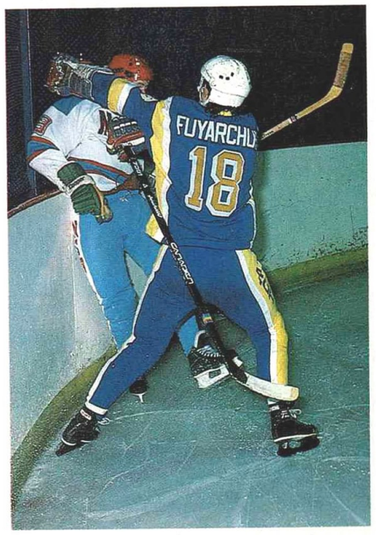
Ralph Bradbury copped a hammering throughout the three 25-minute periods of the final. Let's cut a long story short and let the statistics tell the tale. In an average game of ice hockey, a goaltender is called upon to make between 30 and 35 saves. In the first period alone, Bradbury had already been the target for 22 shots. Only one of them got past his defence. His team, weakened by injuries and the fact that it had played five games in three days, was constantly defending its goal mouth as the NSW wingers made repeated forays into the ACT's territory.

Bradbury copped a couple of slapshots full in the chest early in the game. They obviously knocked the stuffing out of him. But while NSW replaced its number one goalie, Turik, with a reserve, Bradbury remained on the rink. When the ref blew his whistle to signal the end of the first period, the scores were locked at one-all. The ACT was obviously not going to go down without a fight.

The scores were still drawn at three-all at the end of the second period, another torrid session for Bradbury, who finished the section with figures of two for 20. The opposing team's keepers had also let two goals into their net, but from only 11 attempts — half as many.

Bradbury is a talking goalie. Even when his whole team is at the other end of the rink engaged in an attacking move, he is still standing alone in his goal mouth, yelling at them to get their act together or just rapping to himself. He explains it this way: "The game's so fast. That's why I talk so much. You've got to psyche yourself. If your concentration fades you fumble, and yelling is one way to stay in touch."





The ACT stayed in touch with NSW throughout the final minutes of the third quarter, going down at the final whistle by the slender margin of one point. The final score was 7-6 in favor of the NSW team, who went home with the Goodall Cup. Bradbury finished the game with the remarkable figures of seven goals conceded from a massive 62 shots. He had been doing double time all night.

"You scared the shit out of them," team manager Hayter told his charges back in the locker room. Bradbury agreed. "We were short-staffed and it was looking tough for us. But we wanted to give the people a show. We wanted to make them come back, even if we didn't get the silverware."

He began the tiresome process of divesting himself of the many kilos of leather and fibreglass padding, then reflected upon his efforts while he took a shower. His team had been beaten but they hadn't been bowed. Bradbury had been overworked, but that pressure had resulted in the exhilaration experienced only by the sportsman who knows he has extended both his physical and mental capacities to the max. As Bradbury pushed open the skating rink's doors, the muggy spring night enveloped him like a warm, soggy blanket. He felt good.

The single girls' lament

BITCHIN' IN THE KITCHEN

HUMOR BY KATHY LETTE

We singles have been brainwashed by the Noah's Ark theory of couples. Like cops, nuns, Mormons and encyclopaedia salesmen, we feel a need to go around in pairs. But is a partner a necessary accessory to a person's outfit? Do we really need human handbags to drape over our arms at premieres and dinner parties?

While bachelorhood has glamorous connotations with its promise of around the cock service, remaining single labels women as "old boilers" who were "left on the shelf" or who "missed the boat", and who *must* be either lesbians or frigid. But single women are now rebuffing such feelings of inadequacy. We're realising that a husband is a thing of duty and a boy forever. If you single blokes are curious as to why we females are no longer flocking to massage your intellects, caress your credit cards and bring out your altar-egos, it's because there are too many good reasons not to.

Being a single woman means never stumbling out to the toilet in the middle of the night, only to plonk your unsuspecting posterior on a piece of arctic porcelain. It means never having to fight over whose turn it is to replace the toilet tissue on the spindle. Living alone means not having to dash home from work to thaw out the evening meal in two minutes flat. Never again will I be caught defrosting the bread under the blow drier, with a packet of icy lasagna wedged between my legs and a lamb chop under each armpit.

Not living with you men means never having to pretend that we like your chilli con carne, your abseiling, your relatives or your sitar playing. Most men are emotional haemophiliacs: life as a *femme seule* means never having to bandage bleeding egos. ("No, I can't really notice your bald patch. Beer guts are beautiful. Yes! Yes! It's quality that counts, *not* quantity.")

For women, cohabitation means one thing — insomnia. If a male's snoring and diagonal sleeping posture don't put bags under our eyes, his nocturnal rumblings will. There is definitely something more powerful about a man's digestive tract. Male partners are so potent. After a heavy meal, I've often been forced to wear my scuba gear to bed. (Goggles and snorkel are sufficient if sleeping under an open window.) Not that the air in a concubinary household is worth breathing anyway. Most men use two cans of deodorant a day — one for each pit. Heavy breathing takes on a whole new meaning . . . within a week there is no ozone layer left in the bathroom or the bedroom.

Male mid-life crisis is another negative factor. It's a great relief to me to know that I'll never have to spend a fortune buying

ILLUSTRATION BY MARY LEUNIG

BITCHIN'

toupees and hiring nubile 16-year-olds, nor make love on the floor at odd hours smeared in custard.

Living in a de facto relationship gives women the opportunity to find out what kind of partner their lovers would prefer. Why do they insist on taking a wander down mammary lane and flaunting their exes? Acquainting us with the curve of every figure; delivering a sermon on every mount? Why do they subject us to elaborate accounts of her culinary skills, pentathletic bedroom abilities, PhDs, animal magnetism . . . ? (The reason my current ex is an ex is that he had to illustrate his lectures with polaroids — a whole album of *his* current ex competing in nude parachuting competitions.)

What you boys should realise is that delivering a resume of past relationships only makes us wonder why you've been recycled so often. You're factory fifteenths, not seconds. Just *how* are you faulty? With all the new packaging laws, you fellows should be made to wear labels detailing contents — especially artificial preservatives (Youth Restoria hair darkener, undetectable toupee and false teeth). It's not until we have you male purchases ensconced in the house that we find out what you're *really* made of.

After one or two weeks, men tend to exceed their expiry date for politeness. Suddenly, toothpaste embedded in beard stubble hardens into a permanent part of the sink porcelain. They don't know how to close a door, screw a lid back on a jar, peel a vegetable, pay a bill, pick up a pair of discarded undies, answer the phone, put out the garbage or pick up the bath mat. Socks suffering from rigor mortis and piles of mouldy fruit peel litter each room. Everywhere we look there are pieces of crockery growing penicillin. Men are addicted to sleep and allergic to tea-towels. And they keep their rectal thermometers in the spice rack.

If we don't contract hepatitis, there are other hazards to a concubine's health. Living with a male requires that we spend all day, every day, putting down the toilet seat. A month or so of this induces a painful condition known as toilet elbow. Another painful side-effect of cohabitation is suspicion. For three months or so, we feel secure. Then the distrust sets in. Why did you bring me flowers? Why didn't you bring me flowers? Who? What? Where? When? This paranoia stems from years of training and treachery. When having an affair to break the monogamy, you men must learn some subtlety. Always check that the seat belt in the passenger seat has not been altered. When using the weekend excuse of going around to your mate's to watch the footy, don't forget to find out the score. Don't execute new love-making acrobatics with sudden and alarming competence. And never drag out the weary cliche of working back late. This translates into putting in a hard day's work at the orifice.

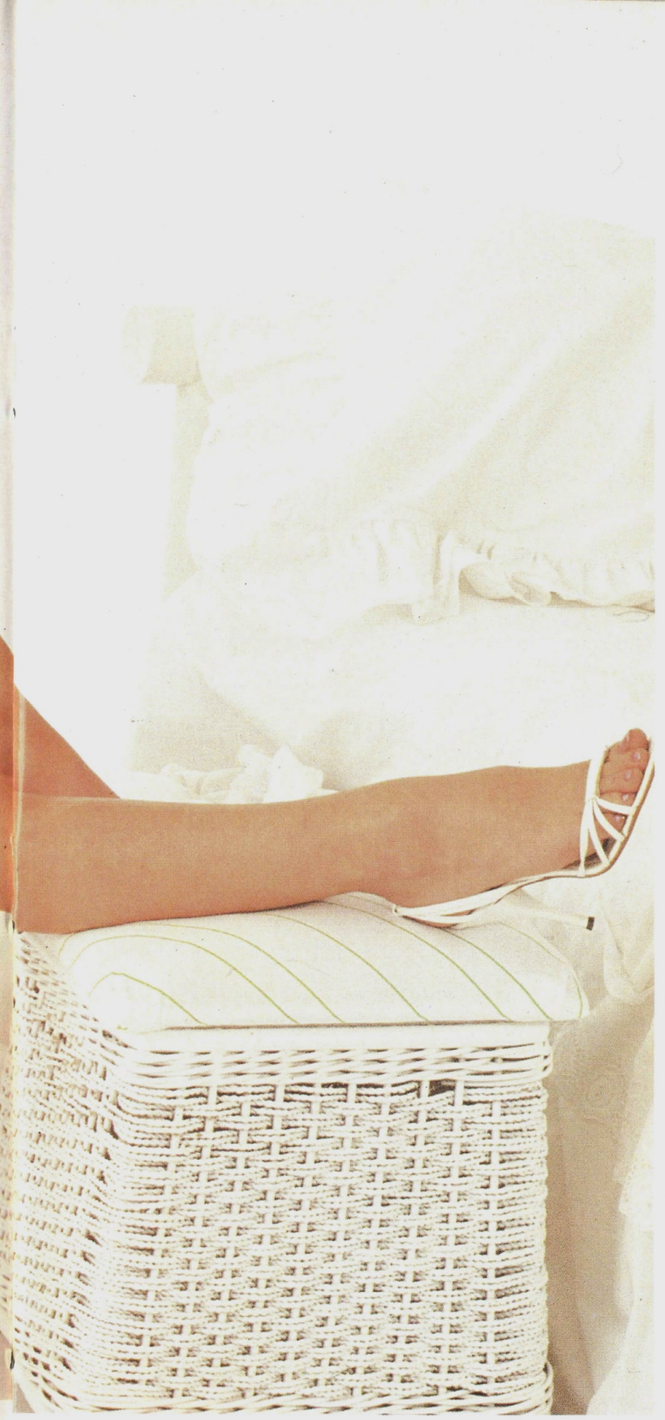
Eventually, the initial joy of mutual discovery wears thin. All too soon, male partners evolve from being our better to our bitter half. They start dropping hints about how their last live-in prepared and packed their lunch every day, they reminisce about the way their mother ironed their shoelaces, and comment on some ex de facto who painstakingly mixed individual tabouli salads for their three pet guinea-pigs. This is the warning signal for a woman that her HMAS *Partnership* has a touch of the *Titanic*.

Living together is the chief cause of breaking up. It always happens the day after you've alphabetically indexed and integrated your book collections, jointly bought a stereo and co-signed a seven-year hire purchase agreement for a new car. It's hard to believe those dreaded words — "We're incompatible" — are being uttered by the man down whose throat you've poured $397 worth of ginseng . . . the same man for whom you've spread 4.3 acres of vegemite on toast. The man you have indulged with hours of confidence boosting, backrubs and personality overhauls. The man to whom you entrusted your love, your undying devotion, your house keys . . .

For the first few days of celibacy (singing along to an old refrain), I was inconsolable. Demented, hysterical, suicidal . . . then, quite suddenly, I noticed that I could actually hear myself crying. There was no blaring footy, no snoring, no high-pitched screams such as "What are ya, pre-menstrual?" And the bathroom was so *dry*. I could walk, rather than dog-paddle, to the shower. The fridge was blossoming with food. I was sleeping soundly. The air was breatheable. It was then that I stopped despairing about the lack of masculine lumps under the doona . . . bed riddance! So, be warned. If you blokes keep taking us for grunted, communicating solely from the navel down, we women will just reassess our attitudes and become totally singleminded. And graduate with Spinster of Arts degrees.

But . . . every day is the dawn of a new error. This morning I moved in a new man. He casually informed me over breakfast that he'd been married before and had a legacy of three juvenile delinquents and a lonely mother who had nowhere to live, pointing out that I had a spare room. Sometime during lunch he produced a leather harness and a whip, wheedled a joint signature to my building society account and then confessed to owing the Mafia $8000. In passing he mentioned that he's just taken out a similar amount of life insurance on me. I reassured myself that the first week of living together is always a period of adjustment . . .

DEBRA



You could call Debra Braithwaite a girl for all seasons. This Sydney blonde whiles away her summers wearing only a patina of suntan oil on Obelisk Beach, one of Sydney Harbor's nudist havens. Winter finds her skiing or ice skating, and during the in-between seasons she professes a fondness for intimate acrobatics on a hearth rug as the rain beats time against the window.

BLONDE ON BLONDE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Not that life is all beer and skittles
for Debra. Although she's an independent woman,
Debra is not one of independent means.
She's currently earning a crust working as a
pharmacist's assistant, dispensing
medication, information and other assorted
thingamajigs to customers.

Debra was born in England 22 years ago and arrived in Sydney at the age of four to spend a happy, normal childhood in that city's outer suburbs and blossom into what you see here. When asked what brought her parents and their little blonde poppet to Australia, Debra replies snappily: "A ship."

Our Pet Of The Month's major hobby is photography. She has built her own darkroom and she's polishing her expertise as a portrait artist. She hopes to one day make her living behind the camera, but until then her work in front of the lens is sending some bickies rolling her way.

Debra is a Leo, and she considers herself to have most of the personality traits of that sign. She's strong-willed, likes to do her own thing and loves to be the centre of attention. We could add that she's also got great legs — a trait not normally listed in the horoscope guides.

This smooth blonde likes her men to be strong of personality, mind and body, and she admits a weakness for fellows of the musical persuasion. She's a devotee of saxaphone music, saying that nothing turns her on more than the sexy, brassy wail of a sax. She claims no musical talents herself, save that of appreciation. And appreciation is what Debra Braithwaite is all about.

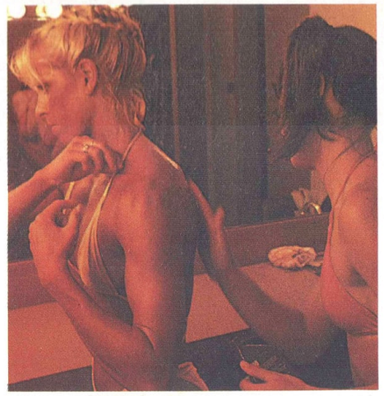
MISS DEBRA BRAITHWAITE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

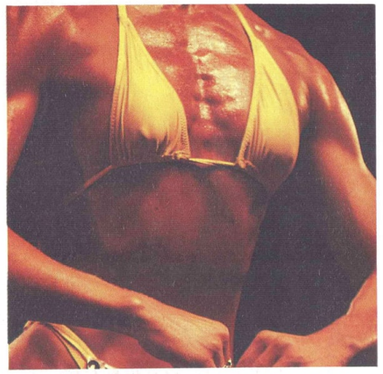
Some girls are prepared
to put themselves through hell
in their quest for physical perfection

HARD BODIES

BY GREG HUNTER PHOTOS BY GRAHAM MONRO

Women body builders are a lot like marathon runners. They are prepared to push themselves beyond mortal limits in pursuit of an unattainable goal. They are motivated by a powerful obsession, one which borders on neurosis. Competitive body building is a sport of extremes — the most physically and mentally demanding form of competition a woman can get into. Female body builders look nothing like ordinary ladies, and neither do they look like men. They have created a completely new set of criteria for judging the feminine physique. The goal is not to build muscle bulk as the men do, but rather to create perfect symmetry and definition by toning the muscles and stripping away excess





HARD BODIES

body fat to reveal the quintessential female form beneath. The ladies refer to it as "sculpting" rather than "building" the body. The results are so spectacular that hard-core fans go wild with delight, hooting and hollering for more, while novice onlookers simply become mesmerised, as if seeing all of womanhood in a new light.

Women's body building is far from being a mere flimsy adjunct to the men's events. The ladies' appearance on the muscle scene has been an important factor in the sport's belated emergence from the closet. In the days when body building was an exclusively male affair, contests were patronised only by fellow musclemen and the general public viewed them as repulsive exercises in rampant egomania. Body building came across as a sordid conglomeration of all the screaming neuroses and obsessions that find their most poignant expression in the before-and-after shots tucked away in the back pages of cheap magazines. People figured that if you scratched the polished surface of a body builder, you'd uncover a nine-stone weakling who once had sand kicked in his face. In most cases, they were right.

But when the first female contestants appeared on stage in the US in 1979, the image of the sport began to transform. It was a painful evolutionary process. At first, the ladies simply copied the men's training techniques, and they came out looking like men. The public found them repulsive. The ladies found *themselves* repulsive. They wanted to be body builders, but they didn't want to look like Arnold Schwarzenegger. Ultimately they decided that by reaching agreement on what a woman body builder should look like, they could change the judging criteria. The new wonderwoman was to look firm, athletic, muscular, but still totally feminine, her curves accentuated rather than reduced. That could be achieved by using completely different weight training techniques designed to mould the body into the desired shape. Women's body building became an exact science, the sport came to be described as an "artform", and the crowds came flocking to see the sensual, artistic, exciting free posing round of the competitions, in which the ladies, with their superior grace and suppleness, could capture the imaginations of ordinary mortals.

Body building suddenly found itself wearing a glamorous, sexy image. Massive television and magazine promotion completed the transformation. At the same time, actresses like Jane Fonda, Bo Derek, Victoria Principal, Linda Evans, Linda Grey and Priscilla Presley were proudly announcing that they'd been working out with weights for years. Even Marilyn Monroe had apparently been a closet body builder.

With the stigma of pumping iron finally being cast aside, public consciousness of the benefits of weight training has produced an Australia-wide boom. Fifteen percent of Australian women now lift weights in fully-carpeted gymnasiums; two years ago, the figure was about one percent. Having slogged their way through the jogging craze, the fitness classes, the squash, tennis and swimming workouts, women have come to realise that the only way they can actually reshape their bodies is by pumping iron. A new breed of hard-bodied woman has emerged.

For competitive body builders, there is no middle road. Because the sport is by nature dominated by obsessive types, nothing less than absolute fanaticism will suffice. In the rundown to a contest, an average day consists of several hours of weight training, several hours of running or cycling, several hours of aerobic exercise and at least an hour of suntanning. Working women get up before dawn to fit the schedule in.

Pain is the overriding constant. In order to build or reshape muscle and break down body fat, you have to tear apart existing muscle tissue by lifting weights, which floods the broken tissue with oxygen and lactic acid. With protein and rest, the muscle will then grow back bigger. But if you don't push through the pain barrier, through the lactic acid "burn" and onward until you can lift no more, nothing much will happen. Body builders come to love the burn more than anything else in the world. It tells them that they're winning.

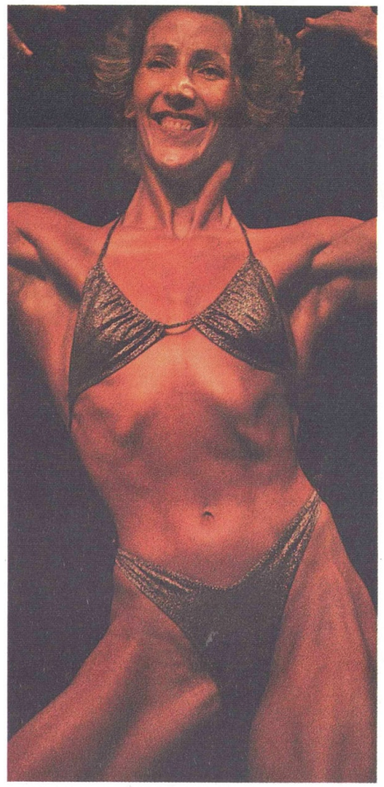
Dieting is just as important as pumping

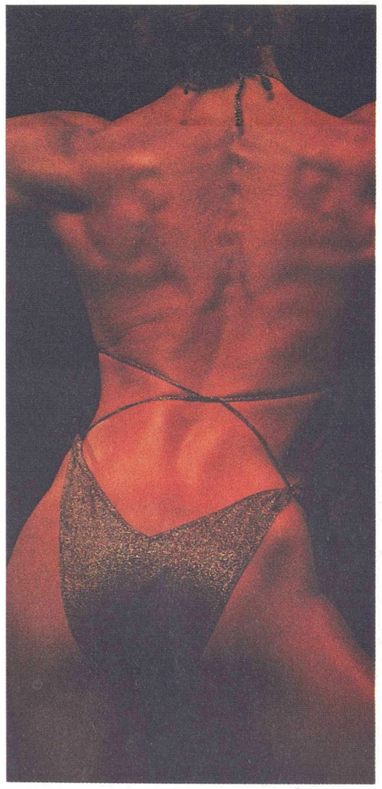
Left: Michelle Buckingham, a 24-year-old Sydney girl, won the United Body Builders of Australia national over-52 kilogram title last October. She was a definite crowd-pleaser throughout the competition. Right: Victorian representative Elizabeth Lopez, 28, was defending her national title and, having won the under-52 kilo class, was pitted against Michelle in a final posedown.

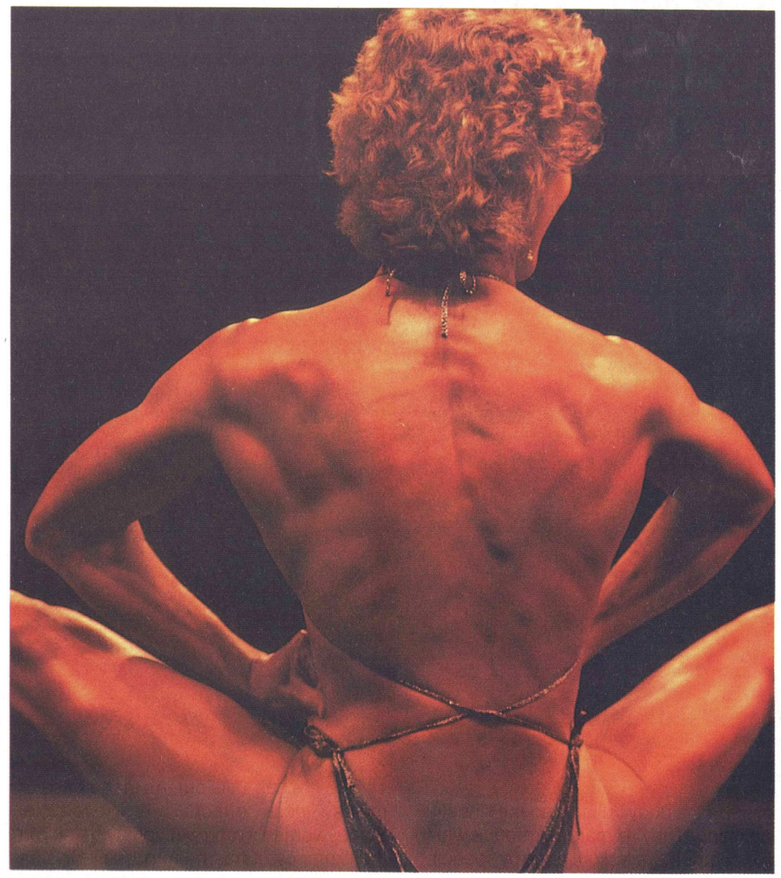
iron, particularly for the women, who have to shed so much more natural body fat to allow their muscles to shine through. They stick to a high protein, low carbohydrate, no fat, no salt diet all year round. Six weeks prior to a competition, the regimen becomes horrendously strict. Muscle definition can't be properly judged unless the level of fatty tissue and fluid between each individual muscle is reduced to the barest possible minimum. This process is called "cutting up"; the goal is to be "cut to shreds" at contest time. Women aim for a five percent body fat content; normal women range from 20 to 25 percent body fat. The requirements are so stringent that a body builder can lose a contest by drinking half a glass of water on the morning of the event. That fluid will lodge in a particular muscle, destroying its definition and throwing the entire body out of proportion. It's that precise.

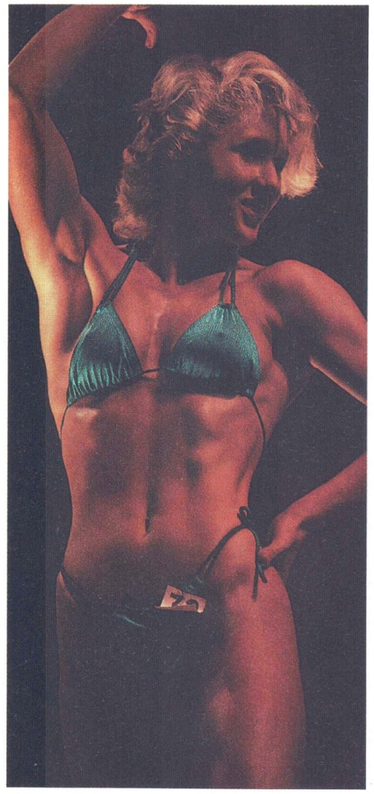
"Cutting up" for a competition is the most controversial aspect of women's body building. Former American champion Stacey Bentley has said: "In the week before a contest, when I was really 'peaking out', I achieved a state of absolute unhealth." Another former champion, Claudia Wilbourn, explains: "Once you start to compete, exercise turns into servitude. It can be unhealthy, even dangerous. *A sickness*. Women have to diet down to nothing. By the time they walk out on stage, you can see all their tendons, veins and muscle fibres, and they're so weak they only want to sleep forever." There can be other problems beyond the temporary debilitating effect of the diet. Lyn Thomson, who has been weight training in Sydney for the past two years, points out: "The competition diet is totally unnatural, because the liver, brain and other organs need a certain amount of fat in order to function properly. Also, once the body fat drops below a certain point, the hormonal system can freak out and you stop getting periods. I haven't had one since I started body building, even without competing. Apart from that, the deprivations of the diet put people so much on edge they're on the verge of craziness and you can't go near them."

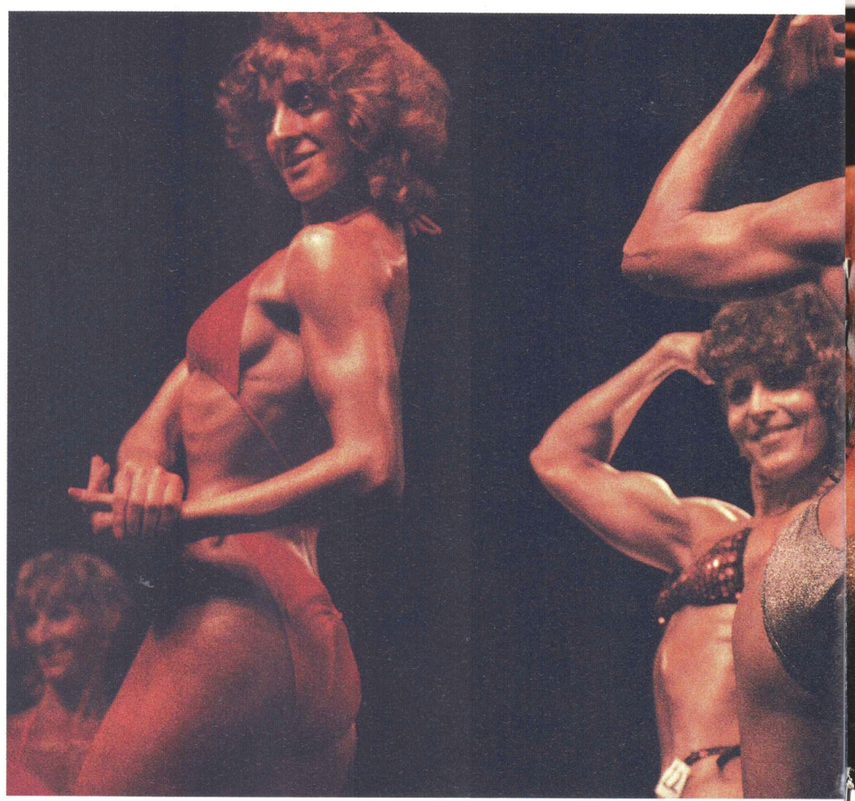
A lot of champion woman body builders have ultimately reached the point of wondering why they were brutalising their bodies for the sake of competition, when normally they were the healthiest of people. Others claim the diet doesn't *necessarily* lead to health problems.

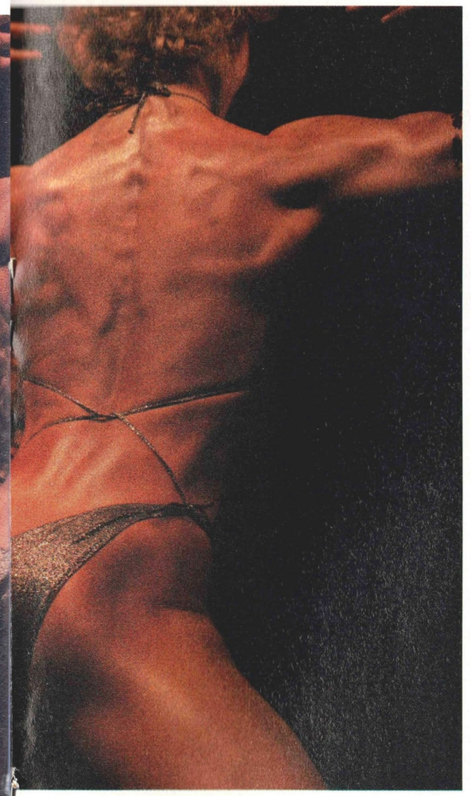


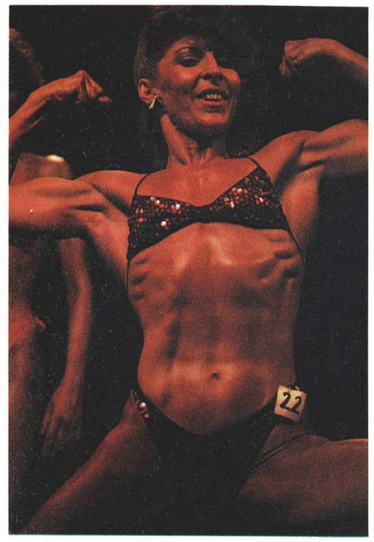












Clockwise from left: Victorian Jackie Adams, 18, has been body building for just six months; a final pose from the place-getters in the under-52 kilo class at the UBBA titles; Gloria Ormsby, from Canberra, came in second in the under-52 kilo class; Eleni Psillakis, from Sydney. Overleaf: Kay Rice, 27, a Queenslander and novice body builder.

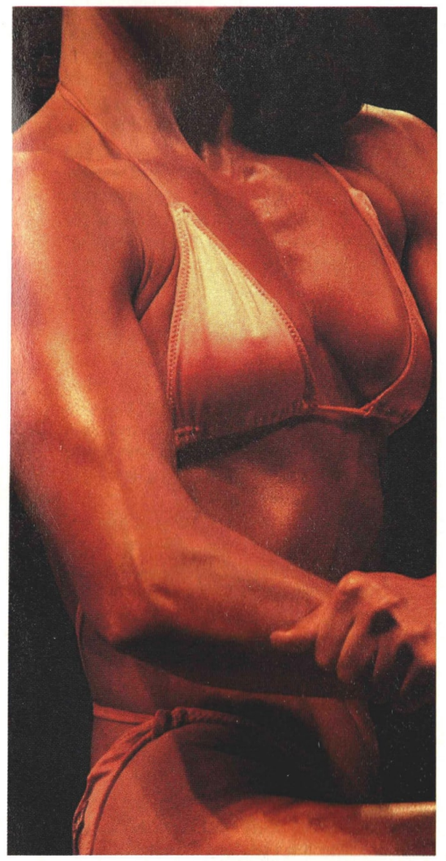
HARD BODIES

Carole Graham, wife of Australian body building guru Paul Graham and the first woman competitor in this country, explains: "It's only when you don't keep in shape during the off-season, and then have to go into crazy diets at competition time, that you get problems. I've never had any real worries. But there are people who go to extremes, and that *is* dangerous." There has only been one case of a "pass out" backstage in Australian competitions, and the consensus among female body builders is that it's not the *amount* of body fat but the drastic reduction at competition time which causes the hormonal system to go into shock; by keeping the fat level below about 12 percent all year round, they can sidestep the danger.

However, in a sport of extremes there are bound to be casualties: people who have taken their experiments a little too far. In the lexicon of body building, those who reach a state of over-exhaustion from training beyond their limit or dieting beyond their body's endurance are said to be "burned out." Burn-outs are not uncommon, but they can be cured by food and rest. There are other possible repercussions of body building which are much more serious.

Anabolic steroids have been part and parcel of the body building scene since the beginning. They're male hormones which give competitors a slight edge by speeding up the process of muscle building. Men who use them for prolonged periods can end up with damaged kidneys and livers, baldness and shrunken genitals. They can also develop a "bitch tit" — that is, a female nipple which grows underneath the male nipple, forming a breast. Only recently has it become clear to body builders just how much damage steroids can do — yet their use is still regarded as acceptable for males since so many world class competitors are using them and are reluctant to stop. The peculiar attitude of body builders to such extraordinary dangers is best summed up in this statement from Lyn Thomson: "I was living with a man who had weighed six stone before he started body building. He took a lot of steroids to help build himself up. Now he's completely bald, he looks 10 years older than he is, and he's lost two inches from the length of his penis — *but still, he's got a fantastic body . . .* "

Women who take steroids can end up with even worse problems, since they're putting a male hormone into a female body. Apart from damage to vital organs, steroids cause the reproductive system to wither and their general effect is to make women look like men — the waistline disappears and is replaced by a masculine torso, body and facial hair grows (some women have to shave), the face squares up and the hair falls out. As in the case of males, these effects are irreversible. Since women's competitions are still in their infancy, it has been possible to ban



the use of steroids. In any case, with the new emphasis on femininity it's unlikely steroids would really help a female competitor today — and yet, rumors persist that some of the ladies are still using them. One anonymous woman body builder commented: "If you're world class, there's a lot of money involved and some people figure it's worth it. I've been told that if I didn't use steroids I'd get nowhere."

Then there's the incredible mental strain. For some competitors it's been too much. Former champion Stacey Bentley described her dilemma in the book *Women Of Iron*: "After a time, dieting becomes a mania. Half your waking life is spent in front of a mirror. It was my God. The mirror and the scale were my higher powers. When you study your reflection, you always look for something wrong, and you always find it. In the end, your nerves are so far gone you can tumble right over the edge." Claudia Wilbourn put it simply: "Your reflection comes to be more real than yourself. *You become your own image.*"

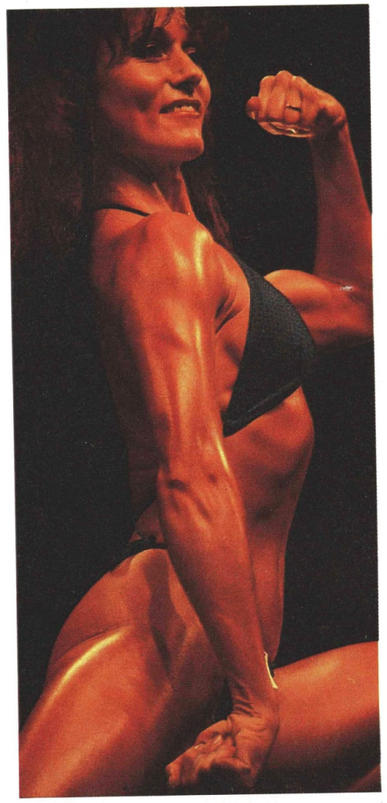
Since body building is a continual process of critical self-appraisal, self-absorption is a natural consequence of the sport. Ray O'Donnell, spokesman for the United Body Builders of Australia, explains: "Looking for flaws in the mirror is the basis of competitive body building. It *can* become an obsession — but if you want to be successful in competition, you have to seek perfection; body building is all about the quest for the perfect body. So the first thing a body builder does in the morning is look in the mirror. If you walk into a room full of body builders and there's a mirror there, you'll find them looking into it every five minutes. To outsiders this would seem like a totally unhealthy obsession, but it's essential to becoming a champion. To a body builder, the mirror is all but capable of talking back."

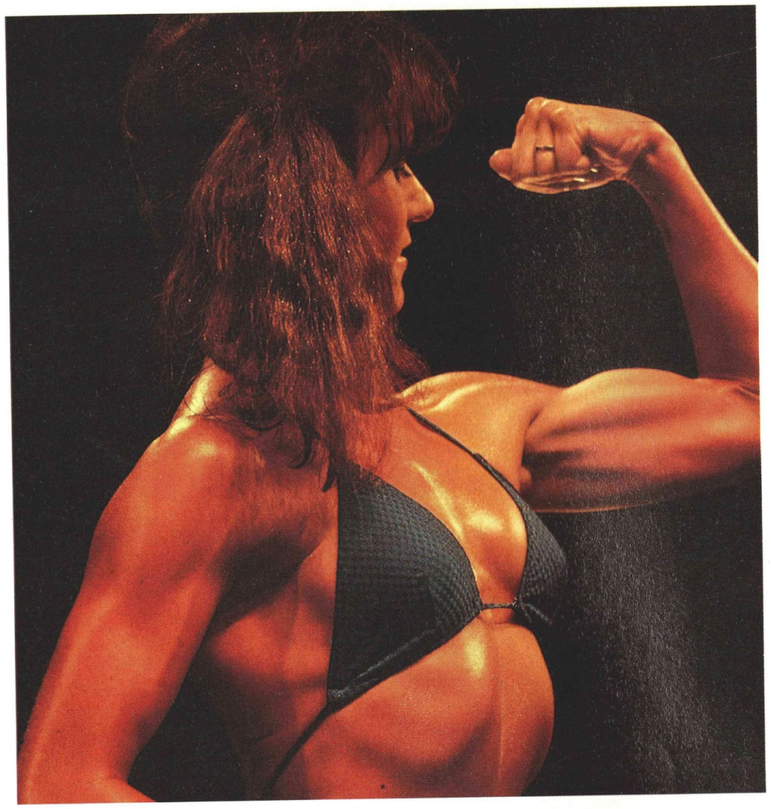
If obsession is the driving force in body building, addiction is its corollary. Body builders claim that once they get hooked on the sport, it's impossible to stop. The flood of oxygen to the brain, the lactic acid burn and the consequent flow of endorphins (the body's natural opiates, released in response to severe physical stress) are all powerful reinforcants. "After you've been away from the gym for a certain number of hours," says Carole Graham, "you miss it so much you've just got to find a place to work out. It becomes a matter of necessity." American musclewoman Carla Dunlap admitted the reinforcement process was masochistic in nature: "You reach a point where agony turns into a strange kind of exaltation. It's almost like asking to be whipped. *You hate it. You curse it. You can't do without it.*"

As a result of the addiction factor, body building transcends the limitations of sport and develops into a complete lifestyle, a subculture embracing its own rigorous philosophies. Body builders represent the culture of ultimate health. They tend to view ordinary society as physically and mentally flabby, and look upon their obsession with perfection as the factor which differentiates them from the masses. Universally, they say the sport has revolutionised their lives. The essence of what they seek is eternal youth, and they believe body building provides it. The oldest competitor at the 1983 UBBA titles was 68. He appeared to have the physique of a 25-year-old. In body building, it seems anything is possible.

The lore of body building takes in some extraordinary cases of physical rejuvenation. Eleni Psillakis, pictured at left, is one such case. Three years ago, she was suffering from anorexia nervosa — the dieter's disease. When her weight dropped to five and a half stone, she happened to catch sight of herself in a mirror and passed out from shock. Eleni realised she had a mental disorder and had to come up with some justification for eating. She saw some pictures of female body builders and concluded that if she could convert food into muscle by working with weights, it would be possible for her to eat normally. She is now completely cured and should go on to win a national body building title within the next 12 months. There have been other similar cases in Australia. Body building looks like being an important breakthrough in the treatment of a previously incurable disease.

St George Leagues Club, Sydney.





HARD BODIES

October 29, 1983. Showdown time for body builders. Backstage at the United Body Builders of Australia National Titles, the ladies are pumping up for the free posing exhibition before an excited crowd of one thousand fans. When they're not primed up and "peaking out" for a competition, female body builders simply look like women with perfect bodies. But when they start to pump up by lifting weights, a transformation takes place. They begin to develop an aura about them. It grows as the muscles expand with the rush of blood through the arms, legs and torso. Get close enough, and you can feel the energy. They're *glowing* with it. They're like wild animals, with body lines as smooth and sinewy as a leopard's . . . and with the blood now coursing through every artery at maximum pressure, those muscles are so swollen they're about to pop right out of the skin.

The free posing exhibition is purely for the crowd. The real business of evaluating every nuance of muscular definition takes place several hours beforehand, when only the inner sanctum of judges and fellow body builders is on hand to witness the compulsory posing rounds.

The contest consists of three rounds: symmetry, muscularity, and posing. In the symmetry round, the judges assess the overall proportion, shape and balance of the body. Since everyone starts out with some part of the body being proportionally larger than the rest, the creation of balance by working on other muscles to compensate is critical. In the muscularity round, the competitors go through five compulsory poses together. The judges look for total muscle definition and tone. In the posing round, to be repeated afterwards for the benefit of the audience, the women each select a piece of music and choreograph their moves, always remaining flexed.

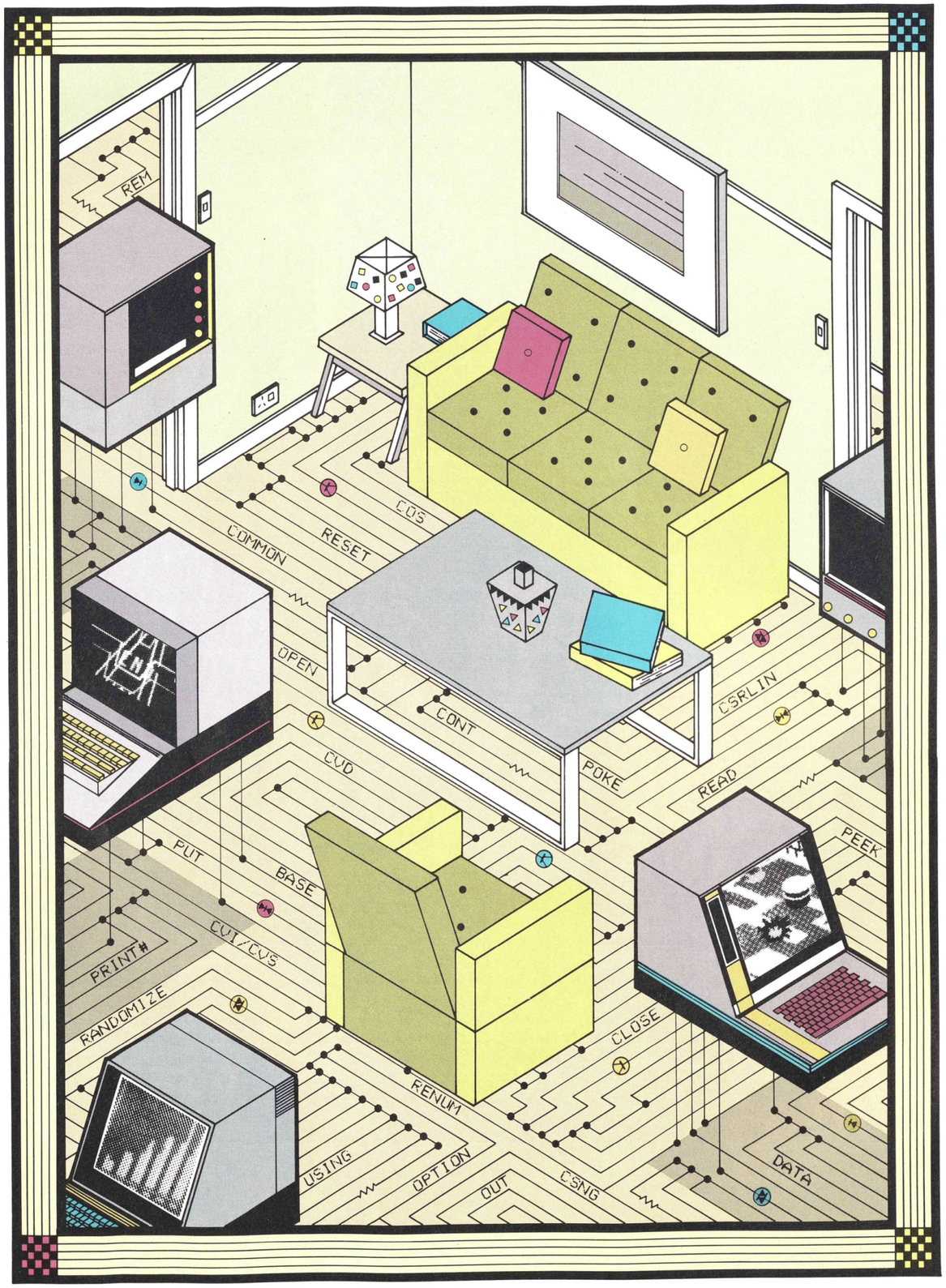
Later, the crowd begins to fill up. There's an air of expectancy, as if matters of long-standing dispute are about to be resolved. Two factions within the audience emerge: those who want to see muscular women, and those who don't. It comes to a head with the appearance of Elizabeth Lopez, UBBA national titleholder and chief proponent of the aesthetic school of body building. She's slender, taut and beautifully defined, indisputably female from head to toe — and the cry goes up: "We want muscle!" Elizabeth rides it out, knowing she has strong support among the judges. She wins the under-52 kilogram class, and her only obstacle to the overall title is now Michelle Buckingham, winner of the over-52 kilo class. The MC announces a final posedown to resolve the issue.

In a head-to-head confrontation between female body builders, the sparks fly. Elizabeth and Michelle are going for it tooth and nail, all flashing smiles and rippling abdomens and bulging biceps as they run through pose after pose, unable to stop even after the judges have called a halt. Audience passions reach fever pitch. ("The one in yellow! It's got to be her! She's perfect!" "No! No question about it! The one in grey!") And on they go, oblivious to the pleas from a beleaguered MC, who wants to announce that a decision has been reached. But the girls don't want it to stop. This is their reward for years of breaking through the pain barrier and onward to the point of exhaustion, day after day, week in and week out. They want it to go on forever . . . the audience wants it to go on forever . . . and the MC, a former footballing priest who now finds himself hemmed in on all sides by the most riveting female flesh imaginable, decides to go with the flow and let his eyeballs dance all over the place, along with those of a thousand other spectators, until the ladies can pose no more.

Elizabeth gets the nod from the judges. It's a fitting reward for her enormous contribution to women's body building in Australia. She accepts the controversy surrounding her victory as part and parcel of the sport. In a few months' time she plans to chase the big bucks on the international circuit, where top professionals can earn a million dollars in a single year.

But for Elizabeth, and for all the women who devote their lives to pumping iron, the real payoff comes from within. It's the exquisite joy of knowing that they will never be trapped, like most of us, inside bodies that are less than perfect.

"If you don't see what you want in the window, maybe it's inside!"



The home computer
market is through playing games

PERSONAL COMPUTERS: TOYS OR TOOLS?

BY JOHN COSTELLO

Last Christmas many thousands of Australian families acquired the latest in electronic gadgetry — a home computer. By next Christmas a large percentage of those computers will have found their way from the family room into the garage, there to join other relics such as the exercise bike and the reel-to-reel tape recorder. Of course, many of those home computers will become part of the family. Some children will never tire of playing games on them while others will learn computer programming. Parents could even discover a use for them, such as word processing or balancing the books in the family business.

But just where will the home computer find its place in the average family? A machine with the optimum combination — one which can be used to play video games, help children with their schooling, balance the budget and handle letter writing — will give the manufacturer a huge potential market. Finding *that* ideal combination has proved to be a nightmare for manufacturers in this highly competitive market.

Late last year Texas Instruments, one of the giants of the electronics business, quietly withdrew from the home computer market. The company will now go back to doing what it does best — including manufacturing the integrated circuits used by others to make computers. In returning to its more traditional lines of business, Texas is hopeful it can also return to making a profit. The company has admitted that its foray into the home computer market cost it $500 million.

Mattel, one of the world's major toy manufacturers, is also pulling out of the home computer business. Like Texas Instruments, Mattel found the market for home computers too tough, too illusory. Like the big Texan, Mattel learned the hard way that there was no quick profit to be made in making and selling a computer for the home. The toy maker is also going back to what it does best. And that includes manufacturing the remarkably durable Barbie doll.

If a major electronics manufacturer and a successful toy maker can't cut any profit in home computers, can a wildly successful video game maker? Well, the answer to that question is yes . . . but only for a few years. Atari, previously the jewel in the empire of the diversified entertainment and informat-

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER SCHOFIELD

ion services company, Warner Communications, is also looking decidedly sick. Instead of pumping millions of dollars into the balance sheet of its parent, Atari will this year push Warner Communications into the red because of its disastrous showing in the home computer and video game business. There is even talk that Warner would like to find a buyer for its troubled Atari operation. Even Apple Computer, the billion-dollar child of the microcomputer industry, is having problems. The company has at last found that it can't continue doubling its profits each year. They've even had to retrench staff, just like Texas Instruments and Mattel.

Clearly, the manufacturers of home computers have yet to discover the ideal machine. For that reason, it's hard for anyone considering buying a home computer to know exactly what to look for.

The market for home computers can be divided into three segments. The first is the limited, specialised market for hobbyist machines. These are the systems likely to appeal to someone who wants to move on from playing around with radios and hi-fi systems. In the second segment there are the computers being used in the home for business purposes, with perhaps some additional educational and recreational function. Into this area can be dumped a lot of the personal computers now being sold for business use, such as IBM's Personal Computer. The cost of these machines puts them out of reach of the average home computer buyer.

By far the largest segment is the third. It is the market for a machine which will appeal to people who want to play video games. This home computer buyer will probably want to use the system for some limited business application — maybe letter writing. Helping the kids with their maths homework would be another possible function.

The trouble is that the manufacturers are still not sure just what the major use of home computers will be in the future. They have the technology available to make any type of computer they want to. But if they start making the wrong type of machine — a machine the market doesn't want — they'll end up asking Texas Instruments where to buy red ink for the company balance sheet.

It does seem likely that computers will be built into some sort of integrated entertainment/information system within the home. In this role the home computer could still be used for business applications, but the specialised layout of its keyboard, designed more as a control pad than a typewriter, may pose some problems.

Soothsayers predict that the home computer will become a central feature in a domestic entertainment complex featuring sound and vision systems plus a videotex terminal with access to information, banking and retail services. Videotex combines a modified television or home computer with an ordinary telephone to gain access to larger databanks stored on remote computers. It's already being used extensively in the travel industry in the UK, with travel agents being able to call up on to a color TV screen such items as airline timetables and hotel booking details. In France, where alongside each phone is a small TV screen and keyboard, videotex technology is being used to replace the familiar yellow and white page telephone directories. Finding the name of a local plumber, for example, may mean simply typing "plumber" on the keyboard. The terminal will access the data bank for the names, addresses and telephone numbers of all the plumbers in the district. Videotex is slowly finding its way into the US and Australia, but its use is currently restricted to business.

However, predicting what will happen and what people will buy is a risky business. Even the head of the giant Atari operation in the US, Tony Bruehl, admits nobody in the computer business knows that what the home computer of the future will look like. He said on a recent visit to Australia that making a home computer which would appeal to a much larger market was probably the biggest single challenge facing the computer industry.

Everyone is becoming aware of a problem which has plagued any organisation investing in a computer system — software. Software is like the information carried on a cassette tape. The hardware, or the computer itself, can't do very much except look like an expensive toy without software, just as a hi-fi system is useless without tapes or records.

Not that the software itself is a problem, but having invested in software for a particular type or make of computer, it's hard to switch brands and rewrite all the application software or convert it to run on the new system.

Imagine the domestic entertainment complex of the future controlled by a home computer. For such a system to function efficiently, it would have to use a single, standard software medium. Otherwise you'd have to keep track of existing phonograph records, cassettes and video tapes, and three completely different types of disk — video, compact audio and floppy. And the whole complex would also have to house the TV, video recorder and stereo, as well as whatever other new devices become available in the future.

The problem is that such a standard does not exist. If it were already developed, the company which produced it could expect it to become *the* international standard. But you only have to consider the arguments surrounding the various competing standards in the video tape recorder industry to realise that the expectation of such a standard is just not realistic. Even in mass broadcasting there is no single international standard for the transmission of color television signals. The method used for color television in the US is different to that used in the UK and France. Australia uses the same standard as the UK.

However, there's a chance that all these problems of incompatible standards will be solved. Software manufacturers will soon begin incorporating more of their products into the hardware itself. That would be rather like buying a hi-fi which came with a built-in selection of music on some sort of tape which you wouldn't have to worry about. But there's an obvious problem with this approach too. Just what type of software are you going to have built into the system? Which brings us back to the point that the manufacturers don't know what the market is looking for — more video games, or education software, or what?

Until the real direction of the home computer market becomes obvious, we will have to put up with the idea of buying a system which tries to be all things to all people. That's really not so bad. After all, hi-fi systems are themselves a compromise between units which would be ideal for playing back Beethoven on one hand and AC/DC on the other.

Surveying the bewildering array of small computers and software available on the Australian market, it's hard to imagine that amongst it all there isn't the ideal machine for each of us. But which machine is it? Apple, Zenith, Atari, Coleco, Commodore, DEC, Hewlett-Packard, IBM, ICL, Kaypr, NEC, Sinclair, Sirius, Tandy or Xerox? And which of the names will still appear on the list as 1984 draws to a close? How many new names will have joined the ranks?

Buying a computer and then hunting for a use for it can be likened to buying a chain saw just after you've planted the saplings. There is a chance the saplings will never grow to become trees, but you'll always be stuck with the chain saw.

Don't buy a computer if you intend to do nothing more than play video games. Even Atari, the king of the games computer manufacturers, now admits that the ideal home computer should have something more going for it than Pacman and friends.

Where does the largest computer company in the world, IBM, stand in the home computer business? IBM dominates the global computer industry, but even Big Blue is having problems tackling the complexities of the home computer business. Sometimes IBM's products have been technological innovations, such as the floppy disk drive which is now a part of almost every personal computer. At other times the company's products have been little more than implementation of existing proven technology — such as IBM's own Personal Computer.

What has never varied is IBM's superb marketing ability, which has ensured that the majority of computers installed in big companies around the world carry those familiar three letters. The same ability has ensured the success of IBM's Personal Computer, but minor problems associated with the PC assume enormous proportions because of the large number of these machines the company is turning out. If it means to dominate the market for home computers, IBM will have to ensure that such problems as late deliveries and the occasional faulty power supply do not happen.

With its PC Junior — launched in the US and Canada last November — IBM is taking its first tentative steps into the home computer market. Although the PC Junior is really a scaled-down version of the business-orientated Personal Computer, it has little in the way of features which will be essential for the home computer of the future. IBM's PC Junior is probably no more than a test machine to see how the home market develops.

But there is considerable significance in IBM's move into the market. It will mean that the company will have to increasingly rely on the skills of others to sell its machines, rather than on its own direct sales force. This single factor is of more significance than IBM's foray into the microcomputer business and its possible moves into the home computer market. With their own sales and support staff, the computer manufacturers have in the past been easily able to gloss over some minor problem with a new product. But now, IBM is relying on the skills of tens of thousands of individuals it does not employ to sell its existing range of PCs, and its future series of computers for the home. Those salespeople work for computer retailers. Almost as fast as major corporations rushed into the home computer market, computer shops have started to sprout on the retailing scene. These stores specialising in computers have been joined by a handful of the major retail organisations which have opened computer shops within their stores.

Now, the key element in the success of any microcomputer product, whether it is aimed at the office or the home, is the distribution channels and outlets through which the product is available. A finely-tuned distribution organisation within the company must work together with a network on retail operations.

Picking a survivor in the home computer market therefore means picking a company which can build a distribution network. The company will also have to back its products with after-sales service. Margins in the home computer industry are too small for manufacturers to use a direct sales force for individual sales, and so as the home computer market develops in the future, manufacturers and importers are going to have to rely increasingly on retailers, as in the case of IBM.

So on the shoulders of the retailer rests the ultimate fate of many home computers now on the market, and many yet to be launched.

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THAN MEETS THE EYE

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

Lulu's present was a big surprise

When George married Linda, he had no knowledge that she'd once spent two years in a corrective institution and then a further year under intensive therapy at the Ryde Admission Centre. But that had been many years ago, and apart from several heart-breaking incidents created by her compulsive drinking, they had settled down to enjoy the peace and companionship of middle age, satisfied that they'd made a fair fist of raising two children and sadly content to see them move away to lead lives of their own.

George had been an architect and senior partner of a moderately successful business which specialised in being conservative, to the effect that the only monument by which he might ever be remembered was the sea-wall at Moruya he'd designed in conjunction with a government engineer and which, sadly, only fulfilled its purpose for two years before the towering seas of Cyclone Jezebel smashed it to pieces.

The destruction of the wall had also been the catalyst in the loss of love between them. Linda, in the twisted haze of alcoholic depression, had seen it as the weakness she'd always perceived in her

FICTION BY ROBERT ENGLISH ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT PEARCE

ROBERT Pearce

BIRTHDAY

husband, but which she condoned in exchange for his meek acceptance of her drinking habits. And thus they had been able to tolerate the years of boredom and frustration in a union of nothingness.

It had not been suprising, therefore, that George should stray. But what was suprising, to George at any rate, was that it had taken him so long. Now in his wheelchair, with little more to do than contemplate their useless life together, he would often think how different things might have been had he possessed the courage to make the break earlier. Tears would form and drop unhindered from his face, until his wife would come and wipe them away with a hand devoid of tenderness.

"Crying again, eh? Thinking about your little tart, no doubt. Well, it's too late for that now, my pet. I've even got to hold the bloody thing so's you can piss."

His reaction to her evil laugh could only reflect in his eyes, but Linda would sense it and that was what made her happy. Obsessive jealousy had always been one manifestation of her insanity, so that after the car accident, when his secretary had been killed and he rendered a helpless cripple, immobilised from the neck down and no longer able to speak, she had resolved to dedicate the rest of her life to the crucifixion of her husband.

And later, when all the evidence from the inquest had been emblazoned across every front page of every newspaper in the country, she had decided to kill him. For two years afterwards, she had pondered the manner of his death. Not even the passing of time could dim her resolution. Strangely, it only seemed to feed it, so that each day she would spend many hours planning and scheming as she watched him sitting there, eyes glued to the television screen, receiving some comfort from the knowledge that this was his only reason for staying alive. A vegetable. But a knowing one. That was her pleasure, but not her revenge. It would come.

It was one day late in autumn that the solution finally came to her. She had wheeled him down to the cave at the bottom of the garden for his morning visit to Lulu, the giant anaconda she'd presented to him six birthdays ago. At that time the snake had been not much larger than an earthworm. Lulu had cost Linda two thousand dollars, including delivery from that small town in South America they'd visited, but she'd felt that George's preoccupation with his pet would more than compensate the expense. Because, between frequent bouts of indulgence, and by continually repressing a loathing for his banal conservatism, Linda had loved George.

George had been a snake lover since childhood. Handling reptiles had been his only hobby. His bookcase contained volumes by every accepted authority, and he would spend hours delving into delicious knowledge of the latest research.

He had built the cave himself from natural bush rock, and had transferred his treasure from the glass cabinet to her new quarters when Lulu measured one metre. Sitting for hours in front of the huge glass panel, he had happily watched her grow, revelling in her docile activities, admiring her strength but envious of her acquired tranquility. The pond inside the cave and its associated filtering system had cost him a further two thousand dollars, and the thermostat with its automatic temperature control had been extra. But it had all been worth it, because by the time Lulu was three years of age it was obvious that George was very likely to become the owner of the largest anaconda in captivity. She was then 11 metres in length and still growing. Her girth, measured at its largest point, was one and three-quarter metres but it could swell to almost double that during feeding, should a large enough animal be provided. George had been content to restrict Lulu's diet to smaller species such as mice, bats and fish, with an occasional live squirrel thrown in as a delicacy. Keeping his pet healthy and content eroded his earnings at an alarming rate, but George never minded. Linda, of course, cursed the day she had ever thought of it, frequently reminding George that the food bill alone would have stocked a cool-room of mink.

"George," she said that day, "I've been thinking." He turned his head slightly to signify that he was listening. Then he switched back to his beloved Lulu, watching her glide gracefully into the water and swim, with head erect like a miniature periscope, toward him for her morning greeting. By the time the head was at the glass, the tail was still on dry land at the far end of the pool. Linda watched them with fascination, as she always did. Both not moving. Just staring at each other. The snake with calm, unblinking eyes. George with rapture and contentment in his. A strange, silent communication. She wondered what the snake was thinking. And George, for that matter. Once, when she had downed a bottle of sherry after breakfast, she fantasised as she watched them that they were in love.

"George, I think Lulu should get a birthday present next week. Friday, isn't it? He turned his head again, his eyes betraying curiosity.

"Yes. It seems that when Calvin comes to measure her on the week-end, there will be no doubt she has broken the record. And I think that deserves a special gift. What do you say?" His eyes remained quizzical. "Oh, I'm sorry darling. I keep forgetting. You can't say, can you?" George turned back to his friend.

"Anyway," Linda continued, "I'd like to

"Someday, son, all this will be yours."

BIRTHDAY

have her measured fat-wise as well as length. Perhaps after eating something big. You know what I mean?" She thought she recognised fleeting alarm, but he hadn't turned his head. "Yes. That's what we'll do. We'll give her a special treat. I won't feed her all next week so that she'll really be looking forward to it."

She watched his hands make an involuntary jerk on the arms of the chair. "Darling. You moved your hands. Isn't that wonderful? I swear I saw your hands move." He looked down, and they both watched the fingers moving in spasmodic jerks.

"My God," she said. "I do believe that's a sign. Perhaps you'll create medical history. Just think of it, George. A full or partial recovery. It'd be a miracle." She paused, smiling. "I know it's not much. Just a twitch in the fingers. But it just could be a sign."

The snake had dropped to the ground in a giant cone, coiled in perfect symmetry and no longer interested in her benefactors. She was asleep. "Well, that's it for today, George. Time for your nap too." She wheeled him back to the house.

George spent the whole of the following week in silent fear — but about what, he wasn't sure. He had long been aware of his wife's hatred for him, but there was nothing he could do about it. He was thankful that she looked after him, and he couldn't really expect more. By communicating with a nod or a shake of his head, he had been able to instruct Linda about Lulu's feeding — but she had never before taken any initiative in changing the diet. She had rarely shown any interest in the creature at all, and it was obvious that the provision of live animals for Lulu was distasteful to her. He wondered what on earth she had in mind.

As the days dragged by, he grew restless and apprehensive. Linda had said nothing more, but she seemed to be on the phone more than usual, only when he was out of earshot. She also appeared to be happier, singing as she went about her domestic tasks and joking with him when she was attending to his needs.

"Are you looking forward to Friday, dear? The birthday party, I mean. Of course you are. I'm sorry it's been such ghastly weather all week. Lulu has missed you. I see her waiting at the glass every morning. But you can't expect the poor thing to understand about rain and such things. I think she's hungry too. I haven't fed her since Saturday."

Once more, George felt anxious. He wished he could stop sweating. It made his face and scalp itchy and uncomfortable.

"Why, you're perspiring again, dear. Here, let me sponge you with a damp cloth. Now you mustn't get too excited. Just let's pray for fine weather tomorrow. I'm sure it will be."

The next day was fine. At ten o'clock, after she had washed him and prepared breakfast, she wheeled him into the garden and braked in front of the window to the cave.

"Now you just sit here and wait for the surprise." She disappeared into the shed adjoining the garage. In a few minutes she re-emerged, leading on a short rope a reluctant fully-grown goat. It pulled against her, as if sensing the danger at the bottom of the garden, and bleated continually.

When George had recovered from his initial shock, his mind became occupied with a scientific diversion. Had Lulu remained in her natural environment she would undoubtedly have adhered to the biological pattern of her species by constricting her prey before devouring it. But Lulu had spent almost her entire life in captivity, sustained by the hand-feeding of small animals. In his studies George had come across references to the dilemma created by the sudden provision of larger animals, and he found himself mildly excited at the prospect of the snake utilising for the first time her instinct to crush the food with her body. "Meet Rodney, George," Linda said happily, pulling the straining animal toward him. "This is the surprise for Lulu. Her birthday present. And guess what? I've set up the movie camera to record the festivities so that we can always recall the happy event."

She's insane, George concluded. He gazed into the cave. Strangely, Lulu was on the far side of the pond and showing little interest in the proceedings. In fact, it was clear at second glance that Lulu was asleep. The goat shied away from the cave, its head turned back toward the house, reluctant to confirm the presence of the giant predator on the other side of the glass.

"Well, let's see what happens, George," Linda announced, dragging the now silent creature toward the door at the side of the cave. She slipped back the bolt with one hand while trying to control the stubborn animal with the other. With much cursing, pulling and shoving, she eventually got it inside and quickly slammed the door behind it. The unfortunate animal made straight for the corner of the cave, as far away from the snake as possible, and stood stock-still, the pounding of its heart clearly visible beneath the snowy-white fur.

George was glad they had no immediate neighbors. He considered the whole procedure revolting. Perhaps criminal. Mice and squirrels had seemed acceptable. The snake had to eat and it was common knowledge that only under exceptional circumstances would a reptile such as Lulu take dead food. And he had never waited around to see the kill. It had always been a matter of nature looking after its own in the ruthless cycle of survival. But a goat!

They sat there for an hour, and Linda served tea and biscuits. George drank the tea because his throat was dry, but shook his head at the food. Linda was fiddling with the movie camera when Lulu suddenly came to life. It was an almost imperceptible movement of the huge head, raising it no more than a centimetre from the ground. But it was the eyes that showed the snake was now aware. And then the flicking tongue. Grotesque. George had never thought of it that way before. It had always been the most perfectly shaped appendage — grey and smooth. Almost friendly.

As Lulu hunched her monstrous body, the goat threw its head in the air in a final gesture of protest. Even the locked door and the sealed glass could not muffle its high-pitched scream. And then it went stiff — completely motionless, except for the trembling of the limbs — its eyes transfixed upon the now slithering body of the snake as Lulu glided into the water and slowly, confidently, swam toward her quarry.

The whirr of the camera behind his chair startled George. He tried desperately to move — an instinctive act he thought he'd long since forgotten — but it was the same as ever. He was powerless. It was over quickly. Lulu wanted food and she wasn't going to wait for a possible intervention, not that anything could have stopped her. As she emerged from the water, still at least three metres away from the animal, her jaws started to open. George heard Linda whistle at the immensity of her bite. She could have swallowed a cow. The goat didn't move, but waited for the inevitable. Just before it happened, Lulu ejected a fine spray of saliva, like a giant plastic bag, which completely enveloped the hapless creature. And then the jaws followed, a fraction of a second later, engulfing the whole beast in the final thrust. The goat had disappeared. With three or four convulsive jerks the shape slid slowly down the body until it settled, still quivering in its final death throes. The digestive juices suffocated the prey and then dispersed to appease the cruel appetite. George vomited down the front of himself.

Linda didn't have Lulu measured that week-end, or in fact ever again. It was only much later that George realised the last thing she wanted was publicity of any kind, especially the type attracted by a backyard phenomenon. Little communication passed between them during the ensuing weeks, until the night she brought home the developed film. He guessed she had arranged its processing privately. She gave him his evening meal and made him comfortable before the portable screen, despite the screams of protest in his eyes.

"Now, my sweet, let's relive that incredible moment. I haven't spoken of it before, but I want you to pay particular attention to the stark terror of the goat."

George had his head on his chest. Linda continued to fiddle with the projector. "You see, darling, it's the inevitability of it all. I've never seen anything like it. At least you'd think it would run — or fight even. Or make some attempt to postpone what must surely be the most gruesome and hideous end. Not that it had any chance. But the instinct of survival . . . wouldn't you assume it would have some motivation, instead of just standing there? What must those final seconds be like? When you know you are actually going to die and there is absolutely nothing you can do about it? God, it makes me crawl."

He heard the tinkling of the ice in the glass behind him. He knew it wouldn't be long before she was staggering and cursing. He was frightened then, wondering what form her paranoia would take. He was accustomed to the abuse. There was nothing more she could say to him. But it had transmuted itself during the past few months into what he sensed was a prelude to violence. He tried to relax with the cold comfort that there wasn't much he could do about it. While she made the final adjustments to the machinery, he thought of Julie-Ann. He experienced a sweet neutral warmth — and then a frustrated sadness. What would life have been like with her? With himself as a whole person? He grew morose at the realisation that he had never had the opportunity to give of himself — really give. He knew this would have been so easy with his precious Julie-Ann, despite the age difference. He would have given her his life, but instead he had taken hers.

"There we are," Linda said. "All ready to go." George glazed his eyes in a self-hypnotic trance. He was expert at it now, and he had no desire to see the film. But some moments later he was jerked into awareness, perhaps by some subconscious or involuntary warning that the film was more threatening than just the perverse aberration of a half-demented alcoholic.

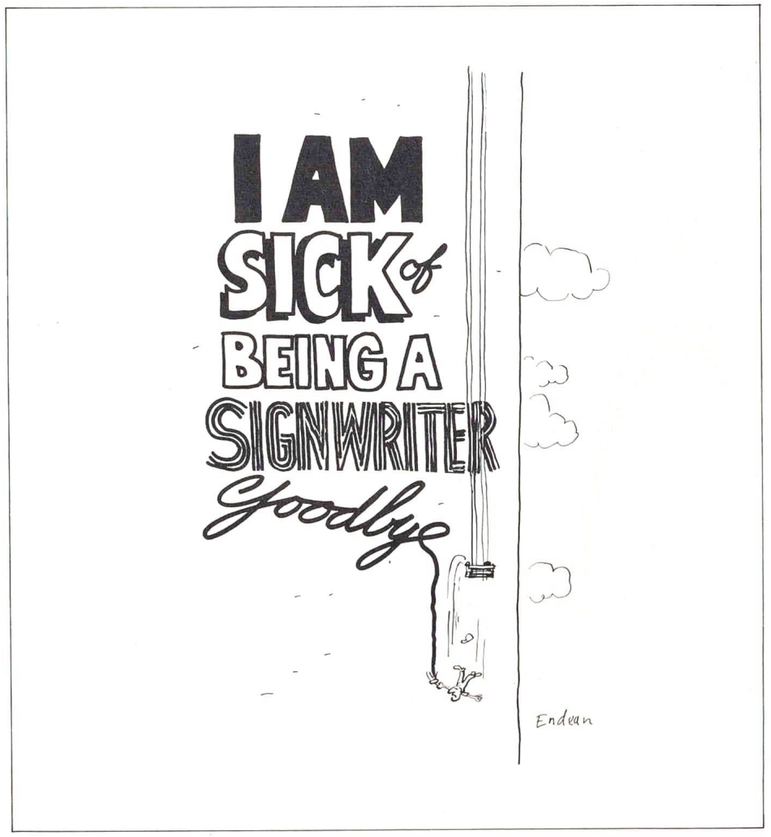
He watched, fascinated by the horror, captured even more clearly than he remembered. But this time his mood was exaggerated by a creeping apprehension. He didn't have long to wait before his fears were realised.

"Oh my God, that's beautiful," slurred Linda as the film flapped and the screen went white. George was exhausted. "Pity you can't say anything, George. I'd like your thoughts on the whole thing. But then again, I suppose if you weren't a mute cripple, you wouldn't be here, would you?" He heard her pour another drink. "No, you'd be sneaking away to find young sluts for your disgusting physical appetite. A young, firm body and not the feel of slack flesh — slack because it bore you two children. God, the pain of it. The sacrifice! But you couldn't give a damn. Find something else, eh George? Grapple with young tits and a firm arse. Ahh, you make me sick."

George sat there trying to block her out. He tried thinking of Julie-Ann, but nothing would come.

The hateful voice continued: "But it all comes back, doesn't it George? Justice is an amazing thing. The turn of the coin as it were. Just look at you . . . a bloody vegetable! What shall we call you? Spinach? No, that's too strong and really quite succulent. Beans, peas? No fear. Wonderful vitality from those. What about a potato — or a turnip? That's it. A turnip. You're a turnip, George. A nothing vegetable. Oh Christ, that's hilarious. George The Turnip. Well, I'll tell you something, my sweet. I just hope Lulu likes vegetables. I think I'll go down and ask her tomorrow because she's used to birthday presents now. And next year will be something special. You know what I mean, George?"

Suddenly his fingers started to twitch, but this time she hadn't noticed. "Almost a year to think about it, George. And to think about me. And the pain and suffering you've caused me. A whole year, George. And believe me, you're going to suffer. I've decided to have a monthly showing of Lulu's last party, but don't think you can close your eyes or do your stupid self-hypnosis bit, because if I think you're not



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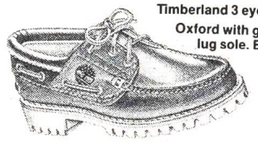

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BIRTHDAY

watching I won't feed you for a week. Do you understand that, my sweet? And there's absolutely nothing you can do about it. That's the best thing of all." She wheeled him from the room and put him to bed.

Terror is a strange emotion. George had plenty of time to analyse it. At first he refused to believe the situation he was in. A year was a long time. Many things could happen in 12 months, and the grotesque prospect his wife had outlined for him had no immediate reality. He had the security and comfort of time.

But as the months raced by, nothing changed. There was no rescue, no reprieve. He was forced to watch the film time and time again, to renew and accentuate his terror and his helplessness. But then, during the tenth month, a strange thing happened. Strange, because George had read and learned from the specialists absolutely everything there was to know about his disability. There was no history of recovery. His nervous system was not only damaged — it was dead. He had long ago brought himself to accept the fact. But he had felt it! The pins and needles in his feet and hands. A sensation! Up until that moment, there had been nothing. He couldn't believe it.

During the whole of the next week he waited and wondered. His tortured mind was ablaze with possibilities. Perhaps it was the urgent need of a miracle. The inbuilt mechanism of self-preservation, or a hitherto unknown power of regeneration. What the hell? He was moving his toes. A week later, his hands. George had a lot of thinking to do.

"What a beautiful, beautiful day," Linda declared as she pulled up the blind in his room. She turned at the window to face him and he looked hopefully for a sign in her face. He really couldn't believe that she hadn't relented, that the past year was not merely a fading nightmare exaggerated by her passionate hatred for him. Surely she wouldn't be able to carry it through. When she kissed him on the cheek, like a female Judas, he knew she had already fortified herself with some early-morning sherry and immediately the hideous doubts crawled back through his body. Her face was a mask, creased only by the same insincere smile which never carried to her eyes. Otherwise her features were taut and pinched with skin like stretched crepe and she continually swallowed, as if ridding herself of excess saliva. No, there was nothing there. George knew at once that she was ready to go through with it. She fed him morning coffee and he drank it.

He wondered why she was bothering to dress him. The whole ritual was macabre, especially as it was performed in absolute silence. Apparently she had nothing further to say. She wheeled him to the kitchen and he knew he would collapse if she offered him breakfast. But all she wanted was another tumbler of sherry, which she swallowed in two thirsty gulps. He noticed that her hand was shaking violently. Once more his hopes soared. But then she was behind him, wheeling the chair down the ramp into the garden. She stopped in front of the glass. He could hardly drag his eyes to where he knew Lulu would be — on the far side of the pond where she always slept.

Behind him, Linda spoke for the first time in an hour. He was shocked at the sound of it. No more than a hoarse whisper, and the invective behind each word made him sadly aware of what he must do.

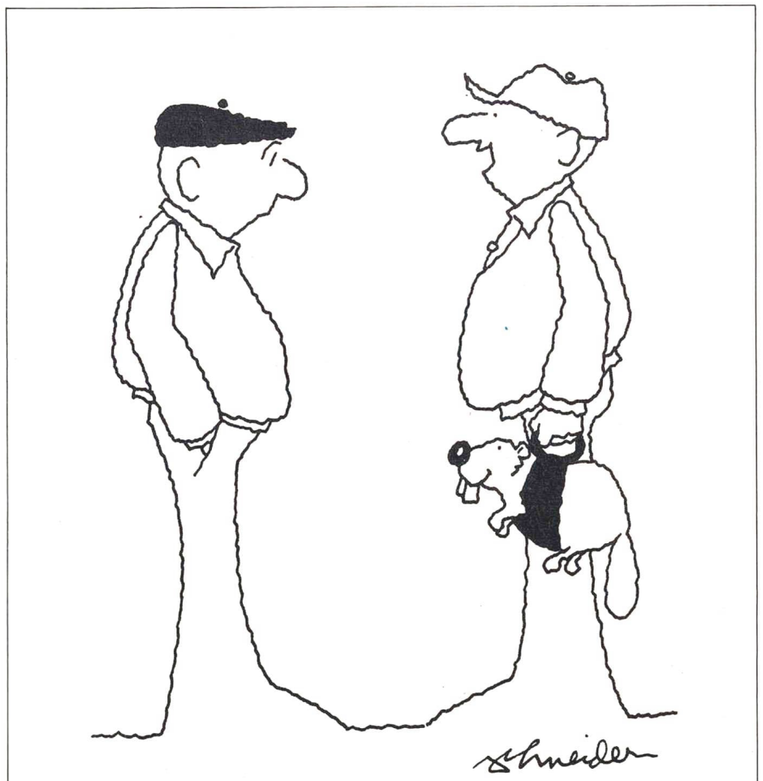
"Look at her, George. Look at her. Your pet — your prize. In a couple of minutes you'll be together. But I have had mercy, George. It will be quick. I haven't fed her for a fortnight." She sounded as if she was about to swoon and George knew that the poor wretch's mind had finally snapped. Her neurotic loathing had thrust her into a world of total delusion, of unbridled madness.

He felt her grab the chair and make for the gate, cackling and spluttering an incoherent stream of animal sounds. She was before him now, frantically pulling at the lock, and then it was open. He waited, soporific, as if in a dream. He felt drugged, just like he had before those operations. He had been wheeled then too, down white corridors, the way he was being wheeled now, through the gate. It was time to make his move. He tried to get up from the chair. His legs didn't move. Drugged, dreamy, just like before. He pushed with his hands against the rests in an effort to rise. Sleepy, no worries. Hazily, he thought of the coffee. But it didn't seem to matter anymore — because here's Lulu, swimming across the pond. Shouldn't be this way. It isn't right.

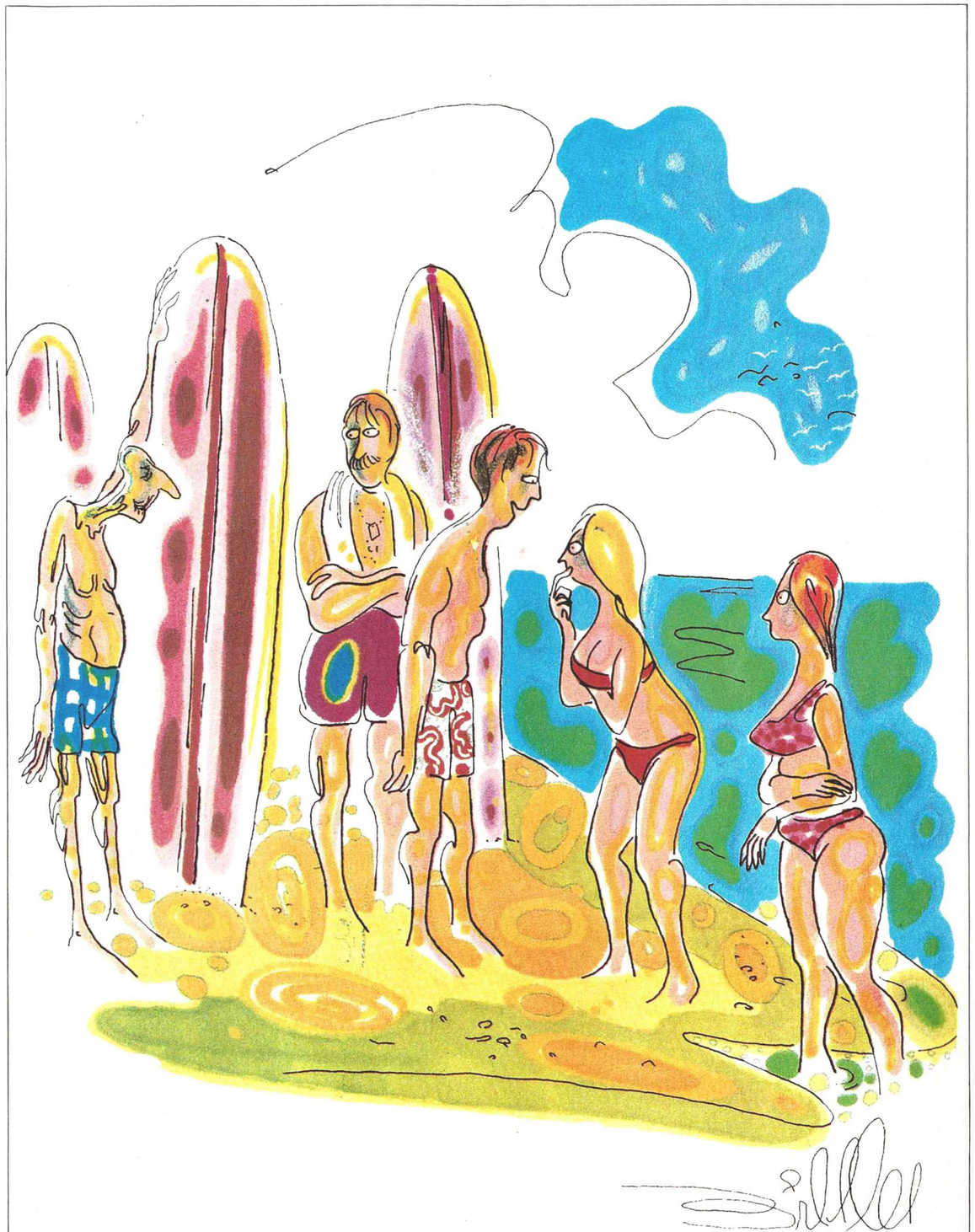
The eyes held his. Hypnotic. Deep dark circles of nothing. Looking into him, through him. Deep, deep into him. The head slithered from the water, ridiculously small when followed by the immense, repulsive body. He sat there transfixed and, for a fleeting moment, recalled the goat. Far away he heard a familiar voice, shouting.

"You're dumb, George . . . dumb! You've always been dumb. Fancy flushing the toilet the other night. Oh my God . . . how stupid can you be?"

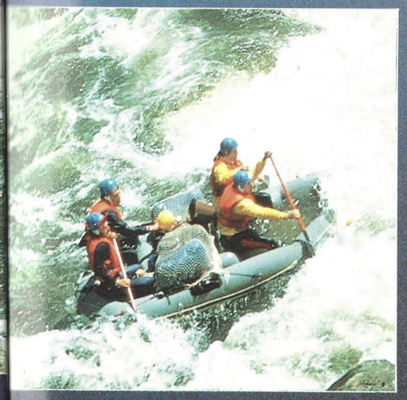
The voice trailed off into hideous laughter just as he saw the jaws open like a hole in the ground. He tried to scream, but a wet stickiness surrounded him like glutinous skin and he felt himself being lifted in the chair toward the hole. The last thing he heard was the whirr of a movie camera.



"It's an organic chain saw."



"Oh, he doesn't surf. He just comes here to pick up girls."

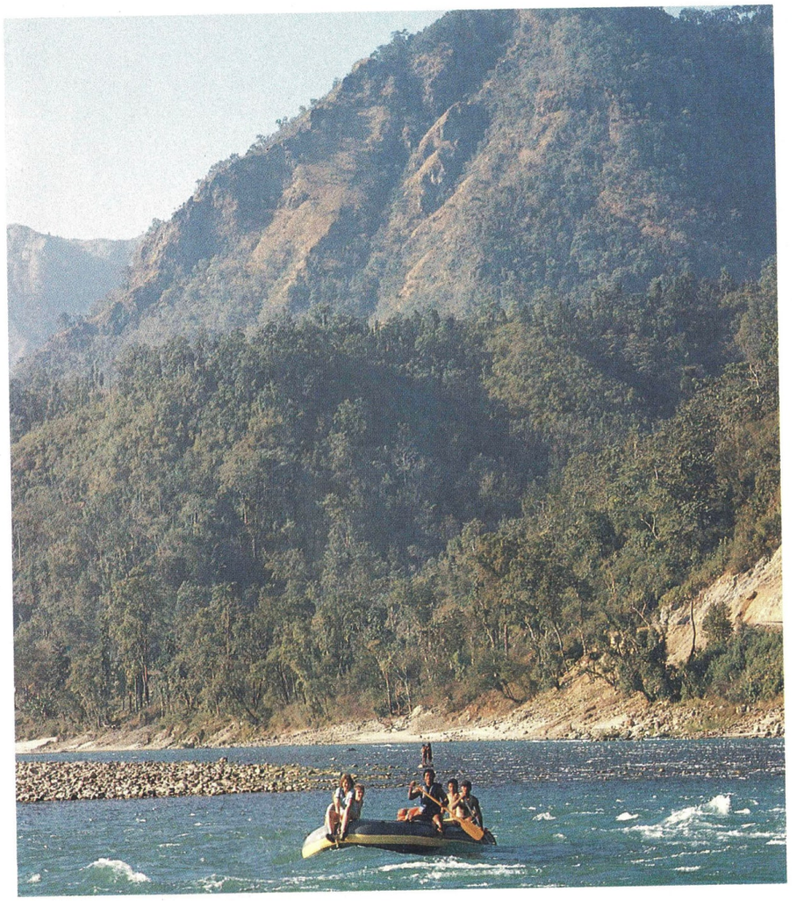


ADRENALIN ON THE ROCKS

Rafting in Nepal is an unforgettable experience

This definitely wasn't in the brochure. Margaret took one look at the standing wave which the rubber raft was about to slam into, and it didn't remind her of the words that had convinced her to sign up for the trip: "Blades gently breaking the water . . . nature all around." Too right it was all around. The bottom of the raft was bucking madly to the rhythm of the rapids below. White water was pouring over the sides. And now the raft was slewing down the back of the wave, broadsiding into a sucking, swirling "hole."

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY
JOHN BORTHWICK



ADRENALIN

When she surfaced five seconds later she was, as the brochure had promised, "floating past friendly villages . . . valley walls towering thousands of feet above." She was also struggling in a freezing Himalayan torrent as the raft headed toward a set of gnarled, foam-toothed boulders. Far above, the iron bridge of Muglin Bazaar spanned all this troubled water. The proverbial "friendly villagers" peered down quizzically upon the bucketful of mad Westerners who'd come thousands of kilometres to be pitched like corks between the walls of the mountains as they rode on and into the snow-fed rapids of the Trisuli River. Margaret looked up: *they* couldn't help her.

The craft was incapable of stopping midstream in this cascade. Margaret looked around to see if the other three rafts in the party, which had already descended the rapid, were nearby. They weren't. Rather than stroking bravely to her rescue, their crews were perched along the shore; and instead of throwing her a line, they were more concerned with capturing the moment at 1/250th of a second through an array of telephoto lenses.

One hundred metres downstream, after the Trisuli had calmed from a tantrum to tranquility, the raft came to rest. Margaret arrived shortly afterwards. Despite a resolute mind and a vice-like grip, the will of the water had proved a little too much for her. But although drenched, she was neither defeated nor drowned. Life-jacket strapped tight, feet up and facing downstream, she had performed her survival drill perfectly. Vijay, the Nepalese raftsman, hauled her aboard and congratulated her on remembering every step of his instructions. Not bad for an accountant from Sydney on her first time out.

Rudyard Kipling once wrote: "And the wildest dreams of Kew/Are the facts of Katmandu." Rafting in Nepal is indeed wilder than the dreams of a copy-writer in Kew. For the growing number of travellers who come to the magical Himalayan kingdom of Nepal, taking to the water is another dimension to an adventureland previously associated only with land trekking. But unlike trekking, in which the travellers learn the lore and the routes from Sherpas, Gurkhas and other tribes, it's the Westerners who've taught the Nepalese how to ride their own rivers.

Around 1976, a few European and American adventure tour operators realised Nepal's potential for white-water rafting. With its snow-fed arterial system, Nepal was ideal for many grades of raf-

During the past five years, the growing fascination of Australia's white coastal flatlanders with Nepal's Hindu-Buddhist, high-altitude exotic culture has been principally catered for by a group of adventure tour operators. Australian Himalayan Expeditions and half a dozen others organise treks, in all grades of terrain, for the scores of groups who annually criss-cross the mountains, usually between October and April. These extended ambles (generally of two to four weeks' duration) through the grandeur of the Himalayas' snow-capped peaks are about many things: exertion, rapture, culture-shock therapy, solitude, friendship, and belly laughs.

Let's say you've signed up with Walk and Gawk Tours to have Christmas dinner

on top of Mount Everest. You'll probably have at least one of the following types in your group:

- The lady opera singer who yodels the Indian love call outside your tent before breakfast.
- The culture-shock case who doesn't make it past the hotel bar. Says he misread the brochure — didn't know there were *mountains* up here.
- The K-Mart shopper whose budget won't extend to hiking boots. Wears extra socks *outside* his shredded sandshoes.
- The other sort of K-Mart shopper, who buys every carving, painting, turquoise necklace and brass pot she can find. Her porter shudders when he sees an antique seller.
- The *rakshi* fiend. He's the guy who loves Nepali *rakshi* whisky; often goes missing overnight, and while the search party goes frantic, has a fine time in some mountainside grog shop.
- The Nepalese Sirdar, or trail guide. Nicest person you'll ever meet, and when he's donned several hundred dollars' worth of discarded mountaineering kit, looks like the first Sherpa on the moon.
- The group leader — usually a long-suffering Australian hairy-legged blue-

TALES OF NEPAL

BY JOHN BORTHWICK

heeler who herds his 15 clients around the peaks. Loves the job.

Out on the trail you walk and climb all day through terrain which puts postcards and chocolate box lids to shame. Soaring snow-prisms above, roaring snow-rivers below. Through tiny hamlets where the main local industry seems to be breast-feeding. At night, you camp in places so high and vast that your cooking fire seems like just another star. You eat eggs inevitable, village chicken (a Hindu porter kills it and then the Buddhist Sherpa cook can prepare it), and the world's thickest crepe suzette.

The Sirdar brews a pot of Mustang coffee, a *rakshi*-boosted rocket fuel which adds another 2000 feet to your already considerable altitude. At first, the inevitable lounge lizard type in your group, a sort of bushwalking Oscar Wilde, quips: "No thanks. Not until I'm closer to a hospital." By day six, you can't keep him away from it.

Goronwy Price, of Australian Himalayan Expeditions, tells a story about how, in a *rakshi*-altered state of consciousness, he once attempted to find some massage oil for a female group member. Using the word for cooking oil,

and making oil-rubbing gestures all over the client's body, he made his intentions clear to the cook. The latter gentleman, being a good Buddhist, and understanding that the demented white man wished to baste and then roast the poor woman, absolutely refused to assist.

Drawing the line at human sacrifice, the Nepalese are infinitely tolerant and indulgent of Western peculiarities. One night at the base camp of Mount Machapuchare, our Sidar, Chhongba Lama, mentioned that the next day would be his 21st birthday. We insisted there should be a celebration. Unknown to us, the cook arose at 3am — and this is at 12,000 feet in snow and a temperature of minus 10 degrees — and using a Dutch oven improvised from two aluminium pots, cooked a huge birthday cake. In the morning, the Sherpas proudly presented the cake, not to Chhongba, but to *us*.

The laughs go both ways. For the Australians, there's the sight of a Mustangi mountain girl on her first lowlands excursion, with her first-ever bottle of Coca-Cola, figuring out how not to get the bubbles up her nose. For the Nepalese crew, there's the bizarre sight of us playing charades around the campfire, pantomiming *Octopussy* and *Jaws*. Or The

Cleanliness Fetishist (there's one in every group) bombarding himself with Right Guard, Aeroguard, Baygon and Norsca towelettes — or, if it's a she, shaving her legs and plucking her eyebrows beside the Kali Gandaki River. But the one who really gets them is Prosthetic Man. The first time Nepalese porters see a whitey removing his contact lenses, they think they're witnessing do-it-yourself cornea surgery.

On a recent trek in Tibet, a group of remote villagers was horrified to see an Australian tear out all his teeth and gums, top and bottom. Dentures haven't made it there yet. The Chinese government interpreter then turned the event into a circus by assuring all the villagers that they too, with sufficient mystical concentration, could remove their teeth and gums in one swoop.

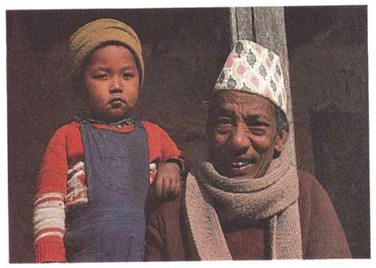
On the trail, you meet an old Gurkha who asks for some "tooth medicine." He explains: "It's to kill the tooth worm that I caught from that rotten neighbor of mine when we ate some rice together." The guy in the tent next to you reveals that he forgot to bring a change of socks. This is on day 16. For two weeks, he has poured foot powder into his boots, and thanks to the sweat, his socks have now solidified into two plaster of Paris casts which he props outside his tent to air.

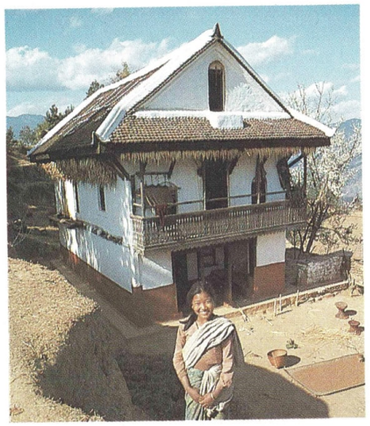
It's time to begin the return descent. Your stomach by now is perfectly at home with Sherpa-style Australian cooking. But even at 8000 feet, Nepal is well ahead in the field of toilet humor. For instance, one day I hurdled a wall of field stones, relieved myself, and like a good trekker ("We leave only footprints") was burning my little pile of Yeti Brand toilet paper. As I pulled up my strides, a passing Nepali poked his head over the wall, and spying this unusual conflagration, chuckled: "We have very hot curries, no?"

Back in Pokhara or Katmandu, you stroll into places like the "Don't Pass Me By Cake and Pie Shop." The waiter, remembering the great hippie days of the Seventies, asks hopefully: "Apple pie or opium?"

At your hotel reception desk, a pint-sized Texan with Cuban heels, multiple Nikkons and a flight-deck flat crewcut is insisting to the desk clerk that he's on "the modified American plan." No one can disagree. About then, you wish you were back on the trail — up on a snowy pass, listening to the wind-chime song of a donkey caravan's bells below you, and to your Sirdar's jokes. (In Nepal, clean jokes are known as "vegetarian jokes", and the cruder variety, "non-vegetarian.") Or then again, maybe you wish you were down at Chitwan Game Park, listening to the jungle cacophony and the unintentional humor of the Nepalese. The sky is shaking with the roar of a giant rhino. You peer through the binoculars and gasp: "Look at the size of that mother!" And your very polite jungle guide, Shyam, takes a closer look and agrees: "You're right. It *is* a female."

While the Nepalese are some of the most honest individuals you'll ever meet, at the bureaucratic level it often takes a little baksheesh to oil the wheels. (After all, the country's monarchs are known among their own subjects as "The King and Queen of Switzerland" because of the fate of a fair proportion of their foreign aid bankroll.) At Lukla airstrip, at the base of Mount Everest, there is often a large pile-up of trekkers who have walked in but can't fly out due to bad weather. When planes can finally land, the competition for seats gets desperate. After a nine-day wait, one wily Indian tour leader promised to send the airline desk clerk a transistor radio if he could get his group on to the next flight. The leader failed to keep his promise and for the next three seasons, every group from his company which arrived in Lukla was greeted by an eager clerk, asking "Have you got my radio?" They all had even more trouble than usual flying out.





ADRENALIN

ting, from the wild and isolated runs of the Sun Khosi to the comparative calm of the Trisuli. They began by training a handful of Rai tribesmen from eastern Nepal.

The Rais soon became proficient at steering the big inflatable Avon rafts and their teams of enthusiastic tourists. Knowledge of river heights, "boils", "holes", "riffles" and rapids became their stock-in-trade, and now they and the trainees work for a dozen tour companies.

On our three-day river journey (part of a land expedition) we covered some 80 kilometres and descended around 700 metres in altitude. From the "put-in" at Chauraudi to the "pull-out" at Narayanghat, we saw Nepal from a perspective rarely experienced by bus travellers and foot sloggers. Drifting by the back doors of mud and stone villages brought us into surprise contact with washerwomen, fishermen, kids in dugouts, garbage tips, monkeys, precarious bridges and "flying foxes." All of this became a theatre of swapped greetings, songs, banter and children running on the shoreline, yelling "Bye bye, mitai?" (meaning "Hullo, candy?").

Our group of 16 Australians and 10 Nepalese raftsmen had met at Chauraudi, about 70 kilometres west of Katmandu. After handshakes, Bhim Rai and Vijay gave us basic instructions in rafting: the importance of responding to the Nepalese steermen's commands, of co-ordinated strokes, and of keeping cool during a dunking. Margaret was glad she'd listened well.

With six or seven in each raft, and all our gear stowed in watertight drums, we then stroked out for our first shot of adrenalin on the rocks. The two rapids known to rafters as "Upset" and "Surprise" were our baptism. While the towering Himalayas slid from distant snows down to a calm green brilliance, this river at their feet was a torrent of white water roaring through a gauntlet of rhino-sized rocks. Drawn in quickly on the "tongue" of the rapid, we were licked all over by its run of standing waves. Our rubber rafts, all six metres of them, plunged and bucked like tiny dinghies.

There were screams and scares, loose paddles and drenched tourists wallowing in the bottom of the raft. Our boatman Shyam was softly calling from the stern "paddle left" and "paddle right" — but amid the roar of the river and the scream of the tourists, a polite Nepali hardly gets heard.

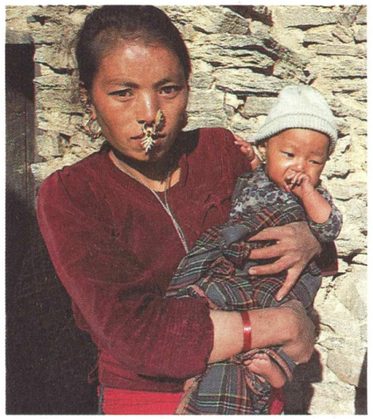
Slewing and splashing, we were spat out of the turbulence, and as we looked back at the other rafts booming through the wild shoot, we knew that this giant slippery-dip had us hooked. All we wanted was to do it again.

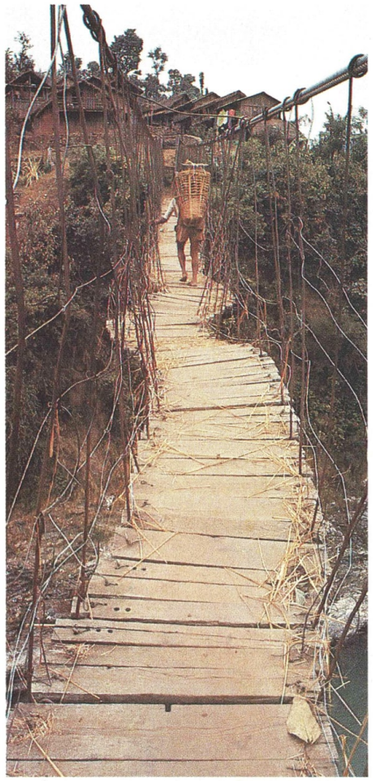
The Trisuli is a perfect beginner's river. Australian Himalayan Expeditions, who organised our trip, also run journeys down the much wilder Sun Khosi River, east of Katmandu. For 10 days the Sun Khosi progressively gains volume and its rapids get hairier. Teamwork then becomes vital and amateurs quickly become experienced rafters. Under these conditions the need to maintain directional momentum and control is vital if a raft is to avoid broaching and tipping. At the 10-day mark the rafts are surging into giant standing waves, hanging for a moment on the crest, then careering deep into the trough of the next. The constant rhythm of commitment to and then deliverance from the maelstrom produces a non-stop adrenalin flow. It's totally addictive.

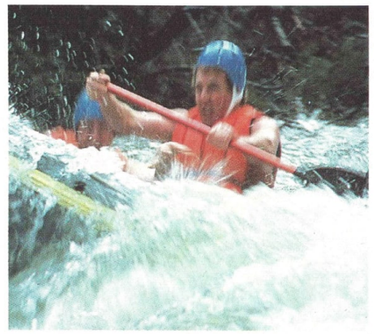
But life on a river raft is not all white water and narrow escapes from the undertaker. Between the twists and bends of a falling river are long stretches of placid water which glide past silver beaches and sal tree forests.

For the bird spotter, Nepal on the wing is a book full of first sightings: cormorants, pria kits, white-capped river chats, eagles, plovers, giant lammergeyer vultures and hundreds of others. The photographer who can keep his camera dry captures visions of misty blue mountain silhouettes in infinite regress. On a full moon night, the trees are like charcoal madmen against a sky of sheet lightning.

This is also a time for getting to know your companions, especially the Nepalese boatmen; to talk politics, tell stories and jokes with them. Bhim, Om, Shyam, Vijay and the rest of our crew were an irrepressible bunch of ragers, always up for a song, a waterfight or a dance by the







firelight. From 100 metres downriver Krishna Lama, the cook, would pick out a beat on his tabla. Om, with the safety pin in his ear, would pick up the verse, soon to be joined by the paddlers and finally by Wangchuck prancing from hull to hull across the rafts. And as the peaks and valleys that surrounded this little tableau of jade waters and Martians in space rafts echoed to the music, we would often look to a village above and see children dancing and singing along.

It was on day three, at Mugling rapids, that Margaret became our first man overboard. Later we recalled what a Nepali sage reputedly once said to a rich Westerner: "Madam, in your country you are a bird in a gilded cage. In Nepal your cage is gone. But for this freedom, you must pay a price." Margaret thought her chilly dunking a small price to pay.

After Mugling, the river continued its drop through the Himalayan foothills. It became wider and calmer. Nights became warmer, and below a full moon we camped on deserted river beaches. Beside the fire, Krishna Lama would spread impossible meals of buffalo schnitzel, pappadams, fried chicken, vegetable patties, coleslaw, fruit salad, banana custard and more. All this was generated from a tiny storage drum and prepared on a "stove" of three rocks, with a few aluminium pots.

Toward the end of our journey we put ashore at Devghat, a little Hindu temple and ashram which sits at the confluence of the Trisuli and the Kali Gandakhi rivers (the latter flowing out of the deepest gorge on Earth). There we met the swami Pagla Baba Aghori, who is known to Westerners as "Crazy Baba" because of his practice during the past 40 years of gradually amputating his left arm. Rotund and content, he sported a diamond ring given to him by the King of Nepal and was enjoying his old age amid beautiful surroundings. He was pleased to show off his ashram and conducted us to his sleeping cell, high above the rivers. It contained a mattress, a radio, a rafting life-jacket, and a golf putter.

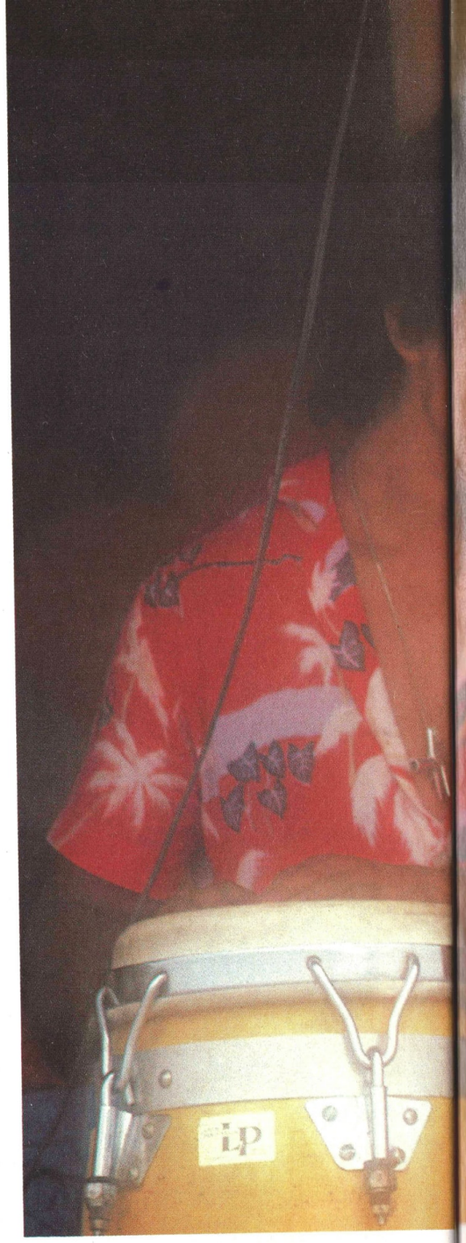
When we rounded the last bend in the river, leaving the blue ridges of the Mahabharat Range and the Himalayas behind us, and saw the dusky roofs of Narayanghat city before us, we felt like a group of Huck Finns. On this corridor of wild water and weird characters, we had penetrated Nepal beyond the promise of postcards and brochures. As we climbed out of our rafts, we felt wiser and wilder than the people who'd stepped into them four days earlier. ○—

Rafting in Nepal takes place mainly on the Trisuli and Seti Khola in central Nepal, the Karnali and Tuli Beri to the west, and the Sun Khosi to the east. Best time of year is mid-October to March.

AUSTRALIAN HIMALAYAN EXPEDITIONS

Sample Prices (all in Australian dollars).

Nepal Panorama:	21-day round trip — 8 days trekking, 3 days rafting on the Trisuli River, 3 days Chitwan Game Park. $2345 ex Sydney/ Melbourne. $1186 ex Katmandu.
Sun Khosi Raft Expedition (Nepal):	21-day round trip — 11 days rafting, 4 days trekking. $2244 ex Sydney/ Melbourne. $1085 ex Katmandu.
Zanskar Raft Expedition (India):	36-day round trip — 14 days trekking, 8 days rafting. $2875 ex Sydney/ Melbourne, $1905 ex Delhi.

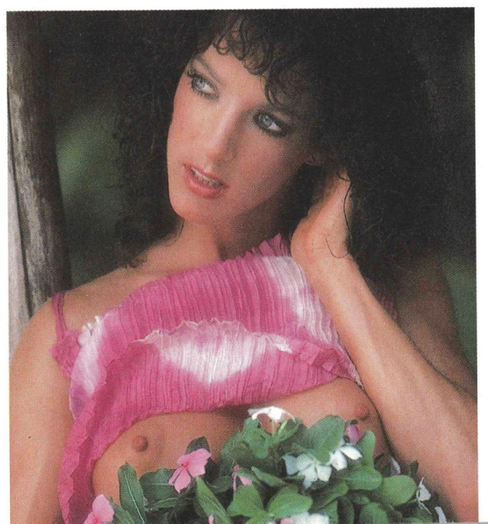


THE FAST LANE

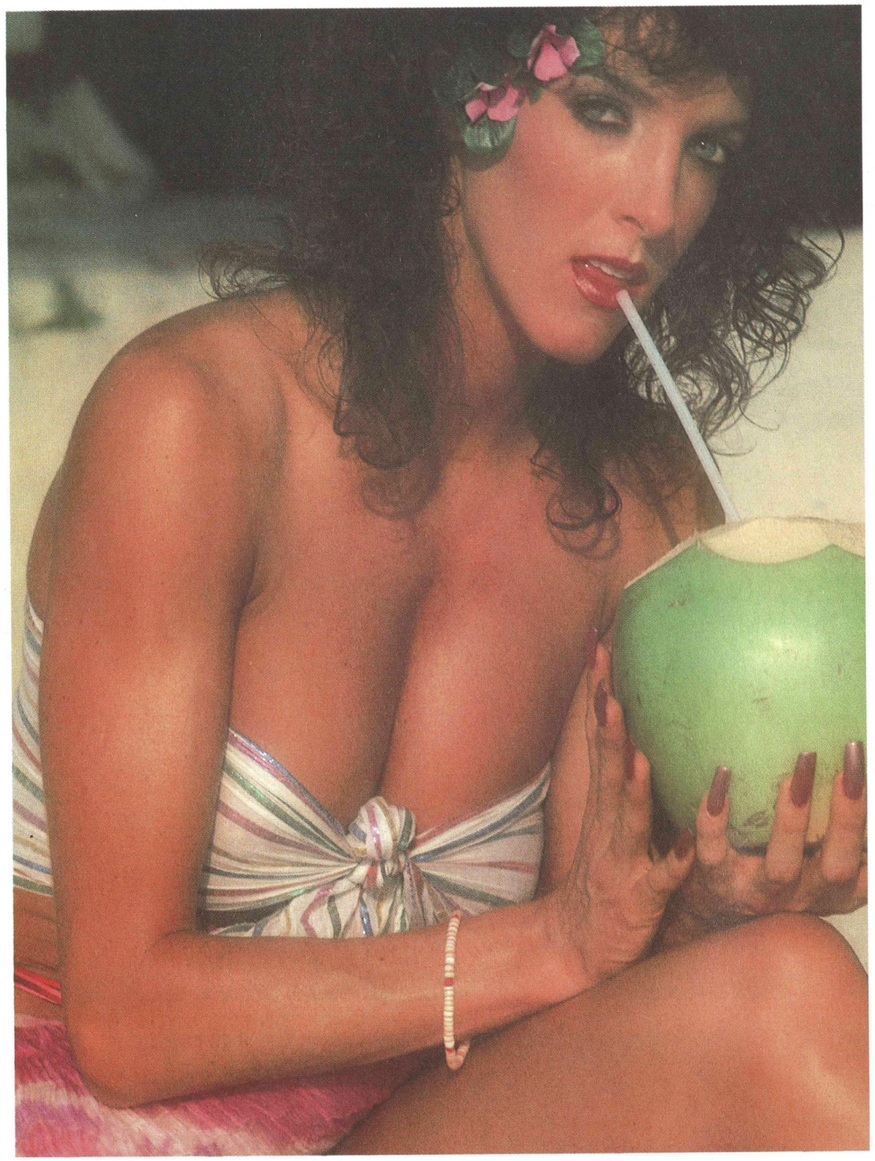
Heather Lynn is extremely conscious of her body, and so is everyone else. The fellows here strike up the band to celebrate the pleasures of her flesh. On location for this shoot, Heather liked to keep the color in her cheeks by jogging on the beach, and it wasn't just the coastal breeze that whistled in her ears . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALLAN J. WASH

This blue-eyed brunette
also lifts weights twice a week
to form a more perfect union
of her opulent curves. She's put
a lot of work into her body
and she makes sure that any
man she takes up with is
in tip-top shape.

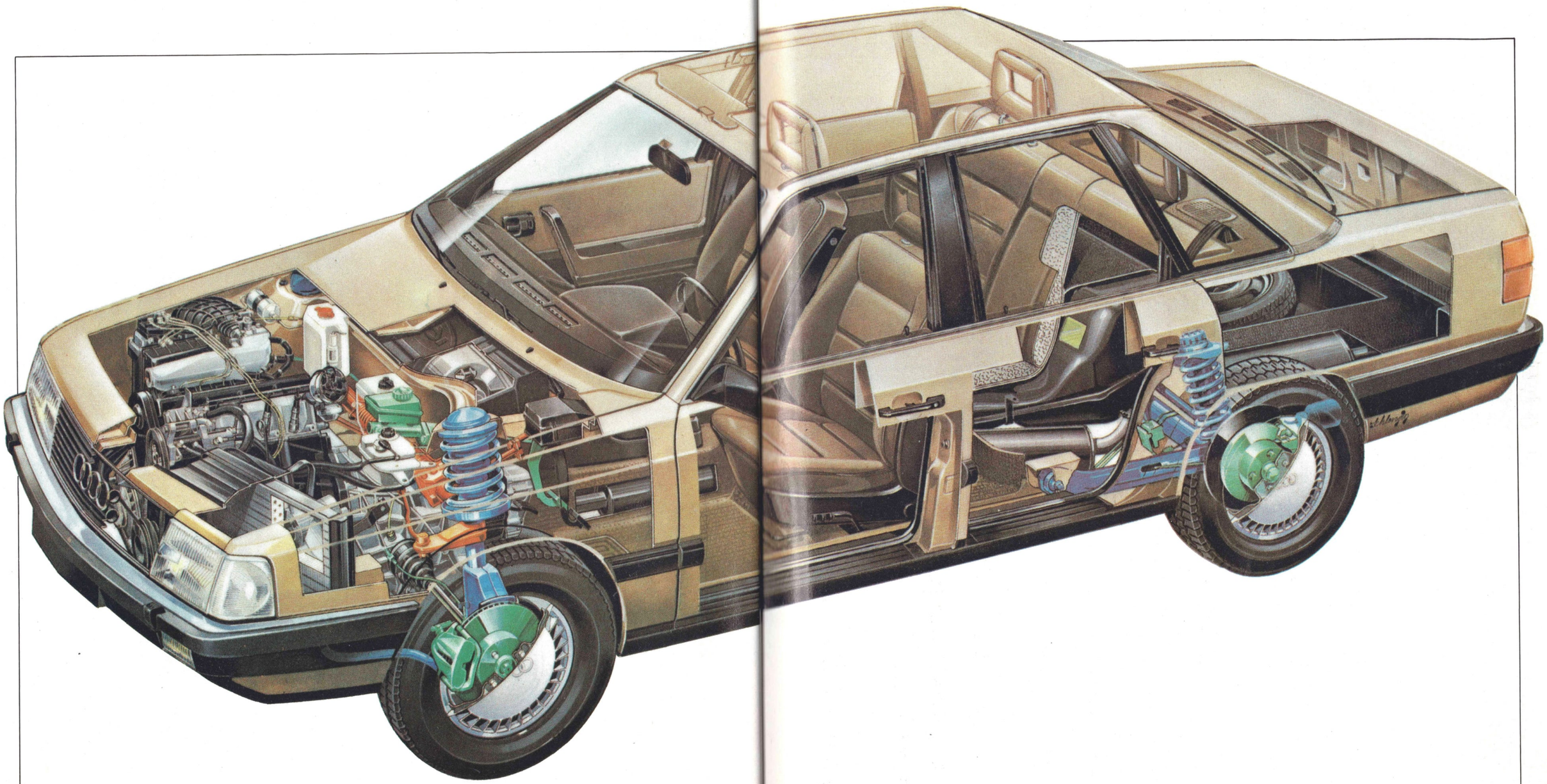


Aside from sex, our Pet's favorite thrill is skiing. In winter she cuts up the snow and in summer she cuts up the water on a jet ski. A little dangerous, she concedes, but exhilarating.



Still, if she were to die young, she jokes, it would be without a trace of cellulite. Not surprisingly, Heather dislikes men with flabby bodies, and she's really turned off by underwear.

So what does she like? "Oh, men with a sense of humor, nice teeth, unpretentious wealth and a taste for sexual adventure." She says her most erotic adventure to date was a *menage a trois* with two strapping young men who were into sharing. Heather, if that's the road to fulfilment, we'll meet you in the fast lane.



Audi 100 — the car that set Europe on its ear — is here

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

BY PETER McKAY

Five minutes to cover 15 kilometres. That's quick. And easy. No white knuckles, no mental check on the personal insurance situation, no great rush of adrenalin. The Audi 100 is a vehicle designed and built to travel — no, cruise — at 180 km/h. Which is fine on any West German autobahn, but potentially costly should an enthusiastic local enforcer of law and order point a KR-11 in your direction. Even on the lonely gunbarrel straight Hay Plains in western NSW.

A Sydney-to-Adelaide blast was *Penthouse's* introduction to the car that, since its mid-1982 launch in Europe, has become the most discussed set of wheels in the world. And the most acclaimed — witness its 1983 European Car of the Year award and the '83 World Car of the Year mantle.

The Audi 100 is probably the most significant motor car to emerge from a European factory this decade, principally because of its benchmark styling. Simply,

EXPECTATIONS

it's the slipperiest mass-produced car of all time. And that's big news at a time when so much importance is placed on aerodynamics because of associated advantages in fuel efficiency. This Audi has a coefficient of drag of just 0.30, which places it well ahead of its market rivals, most of which weigh in around the 0.38 average. It slices through air like a hot knife through butter . . . and logically this means it requires less fuel.

But winning awards isn't just a matter of turning up with a car of devastating aerodynamic effectiveness. The Audi 100 has also been soundly eulogised as an engineering masterpiece. Not that there's a lot new about its 96 kw 2.2-litre five-cylinder fuel-injected engine, which has been around in a variety of guises and models since 1976. But Audi has managed, remarkably, to produce a roomy executive package that happily sits on 200 km/h all day while consuming petrol at a rate that wouldn't perturb even a penny-pinching Scot.

And now it's here, hard on the heels of innumerable adjectives and enough chromeware to fill the front lobby at Audi's Ingolstadt, West Germany, headquarters.

The 100 is not a car for the masses. Not unless the masses have come into an inheritance since we last looked. Price tags say $32,450 for the five-speed manual and a grand extra for the auto. That kind of brass places the newcomer in against the likes of the Volvo 760, the BMW 528i, Rover's 3500 and the cheapest of the Mercs, the 230E. Unquestionably expense-account territory.

The new model will need to fly in the face of local history in order to succeed here. Audi isn't a marque that has really clicked with Australians. In Europe it's big and robust and respected, the flashy end of the giant Volkswagen-Audi production line and a name closely linked with innovation and high tech. Audi was an early starter in the front-wheel-drive field; this year is its 50th as a manufacturer of FWD cars. In recent times it came up with the five-cylinder engine and all-wheel-drive road and rally cars (the Quattro). Unquestionably, Audi is one of the great innovators of auto making.

But in far away Australia, Audi (usually erroneously pronounced as "Ordy" rather than the Germanic "Owdy") is a motoring enigma. Along with Citroen and Lancia, it has had to struggle for sales and acceptance. While its home market rivals — BMW and Mercedes-Benz — have established a firm beachhead in Australia and New Zealand, Audi leads a largely unheralded existence in the South Pacific. Two recent arrivals, the compact and efficient 5+5 and hot performing turbocharged 200T, finally opened a few sleepy eyes Down Under. Still, salesmen were hardly left breathless by the clamor. But what these two models have done for Audi in Australia is to establish sensible values on the second-hand market, an important consideration when contemplating an investment in a new car. Which is where the new 100 model came in . . .

Any vehicle preceded by such a formidable reputation just has to attract notice. There have been — and will be — plenty of Kevs and Narelles bowling along to the local dealership for a perv at the Kraut car that was voted the best in the world. And even if suburban Australia doesn't queue up to buy it (and suburban Australia won't), at least the 100 model has accelerated brand awareness.

Back to the Sturt Highway and the Hay Plains, Australia's one-lane autobahn. The manual version of the World Car of the Year was in its element, running to an indicated 206 on the speedo with the tacho needle still a long way off the 6200 rpm maximum. The Germans have geared the Audi 100 for conditions such as these. Travelling at a ton in the old language, the engine is ticking over at an effortless 4300 rpm. Transmission and engine are designed to work most effectively at the busy end of the rev range. Maximum torque is provided at 5000 revs; most local cars peak around the 3000-4000 bracket because of the need for flexibility in city work.

The effect of driving a car fitted with gearing based around fuel efficiency and abnormally high cruising speeds hits home in the city. There the Audi's lack of low-down acceleration can be frustrating in cut-and-thrust traffic manoeuvres. The manual can be made to work in these situations but the automatic — which will be the one that sells most — is too tardy. Happiness for the Audi 100 owner is a derestriction sign.

But even at our legal open-road limits, the Audi is not seen at its responsive best. It doesn't really kick up its heels below 4000 rpm, which equates with around 130 km/h in fourth gear. In fifth, between 150 km/h and 190 km/h, it shows surprising accelerative urges. At those speeds the car is remarkably quiet and sure-footed. The steering (power-assisted) is superb, with agreeable road feel when it is required most. The four-wheel discs are reassuringly efficient. And, unlike some earlier Audis, the brake pedal is on the same plane as the accelerator pedal, making for faster right foot responses in emergency situations.

As an interstate cruiser, the Audi has everything going for it except a compliant set of traffic laws. Perfect for West Germany with its no-limit three-lane autobahns, it sadly does its finest work here at speeds that could get its driver locked up for the night. Paranoia on the Hay Plains means convincing yourself that the approaching Volvo with a roof rack is really a highway patrol car. Constantly questioning our infallibility is the song booming out of the Pioneer, Kenny Rogers rasping through "Long Arm Of The Law" for the 17th time in six hours. Why didn't we buy more tapes back in Griffith? And why does every commercial traveller in the far west drive a white Falcon?

Tank top-up time is a revelation. Usually, 180 km/h averages equate with a rousing thirst for high octane. The auto returned 15.33 litres for every 100 kilometres — or 18.7 mpg. The do-it-yourself shifter, at higher average speeds, came up with almost the same figures. Audi quotes a fuel return of around 8.0 litres/100 km (35 mpg) for the manual at a steady 120 km/h. Those numbers don't win it any friends among the oil companies. They also give it a touring capability of a Sydney to Melbourne haul without refuelling, thanks to an 80-litre tank.

The goodies that any self-respecting $30,000-plus luxury motor car should have are there: cruise control, power steering, power windows, central locking, AM-FM stereo-cassette, power aerial, air conditioning that actually suits a hot climate, auto check system, halogen foglights and an economy gauge that might better be replaced by a temperature indicator. Seating and trim is velour, a material that doesn't always cope with unkind treatment. Tyres are the unfashionable (in view of the usual fitting of brands like Michelin and Pirelli to upmarket saloons) but suprisingly good Continentals. In dry or wet conditions — it actually rained on our high-speed outback parade — they didn't look like letting go and pitching the car into the scenery.

The Audi is a large motor car, standing longer and taller than a Ford Falcon. But in order to pander to aerodynamics, it has a tiny frontal area and reduced girth. It weighs in at just 1210 kilograms. By comparison, the Falcon is a meatier 1435 kilograms. Therein lies one of the advantages of front-wheel-drive: it's easier for the engineers to pare away the fat.

While bravery in design and engineering has been a tradition at Audi, there are always sound practical reasons for being different. Audi was clearly on the right track in 1934 when it went front-wheel-drive with a six-cylinder 2.0-litre family car, and its five-pot engine has proved its versatility over the last eight years, readily accepting turbocharging or fuel injection and handling outrageous quantities of horsepower when called upon to do so by its motorsports arm. Permanent all-wheel-drive production cars were dismissed as a gimmick when Audi came forth with its *rallymeister*, the turbo Quattro, in 1980. Now the other manufacturers are clambering to follow suit. And finally, with the 100, Audi is setting the pace in aerodynamics while incorporating many earlier engineering landmarks.

Unfortunately, too few Australians will realise why the Audi 100 has earned its World Car of the Year mantle. Local road conditions and laws won't allow this classy European to be seen in its true colors. All is not lost, provided the local Volkswagen-Audi distributors can convince the know-it-alls back in Ingolstadt that for our market, their pride and joy needs some Australianisation.

Somewhere in the Audi parts bin must be a lower-ratio diff for the automatic, something that would make the car sparkle around town. As it stands, the auto will disappoint when it could so easily captivate. The manual, while it isn't exactly geared for tyre-smoking getaways in the traffic dodgems, has sufficient flexibility not to suffer a revision. Even so, a lower final-drive ratio wouldn't do this long-legged cruiser any harm.

If Ingolstadt resists any moves to change its jewel, the alternative is to sit tight — and hang on until the inevitable arrival here of a turbocharged version of the Audi 100. O+

SUZUKI GR650

BMW K100

Two wheel trends point
to a range of 1984 models which are
all torque and all action

A VINTAGE YEAR

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

People in the business refer to this time of year as Australian motorcycling's silly season. (Cynics maintain that the silly season is perennial.) It's a time when enthusiasts sit and quietly ponder last year's harvest of machines, and what may be in store with the new crop.

The past year was one that saw the further escalation of the power craze in motorcycle engines. Despite this, the Japanese manufacturers, who control 95 percent of the Australian market, suffered one of their worst years ever, with Yamaha announcing a $5 million loss.

For the dealers, 1983 has been a year to forget. The first quarter of the year looked promising, with sales being spurred on by hints of devaluation of the Australian dollar and the eventual revaluation of the yen. But by the time winter had set in and the currencies had stabilised, buyers were showing a distinct lack of interest, with turnover figures falling 20 percent from the previous year. A bit of a pity really, because 1983 was a vintage year for bikes. In my opinion, the bike of the year award was a split decision shared by the BMW K100 and Suzuki's GR 650.

BMW fans and high-tech devotees may disagree with the inclusion of the Plain Jane Suzuki in the top bracket, especially in view of the engineering excellence of the West German machine. But, like the girl with tits on her back, the Suzuki is nothing to look at but lovely to dance with. It is by far the best large commuter bike yet seen: simple in principle; effective in layout; and carrying a price tag of $2599 (less than $2000 in US), which makes a mockery of some bikes with less than half its engine size.

The once-popular 650cc vertical twin-cylinder format (which was the backbone of the defunct British motorcycle industry) has risen again, thanks to the meticulous attention Suzuki has paid to perfecting the package. If a motorcycle is supposed to be uncomplicated in design, a strong point of the BMW boxer twins of the past 60 years, then the GR 650 can claim a 10 out of 10. The bulky seat is comfortable, the riding position erect and therefore ideal for control and manoeuvrability in city traffic, while the engine delivers a flat torque curve that gives low-down pulling power. Single disc front and drum rear brakes are all that's needed to cope with the 184kg dry weight of the motorcycle. Thanks to effective oil-damped front forks and adjustable single unit full-floated rear suspension, the bike is controllable at all speeds.

The more I rode the GR, the more I liked it. Most scribes reviewing the bike agreed. Although not endowed with a superbike top speed — due to engine power characteristics and an upright seating position which skyrockets with wind drag up high — the bike can top 170 km/h and split the standing quarter in 14.65s. When compared with the Aston Martin Vantage's 14.77s and De Tomaso Pantera's 5.35s, it looks pretty healthy.

Inside the engine, the designers have taken steps to reduce self-destructive vibratory forces so common with 650cc vertical twins, improved breathing and combustion to return 50 mpg, and introduced a variable mass flywheel which disengages at 3000rpm to enhance mid-to-top range performance. Handlebars are rubber mounted to further reduce the minimal vibrations from the 180-degree crank with single balancer.

If you were going to take a set against the GR it could only be based on its lack of compromise for touring. The non-crouch

Previous page: The new bikes of '84. This page: close-ups of the dual contenders for the '83 bike of the year award, the BMW K100 and Suzuki's GR650.

VINTAGE YEAR

creating this masterpiece was one of finding another way to do things.

Smooth, powerful and easy to ride, the BMW is a totally sensible motorcycle, a flawless luxury machine.

What can we expect in 1984? The Japanese have already given us a preview at end-of-year motor shows in Cologne, Paris, Tokyo and Milan, spellbinding the public with new models and new design concepts. Developments continue at a blinding pace.

The trend, once again, is racing — grand prix or endurance. Make the product look as close to a genuine racer as possible, and you can't fail. Honda, Yamaha and Kawasaki have some really wild looking stuff, brightly colored in traditional brand hues and cloaked in wind-cheating fibreglass fairings strategically scalloped to reveal glimpses of mouth-watering motor. If you thought the Honda CB 1100R was just a touch off absolute racing, then wait until the new hardware arrives.

Those end of year show-goers could not believe their eyes when supposedly down and almost out Yamaha lifted the lid on the shark-like FJ 1100, with its quick steering box-section tubing lateral frame, and the 500cc V4 two-stoke, cloned from the world championship bike of three-time winner Kenny Roberts. Never mind the rest of the stable; those two bikes will carry Yamaha's flag so high this year that the woes of 1983 will be forgotten.

The lateral frame concept introduces to the street a chassis with no loops over the 16-valve engine. The frame top spreads like two arms around the cylinder heads, joining in front of the steering head for increased strength.

Kawasaki is back in the game it knows best and that's making 900s, the first of which in 1972 ushered in a new standard of superbike — 220 km/h two-up riding. The 1984 GPz 900R is as light as the current 750, cranks out 110 bhp and has four valves per water-cooled cylinder. It is due to be released in March and will be accompanied by Kawasaki's water-cooled in-line two-stroke 250 road bike wearing the traditional race track green fairing, tank and seat.

Some of the most exciting of the new Hondas are not being picked up by NSW distributor Bennett-Honda. We will get to see the VF 1000F, an enlarged version of the popular V4 750 of last year, and the CBX 750, a six-speeder good for 91 hp. What we won't see from Honda (unless there is a change of heart, or one of the other state distributors decides to pick up the order) is the VF 1000R, with twin headlights (for night racing?) and endurance racing tank, seat and fittings.

With such an impressive array of starters, it seems likely that the bike business will boom in '84, at least making up for some of the disappointments of 1983.

riding position and 12-litre fuel tank gives a range of only 170kms. But that's more than made up for by its point-to-point capability when observing the speed limit.

The BMW K100 would eat the Suzuki on a long run, but have a hard time chasing it round town. The fact that the West Germans have launched the three-model, four-cylinder range at a time when the Rising Sun is at its palest for two decades was a product of good luck rather than good management.

No doubt there are assorted BMWs of the new ilk in many pieces in Japan right now, being closely scrutinised by startled engineers who are somewhat shaken by the *tour de force* of the Munichers. The new fuel-injected, water-cooled, twin-cam engine at the heart of this motorcycle is something the others can only dream about. Like the Suzuki, the emphasis is on torque rather than top speed, because to most people, pleasurable riding is all about low-down throttle response. At $5795 the K100 is unfortunately not within the budget of a lot of people, but it is still value for money and after three or more years of careful ownership it will not do much damage in depreciation or running costs.

Painstaking alterations by designers have resulted in an engine which can be worked on easily without time being soaked up by removal of numerous parts just to get to a routine maintenance area. Clearly, the designers' rule of thumb in

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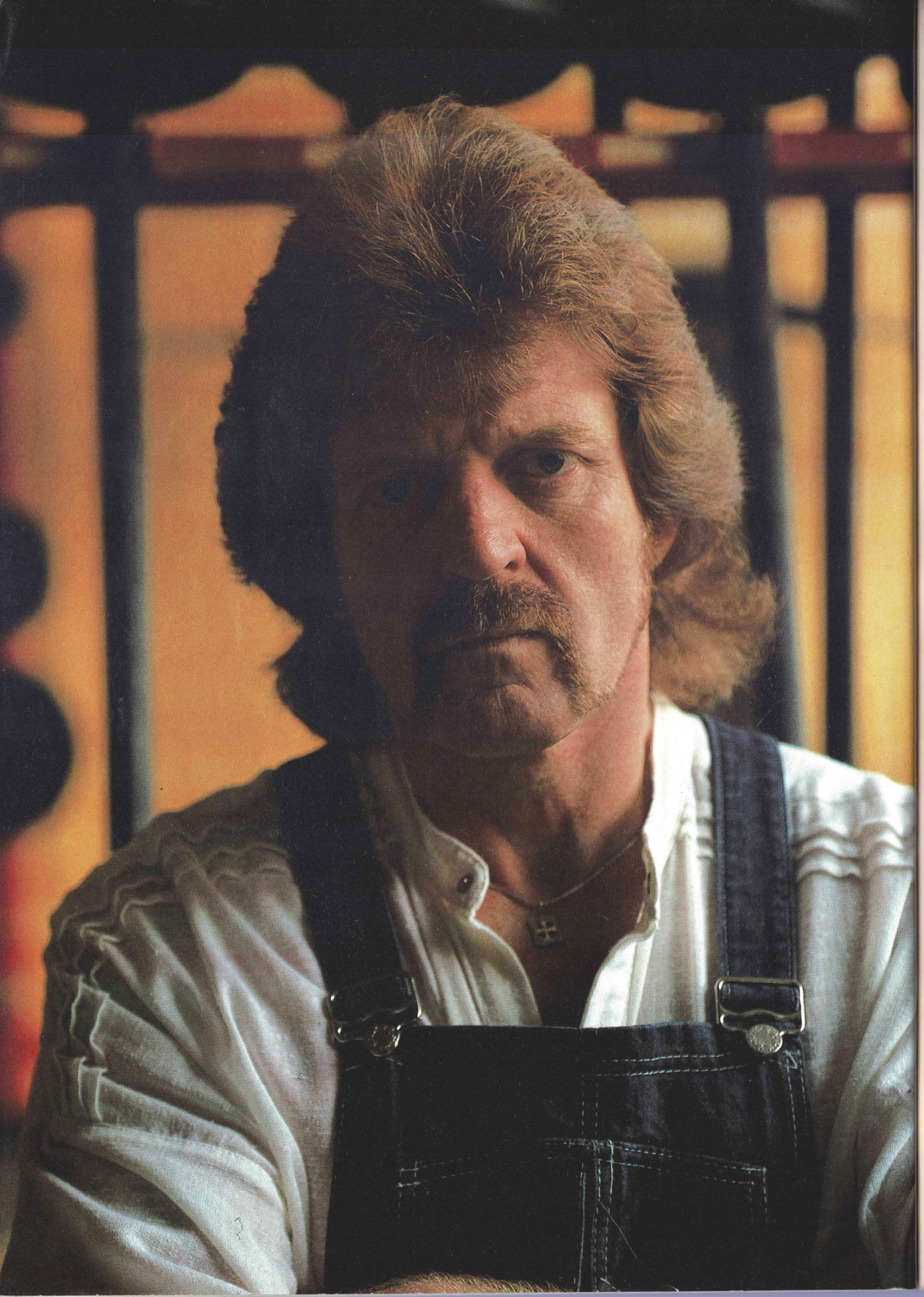


BOB JONES
PART 2

‘Today I am always protecting someone or helping someone to learn to protect himself. So, from the point of view of karma, that has got to be very good for me, compared with what I was doing 15 years ago’

In the first instalment of the two-part Bob Jones interview last month, Australia's leading martial arts entrepreneur described his formative years on the Melbourne streets in the Fifties. During his conversations with Phil Abraham, he discussed his progression from street fighting to his work as a bouncer in a variety of Victorian venues — a job which led to the formation of his security firm, The Troubleshooters.

Jones' "tough guy" image — one which he now rejects — kept his services in demand through the Sixties and early Seventies, as he expanded his business to include martial arts schools and a security company which serviced the rock and roll industry. He provided blackbelts from his karate schools as guards at most of Australia's major music festivals during the two decades, as well as providing bodyguards for the stars who performed at them. Jones himself was the personal bodyguard to many of the major acts in this country and the USA during that period. Last month he described some of his remarkable experiences during those heady days of rock and roll's infancy.

The influence of his martial arts training rubbed off on many of the performers he worked for; David Bowie is an example. Jones is quick to point out Bowie's costume on his latest *Let's Dance* album — kickboxing shorts and gloves. Kickboxing is Bob Jones' current kick. In 1984, much of his time is spent on promotion of the sport in Australia.

Jones' enthusiasm for the sport is evident in the second and final instalment of his interview, in which he talks about his hopes for what he sees as a sport with potential for both participants and a huge television audience. Apart from his kickboxing business, he also discusses and defends his martial arts training methods, which have come under a lot of fire from traditional exponents of the art of self-defence.

His conversation with deputy editor Phil Abraham picks up from where it left off last month, as Jones describes the incident which led him to rethink his attitudes toward his violent lifestyle. He says the huge brawl on a Frankston football oval was a turning point in his life. It was an incident which made him realise that he could not keep up his "heavy dude" front forever. Jones says he was forced to accept a harsh reality: "Although I never lost a fight, I came to realise that even if you come out on top of your opponent, you're still a loser in other ways."

Penthouse: What happened at the Frankston concert which made you see the error of your ways?

Jones: Twenty of us were attacked by about 300 people. Fights had been breaking out all day. The event was staged on a football oval in 42-degree heat. There was a lot of alcohol, and it was obviously a volatile situation. One of the organisers asked us to get down into the crowd and quieten things down. I told him it would be like putting a bee in a hornets' nest.

Penthouse: What finally forced you to try to break up the situation?

Jones: Lobby Lloyd was playing at this particular event. He attracted the skinheads and there were gangs of them beating up the music-loving marijuana smokers. The St John's Ambulance people were treating a lot of casualties. Then we were informed that a pregnant woman had been kicked. I knew we had to do something. We got the woman's husband to come into the crowd with us, so he could point out the offender. The gangs were at least 300 strong. At first there were six of us. There were only 12 police on duty — one Sergeant and 11 pups. They could see what was coming and headed in the opposite direction. They bolted and I didn't blame them.

Penthouse: What were you thinking?

Jones: I thought: "Shit! They're leaving and here we are, six of us, about to walk into the middle of 300 drunks in order to throw one of them out." We got into the middle of the pack and then the woman's husband freaked out and disappeared, and we were left standing there. The crowd formed around us and beer bottles started whizzing through the air. My other 14 guys realised what was happening and came in to help. By that time the fighting had started. We were totally outnumbered and I knew we were in trouble. As I said, I didn't mind a bit of a skirmish in those days, so I got into it. That was the only occasion in my career as a security guard that I lost control. I was really hurting people. But it was a matter of survival. Beer bottles were flying everywhere; some of them were flying over us and into the crowd. One hit a girl in the head. I could see she was badly hurt. We couldn't control the situation. I knew we had to get out of there.

Penthouse: How did you escape?

Jones: We fought our way out according to a prearranged plan. We formed a triangle — we'd trained for this. The big guys were up front spearheading the attack, while the fast movers defended the rear. With that wedge formation we managed to barge our way through the hostile crowd. None of us were hurt. But 48 other people ended up in hospital; some of them had serious injuries — broken bones, bad cuts and more.

Penthouse: The press was particularly critical of the way you handled that situation, wasn't it?

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAHAM MONRO

INTERVIEW

Jones: They really played that incident up. They took a personal blast at me, saying I was out of line in taking that sort of action. The inference was that I shouldn't have been doing what I did. But I didn't need them to tell me that. That event was a turning point in my life.

Penthouse: How did it change your attitude?

Jones: I remember surveying the scene after we had got out. The riot squad had arrived and the gangs were now fighting the cops: truckloads of police had been brought in from Melbourne and as far away as the Dandenongs. Ambulances were taking the casualties off to hospital. I looked at all that carnage. I felt responsible for it, and I didn't like the feeling.

Penthouse: You have stated that your rise to the role of martial arts instructor was one of the factors which helped to moderate that violent streak. How did you make the transition from being a student of karate to an instructor?

Jones: It was a natural progression. People were constantly asking me to teach them, as I mentioned toward the end of the first instalment of this interview, so it was inevitable that I should start teaching — although it was a long while before I was qualified to do so.

Penthouse: You timed your move into the martial arts business well.

Jones: Yes. The Bruce Lee fad came along in the early Seventies when I started to teach; I was in the right place at the right time. The martial arts boomed during that period. We started off with one club 13 years ago. Now we have 180 clubs all over Australia. We are still expanding.

Penthouse: And now the interest in kickboxing appears to be maintaining the boom. How have you adapted kickboxing for Australian sporting needs?

Jones: In Thailand, where it originated, kickboxing is a vicious sport. It's dangerous: they use elbows, knees and headbutts. We have modified the rules with the accent on safety. For example, instead of fighting barefoot and with bare shins, our contestants must wear shin guards and footpads as well as boxing gloves. We don't allow the use of knees or headbutts. Kickboxing is a fast, flashy form of combat. Basically it is very similar to boxing, with equivalent rules, weight divisions and title structures.

Penthouse: How does kickboxing compare with boxing, as far as injury rates are concerned?

Jones: The kickboxer suffers less injury. He fights from a greater distance, so he doesn't get the heavy hand and head contact boxers get. When kickboxers get forced into corners, the ref brings them back to the centre of the ring, so there is not so much clinching. And a lot of the kicks miss. When they do connect you get knockouts, but they are clean knockouts.

Penthouse: Do you have stringent safety requirements?

Jones: They are much stricter than in Western boxing. We fight fewer rounds, and our fighters are generally fitter than your average boxer.

Penthouse: Is there a high rate of knockouts?

Jones: There are more technical knockouts than anything. They happen when a fighter gets winded by a kick or suffers a corked thigh. It's a bit like boxing. Boxers get knocked out easily when they begin to fight. Then they condition themselves. I don't like that aspect of fighting. Boxers feel they have to toughen their heads up, so they hit one another high a lot during training. In my experience of knowing all sorts of fighters over 25 years, I would say that the fighters who have been brain damaged suffered damage prior to fights. This is when the damage is done — during training, not in the actual fight. We have learned a lesson from that. We don't allow our fighters to hit one another prior to the night. If I see guys going for it too hard in the gym, I'll start yelling at them and telling them to put headguards on.

> The criminal element has not tried to get involved in kickboxing. And we wouldn't allow it if it did

Penthouse: What's the prizemoney like?

Jones: It's insignificant at present. You couldn't expect otherwise. The sport is new to the West. But it is rapidly gaining popularity. In the US, sponsors like Budweiser have been enlisted, and with the huge increase in television coverage the sport is attracting, sponsorship and therefore prizemoney will soon improve too.

Penthouse: Have you introduced any sort of restrictions which will keep "fixing" out of kickboxing, so that it doesn't suffer from the accusations of corruption often made against boxing?

Jones: I don't know why, but so far that has not been a problem. The criminal element has not tried to get involved. And we wouldn't allow it if it did.

Penthouse: How do you see your role in kickboxing over the next few years?

Jones: I see myself as a kickboxing entrepreneur. I am heavily involved in seeing that it becomes a successful sport in this country. I believe I have the ability and the resources to make it work.

Penthouse: When did you start to promote kickboxing in this country?

Jones: In 1976. In the eight years since then, Australia has produced eight or nine world-rated fighters.

Penthouse: What is distinctive about your martial arts style, Zen Do Kai?

Jones: It is distinctive and popular because we converted to Freestyle. In very simple terms, there are three major martial arts styles — Japanese, Chinese and Korean. They are all designed for the Oriental physique, which is generally smaller, with a lighter bone structure, than the Western physique.

Penthouse: How did these styles get translated to suit the West?

Jones: After World War II and the Korean War, US servicemen returned home under the influence of Japanese and Korean styles. Bruce Lee made the Chinese style popular in the West. A blend, and an adaption of these different techniques to suit tall, strong men, was inevitable. The result is Freestyle. We called our brand of Freestyle Zen Do Kai, which means among other things, "Way of Thought."

Penthouse: What sort of status does your style enjoy in this country?

Jones: Our numbers make us the biggest self-defence organisation in the nation. Attendances at our clubs are seasonal. The numbers are currently fluctuating between 4500 and 6000 pupils throughout Australia. I've got 2000 blackbelts. If current trends continue, that number will rise to 5000 in the next few years.

Penthouse: You have come in for a lot of criticism for your training methods from the traditionalists, who claim you are giving away blackbelts. How do you answer to those critics?

Jones: We teach the martial arts in the same way as a modern sporting coach trains an athlete. The modern coach's aim is to improve his student's performance as quickly as he can. We take the same attitude. Our Jet Black system eliminates the principle which makes the attainment of a black belt a lifetime struggle. We've hit that philosophy on the head. We train black belts faster than the Oriental system, with its mystique and philosophies that take years to learn.

Penthouse: It's no wonder you've copped a lot of flack, with attitudes like that.

Jones: The traditionalists do criticise me. But you've got to be realistic. In the Western world, the martial arts are a commercial scene. Everyone who is teaching has to make a living. The better they are at teaching, the better the living they will make. The fact that we do it better than anyone else has created jealousies and conflicts with the other systems. Their problem is that they are narrow-minded.

Penthouse: How can you offer a novice a fully rounded instruction in the martial arts if you have thrown the traditional philosophies out the window?

Jones: We still maintain some traditions. If you don't keep the basis of the Oriental philosophies you will fall apart. We follow the true meaning of Bushido — the way of the Japanese warrior — in our social and our business lives. And it works.

Penthouse: There appears to be a lot of envy and conflict in the local martial arts scene. Is that fair comment?

Jones: Yes. Most of the instructors are off on their own ego trips. When you put yourself out in front of a class of 50 people and they all start bowing to you, it can go to your head. I had that problem when I first started teaching in the early Seventies. But look, the proof of the success of our methods is that we keep on expanding. And we are getting bigger because we are keeping the customer satisfied. And we do that by teaching him to defend himself quicker and more efficiently than anyone else in the business.

Penthouse: The other criticism you receive is that you are training streetfighters rather than self-defence exponents.

Jones: That is one objection I get from the other clubs. But there are no real grounds for complaint, and I'll tell you why. I teach in high schools — 48 of them in Victoria. I am currently teaching 3000 kids under the age of 16 and I've been doing it for the last 10 years. Now, if I was turning them into thugs, I'm sure their headmasters would have stepped in before now. The best character references I've got are the comments of these headmasters. They will testify to the beneficial effects of my methods. We can build up insecure kids; I teach them to have pride and self-confidence. And at the same time, I quieten down the troublemakers.

Penthouse: What is unique about your grading system?

Jones: It is designed so that the longer a person trains, the more he will adapt to the Bushido philosophies of the samurai. Anyone who has been with me for 10 years is living a samurai lifestyle according to the Bushido code. But what is unique to the martial arts in general — one of its major benefits, particularly for kids — is that it teaches them to set goals. In today's society, two of the things that are lacking are discipline and respect, and the martial arts instill both of these qualities in people. These characteristics are generated in them from their first training sessions. At the same time, the belt system gives them goals. We regard ourselves as a warrior class. Our hierarchy is not based on fame or money, it is based on how good a fighter you are.

Penthouse: When your detractors charge you with training thugs, they are likely to bring up the recent conviction of one of your top fighters, George Zakaria, on charges of armed robbery.

Jones: I was semi-aware that George was involved in illegal activities. He was one of our best fighters. He was also a close personal friend. George had been Australian champion for four years, and was rated number three in the world. I had George in my office a number of times over an 18-month period and I tried to advise him to avoid what he was getting involved in. I was going to send him overseas to fight. But apparently he wasn't listening.

> If they don't obey the rules, they're out. But I'm not going to go racing around checking the criminal records of all of my pupils

Penthouse: He received a 15-year sentence for the robbery of a payroll from a Victorian Railways guard van. That seems to be a particularly severe sentence.

Jones: Yes. There was a lot of controversy surrounding the case. George protested his innocence throughout the trial. He said the police had put Vic Rail identification labels on the money themselves and that the fingerprints they presented had been lifted off a glass of water he had been given at Russell Street. He refused to name his accomplices and the money—$300,000 — was never recovered. That could be why he was punished so severely. But the question remains: if he didn't do it, then there were no accomplices to name, and no money to return. Maybe George is sitting in jail being punished for something he didn't do. He wouldn't be the first person to find himself in that predicament.

Penthouse: Apart from George Zakaria, you have also had associations with other individuals with criminal records over the years.

Jones: It's inevitable. I work at street level. I get all kinds of people enrolling in my classes. I always try to impress upon them the philosophies which go with our martial arts training. They don't all listen. But I'll make this point. My relationship with the people in my dojos is usually a student/teacher relationship. They obey the rules of our system. If they don't, they're out. But I'm not going to go racing around checking the criminal records of all my pupils.

Penthouse: You have been featured in a photo in your martial arts magazine with the notorious Painters and Dockers "protector" Tommy Spiller, with the caption underneath claiming him as your godfather. That isn't just a teacher/student relationship.

Jones: Tommy Spiller is a black belt student of mine. He is known as a godfather in my senjo system — a guardian. He does work with the Painters and Dockers official Bobby Dix in the capacity of a protector. And in the Senjo structure he is the protector of the Shogun. The comparison that was being made in that caption was that he was the protector of both of us. Tommy has been a pupil of mine for more than 12 years. What he does outside the dojo is his business, as long as he abides by the rules of the school when he comes to train. I see him as a different person than the one the press observes. Tommy is also a personal friend. That is the most important factor in our relationship.

Penthouse: Doesn't it worry you, being associated with the criminal element? Don't you think it could jeopardise some of the legitimate business you are trying to do?

Jones: It doesn't worry me. I put friendship first. I personally don't have any involvement in crime. What other people do is their business. I have friends from all walks of life, and my friendship with them is more important than a dollar.

Penthouse: Linus Driscoll is renowned internationally as a "hitman" — I believe he was wanted by a variety of law enforcement agencies and was eventually charged with murder out here and deported back to the UK. He was also your pupil, wasn't he?

Jones: He did train with me. But at the time I had no idea that he was Linus Driscoll, as you say, one of the world's most notorious hitmen. He was brought out to Australia in the mid-Seventies to do some work for some

people. Driscoll's character was dramatised in the recent Australian film *The Money Movers.* He came to me under the name Jimmy Ford. He told me he was an interior decorator. I had no reason to doubt him. We became good friends. I didn't know who he was or what he was. I was more surprised than anyone when he was charged with those murders.

Penthouse: Apart from the criminal element, I suppose your type of work would tend to attract other so-called "anti-social types", like bike gangs.

Jones: Bikies do somehow get attracted to me. It must be something to do with the image I've developed over the years. For instance, Odin's Warriors train with my schools all over the country. A lot of the Hell's Angels have trained with me. But they don't usually stick around. The philosophies of the East aren't quite right for them. The Angels are a bit upside down with their principles.

Penthouse: On the other hand, there must have been occasions during your time in security when bikies gave you a lot of trouble.

Jones: We have had some interesting confrontations. The most memorable occurred in the year the Wallacia music festival was held on the same weekend as the Bathurst bike races. That was also the year the bikies destroyed Bathurst — rioting in the streets and assaulting everyone in sight. The police moved them out of town. At the same time there were a couple of busloads of Bob Jones karate guys doing the security at Wallacia just down the road. That afternoon we heard that the 500 bikies who had been kicked out of Bathurst were on their way towards Wallacia. We were worried.

Penthouse: Why were you worried?

Jones: We were particularly concerned because we had been involved in a minor problem with about 50 Hell's Angels at the concert earlier in the day. The Angels had been doing things like throwing their bottles into the dams that people were swimming in. As they got drunker they got worse. There were a couple of music lovers in a tent on the hill. The tent became a urinal for the bikies. They were pissing all over it. Naturally the guy in the tent complained. The police didn't want to know about it, so inevitably it became our job. The scene turned into a classic confrontation. I took 15 of my guys over. I said to the group of bikies: "All right, we've had enough. We've warned you a couple of times. This is too heavy. I want you on your bikes and out of here." Then a voice said: "Who's going to make us go?" The owner of the voice appeared. The bikies were on a slope, and their bikes were all over the place. They were above us. Anyway, this guy stood up. I can't remember his name now, but he was really high up in the Hell's Angels hierarchy. He was about six foot three and standing on the high side of the hill. And I'll never forget this: as he stood up Nicky Pappas, one of my guys, in answer to his question about who was going to make them go, said "He is", and pushed me forward.

Penthouse: It seems that a fight was inevitable.

Jones: There was no way out of it. Neither of us could afford to lose face. But I still wanted to defuse the situation. He came towards me. I used my training in the martial arts to ensure that the fight didn't last long. But for a moment I was in big trouble. He lunged at me; I grabbed him by the shoulders and tried to pull him down, but his head came down. It was in my stomach and he was so strong he was starting to lift me off the ground. I knew I had to hurt the guy, otherwise a huge brawl would have erupted, so I used a technique which was particularly vicious. It is not the sort of technique I would normally use, but in this case the situation warranted it.

Penthouse: How did you stop him?

Jones: The only way to stop him was to go for the face. I used a mouth-gouging technique in which you insert both your index fingers into your victim's mouth, with your hands over the top of his head. If you rub the thumb knuckle against the index finger in this position, the skin stretches and so does the victim's smile. If you keep it up for 20 or 30 seconds, you will wind up with both your fists inside the guy's mouth. This is a very painful situation for him. Anyway, that's what I did. But at that point, a couple of my guys moved in to try and break up the fight. They couldn't see where my hands were — inside the guy's mouth. They thought I was applying a strangle. As they were trying to pull my arms away from him they didn't realise that I was stretching his mouth even further. Anyway, I certainly got my point across. The guy didn't want to know about me, I hurt him so bad. The mouth gouge is a very painful technique. That is one of the most tender areas of the body. I would only use that technique in a situation which was particularly critical and needed to be resolved quickly.

Penthouse: Presumably you didn't have any more trouble.

Jones: All 50 of them were off in five minutes. But as they were leaving, they said they would be back — with their friends. That was about 4pm. Later that afternoon we began hearing radio news reports of 500 bikies who had destroyed Bathurst and were now on their way to the Wallacia pop festival. The next thing we heard, later in the evening, was that they were congregating at a hotel a few miles up the road. We prepared for a showdown. At about 12.30 that night we heard the rumble of a pack of bikes coming down the road. There was a mass of them and it was an awesome sight as their headlights picked up the dust off the track. We thought it was the Hell's Angels. We had been getting ready for them all afternoon. We had made up some Molotov cocktails and had planned to run a rope through them as they rode in and then firebomb their bikes when they were down. The element of surprise was going to win the war for us. We were all set, 120 of us. Then the bikes pulled up. I confronted their leader, saying to him "What's happening?" He looked puzzled by our show of force. Then he turned around and showed the colors on the back of his jacket. It was the God Squad (a group of Christians who rode bikes), not the Hell's Angels. It turned out that the bikies from Bathurst never showed. The police had gone out to the hotel where they were congregating and dispersed them.

Penthouse: You recently wrote a book, *Hands Off*, which teaches women how to avoid rape. Did any particular incident prompt you to write the book?

Jones: It was a combination of factors. I've been teaching martial arts for 17 years. The first 12 were mostly involved with men, but my style of self-defence became attractive to women in the mid-Seventies, and my classes soon had about 40 percent female students. They made me aware of the high incidence of sexual assault. During this period I was working as a bodyguard for a variety of female performers — Stevie Nicks, Olivia Newton-John, Chris McVie — and a number of them asked if it was possible for me to condense the movements which normally take three to five years to learn in a blackbelt course into the six to eight weeks of a tour. It wasn't. But I could still teach them to defend themselves. The production of a number of television specials also forced me to condense the course, which is now down to a 21-day training program, and is well suited to be presented as a book.

Penthouse: Your research involved analysing FBI files and American statistics on rape. What conclusions resulted from that research?

Jones: It's sickening. According to the statistics I was shown by US law enforcement agencies, in California two out of three women are raped twice before they reach the age of 21. In the US a rape is reported to police every six minutes. Only one in 20 rapes is reported, so according to those figures, there is a rape occurring every 18 seconds over there.

Penthouse: How do Australian rape statistics compare?

Jones: A thousand rapes were reported to Victorian police last year, but once again, I think you could multiply that number by 20 to account for the high percentage of unreported instances of sexual assault.

Penthouse: What else did the statistics tell you?

Jones: Fifty percent of victims are raped by someone they know, 50 percent of rapes occur in daylight hours, more than 70 percent happen on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays and approximately 70 percent of rape attacks occur during the summer months. These figures are consistent all over the world.

Penthouse: You use the term "hysterical strength" in the book, claiming that if a woman can harness this force she can overcome the male aggressor's physical advantage. How does this work?

> A lot of Hell's Angels have trained with me. But they don't usually stick around. The philosophies of the East aren't quite right for them

Jones: Basically it's a panic thing involving the control and use of adrenalin flow. Let me give you an example. There was a well-documented case in the US of a fragile eight and a half stone woman who, upon hearing a scream, ran out of her home to see her son trapped underneath the car he was working on. It had slipped off the blocks and was crushing his chest. She grabbed the bumper bar and was able to lift the vehicle high enough for him to free himself. That is an example of hysterical strength.

Penthouse: How can a woman gain this strength in a rape situation?

Jones: By converting her fear into anger. These two emotions create different physical responses. When you're scared, your blood pressure is low, you are weak at the knees and your adrenal glands are closed off. I can teach women to convert their fear into anger, thus opening these adrenal glands and giving them the power to defend themselves. The techniques I suggest are used in a variety of forms by runners, boxers, body builders — sportsmen of all types — to increase their strength.

Penthouse: You have included a "black" section in the book, in which the use of some unusual weapons is suggested. Isn't the use of a weapon likely to endanger the woman?

Jones: No. There used to be a theory that the woman should react passively to the rapist, to avoid getting hurt, but research has shown that the woman who fights back has a much better chance of escape. Rapists often don't just rape for sexual pleasure. They enjoy the violence. They get off on overpowering their victim.

Penthouse: What does the black section advise?

Jones: In this section we show a photo of a naked male, and it reveals just how vulnerable the rapist can be. The genital area, inside thigh, face and the backs of the knees are the spots the victim should aim for. I show how a woman can hold a pair of nail scissors in a way which will turn them into an effective weapon. A woman driven by hysterical strength can kill with a weapon as innocuous as that.

Penthouse: You use the term Environmental Defence Awareness. Can you explain it?

Jones: When I use that term I'm talking about positive self-image development. As I've said, I've been training in the martial arts and have been a bodyguard for many years. I don't get into trouble anymore. That's because I have developed an attitude, as a result of my knowledge of self-defence, which puts people off wanting to fight me. When someone wants to hassle me, I put out something, maybe it's an adrenalin glow, which deters them. When a women understands this concept, she can do the same thing. It's Environmental Defence Awareness.

Penthouse: What was your first job in security?

Jones: I started out in that field with a difficult client, the American comedian Shelley Berman. He was a difficult act to work for because he had an aggressive routine which involved verbally attacking his audience. He would pick out a particular person, a fat woman or a bald man, and make fun of them. Sometimes he'd get people laughing, but on other occasions they would become irate, and he'd have to get rid of them if the show was going to continue. He had a technique for communicating with me which I picked up and later found to be invaluable in my work.

Penthouse: What was that technique?

Jones: Berman had a system of gestures worked out; they were signals to his security guards. Innocent movements like pulling his nose, tugging his ear or

wiping his brow all meant something to me. If he wanted us to throw someone out, there was a sign for that. I used those gestures 10 years later in my security business. If I ever pulled my nose, my associates knew that I was just about to throw a punch. When my hand came off my nose, they would join in fast. Now, I hope I am not giving the impression that I beat up everyone that I was required to deal with.

Penthouse: Did you have softer techniques?

Jones: Of course. I used to throw guys out of clubs by just getting them in a bear hug. Their arms would be pinned and I would just scoop them off their feet and throw then down very hard on their hip or shoulder. That usually knocked the stuffing out of them.

Penthouse: In your years as a bodyguard to a variety of rock and roll stars, who do you consider to have been your most difficult client?

Jones: It was probably Paul Rogers from Bad Company. He had a reputation for trouble. In those days the kings of the bad guys were The Who and Led Zeppelin. They were the big brothers of trauma, violence and damage on the rock and roll scene. It seemed as if Paul's ambition was to outdo them.

Penthouse: What sort of tricks did he pull?

Jones: At the Park Royal in Brisbane he ran through the reception area and sprayed the tourists with a fire hydrant. He would refuse to put his seatbelt on in aeroplanes. Stars on tour spend most of their time in hotels, hire cars or aeroplanes. They develop contempt for them and if they're having a bad day they'll take their frustrations out on them.

Penthouse: Didn't one of Rogers' adventures at the Hyatt Kingsgate in Sydney result in that hotel refusing to allow rock and roll stars to stay there?

Jones: Yes, I remember that night very well. I was asleep in a room on the same floor as Rogers. I got a phone call from him. He told me it was raining in the corridor. I was half asleep, and I staggered out and there he is, holding a rolled newspaper with one end on fire up to the ceiling. He had activated the sprinkler thermostats. Six of them were showering the 22nd floor. The corridor was four inches deep with water. It was flowing down the passageway and into the elevator shaft. I went "Oh no!" and he's laughing his head off thinking it's a great joke. Then he goes into his room and slams his door. There were about 100 people up there within five minutes— police, firemen, ambulancemen. Then Paul came out of his room and threatened to sue the hotel for water damage to his guitar. It didn't go down well.

Penthouse: That sounds like a very irresponsible and expensive sort of prank.

Jones: Paul once explained to me why he did that sort of thing. Look at it this way. When he's playing a concert, he's standing there on stage with five semi-trailer loads of sound equipment pounding out thousands of decibels of sound behind him. At the same time, there are 50,000 people in front of him, screaming their heads off. And he's right there in the middle of all this energy; he's the focus of all that electricity. It's an incredible rush. Then he finishes the set. The audience has disappeared within 15 minutes. The sound gear is packed away within an hour, but the performer is backstage, or at his hotel, and he's still wired, he's still got that electric current running through him. And it takes a long time to come down. I think that's why so many performers do drugs. It's also why they do crazy things. And of course, money's no object.

> It is important to me to maintain a level of aggression. But I express it in a different way than I did when I was younger

Penthouse: How have you translated the Japanese philosophies which are a part of your martial arts training to your business dealings?

Jones: I am the Shogun. I and my daimyos live within the social and legal structure of Australian society, but within our subculture we have our own set of laws and procedures. We operate according to the principles of Bushido. We are basically a family structure. We are an expanding and ongoing enterprise. People get married at our martial arts centres. Their children train there. I protect my blackbelts, I am godfather to their children and have been best man at many of their weddings. I lend them money, and they phone me with their personal problems. It is important to me that they are successful, on physical, financial and intellectual levels. They are my family.

Penthouse: What is the woman's role in this structure?

Jones: According to the principles of yin and yang, the martial artist needs a woman behind him to help him through life. In our environment the man is the one who goes out to work or fight. The woman looks after the home, nurtures the children and guides the warrior in the right direction. Feminists would disagree. But this is just another example of the adoption by us of Japanese customs.

Penthouse: What do you believe are the personal qualities which make you a successful leader of the Bob Jones Corporation? Is there any one trait in particular to which you can attribute the growth of your organisation?

Jones: Balance. My whole philosophy as a Shogun and my reason for success in that role revolves around that word, around my balancing powers. Many of my blackbelts don't get on with each other. There are major personality conflicts within the corporation. That is inevitable. But I have the ability to balance these situations, to keep everyone together.

Penthouse: Are you still as aggressive now, as you were in your days on the Melbourne streets?

Jones: Yes, it is important to me to maintain a level of aggression. But I express it in a different way than I did when I was younger. I believe I have translated what I learned about fighting on the streets to business. I approached business with the same confidence, and I apply my fighting strategies on an intellectual level. So does the Japanese businessman. The day of the samurai is gone but the Japanese businessman is still fighting World War II — as a businessman with the samurai principles. And that is what I am doing in Australia.

Penthouse: Earlier you mentioned that you believe your expression of that aggression through fighting had given you what you described as a lot of "bad karma." Do you think your change of lifestyle has helped you to pay off your karmic debts?

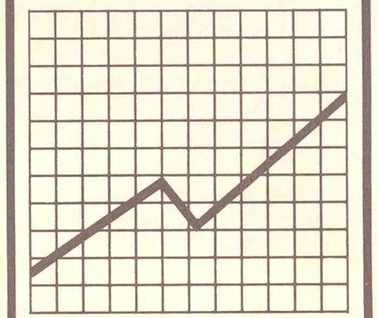
Jones: Today, from the point of view of karma, I am always either protecting someone or helping someone to learn to protect himself. So that has got to be very good for me, compared with what I was doing 15 years ago. And I suffered for what I did then.

Penthouse: Do you still get involved in fights?

Jones: Fifteen years ago I didn't need an excuse. I'd jump right into it. Today, fights only occur when I'm working, and they are very rare. I will still fight to protect. I am a very protective person. I am employed to look after people and I will go to great lengths to do that. But if someone tried to push me into a fight today, I would talk for an hour to try and get out of it.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

WILL YOU CHANGE THE WORLD?



People who make history, whether for better or worse, are usually fanatics. But you don't have to be Gandhi, Hitler, Albert Schweitzer, or Charles Manson to be a fanatic. Maybe you just have an unnaturally strong attachment to, say, your favorite footy team.

Yet, whether a world-shaker or just the guy down the road, all fanatics share one characteristic: They are gripped by a passion that dominates their lives to the exclusion of just about everything else. Unlike the rest of us, they have brains that are not cluttered with the unrelated trivia and flotsam of everyday life. They marshal all the forces of their personalities to focus exclusively on the objects of their obsessions.

Fanatics, of course, have always existed, and they've come in all shapes and sizes. The first people actually to be called "fanatics" were the *fanatici* of ancient Rome. They were religious cultists whose main activity was mutilating their bodies with axes and swords. Religion has always provided fertile ground for the fanatic. Ancient Jews had their guerrilla-fighting Zealots. Ancient Christians had their stylites — hermits who sat for years atop 40 or 50 foot pillars exposed to the weather.

Predicting fanatical behavior is not an exact science. The person who seems perfectly normal one day may become a raving fanatic the next. Psychologists and psychoanalysts have, however, isolated a number of attitudes, beliefs, and behaviors that go into making a fanatic.

We've sorted through these many characteristics to construct this psychograph. While a simple questionnaire like this cannot be a foolproof indicator of fanatical behavior, it may give you an idea of whether or not you've got the tight-focus personality that distinguishes the fanatic.

After each item in Section I below, circle the letter that best represents your feelings about the statement. Circle (a) if you agree completely with the item, (b) if you agree moderately, (c) if you feel neutral and have no strong feelings one way or the other, (d) if you disagree moderately, and (e) if you disagree completely.

Section I

1. "If you're not with me, you're against me" is a good motto to follow. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

2. Things are going to get worse before they get better. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

3. It's best to associate with people who are like you, those who share your basic outlook on life. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

4. Life is very confusing. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

5. Superstitions are an important part of life. I have them, and even people who don't admit it have them. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

6. Relaxation isn't what it's cracked up to be. People who say they need to relax are often just lazy. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

7. Holidays are a waste of time. It's better to be doing something constructive. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

8. There's not much hope for the future unless there are some radical changes. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

9. Most people are selfish and don't care about anyone but themselves. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

10. You shouldn't trust most people, because they'll usually let you down. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

11. Most important issues in life can be stated in terms of black and white, good and bad, right and wrong. People who talk about "grey areas" or "extenuating circumstances" are fooling themselves. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

12. Compromising is almost always wrong. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

13. Life is not fair. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

14. If you look at human history, you'll see that politicians who've tried to avoid war have done the wrong thing. When an evil needs to be confronted, it's best to go to war right off; ducking the issue only makes things worse. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

15. Those who are willing to seize power are those who deserve it. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

16. If you want something done right, you have to do it yourself. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

17. "The end justifies the means" is basically true, even though many people say it isn't. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

18. People who commit minor crimes should be severely punished for their first offence so they won't go on and do worse things. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

19. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is a more realistic motto to live by than "Live and let live." (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

20. It's possible for one man to completely change the world. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

Section II

Answer the following questions about yourself as honestly as possible.

1. When you believe in something, how important is it for you to persuade others to believe in it as well?

> "Fanatics feel their drive will earn respect that they can't get any other way. But things don't always work out as planned."

(a) very important
(b) somewhat important
(c) not particularly important

2. Do you feel most people try to take advantage of you if they can?
(a) yes
(b) no

3. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "It may sound boastful, but if I could be an absolute dictator for even a short time, I could make the world a much better place."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

4. How important is it to you to get back at people who've screwed you around?
(a) Very important; I'll plan and wait for years to get revenge.
(b) I like to get revenge as much as anybody, but I won't go out of my way to get it.
(c) Getting revenge is usually counterproductive. when someone screws me, I try to forget it and get on with my life.

5. Have you ever had a "conversion experience" in which, during a short period of time, you completely changed your views on a subject that was important to you? (It could be anything from changing your religion to transferring your allegiance from one sports team to another.)
(a) yes
(b) No, even when my views have changed, they have usually done so gradually.

6. Which of the following statements most closely reflects your reaction when faced with an unpleasant task that must be done?
(a) I'll get to it as soon as I can and then stick with it until it's done. While I'm working at it, I won't let anything else interfere.
(b) I'll do it a little at a time if at all possible. Unpleasant tasks aren't as bad if you can break them down.
(c) I'll wait until the last minute, and then work like hell to get it done.

7. How has your relationship with your father been?
(a) good
(b) average
(c) bad
(d) I never really had any relationship with my father.

8. Do you often feel very alone in life?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no

9. Would you say you've been generally successful at most things you've attempted?
(a) yes
(b) I'm about average — sometimes I win and sometimes I lose.
(c) no

10. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Most people underestimate my capabilities?"
(a) agree
(b) disagree

SCORING

Section I: Give yourself five points for each (a) selection you made, four points for each (b), three points for each (c), two points for each (d), and one point for each (e).

Section II: All answers (below) for this section have been given point values, which are listed below. Add up the point values of the answers you chose.

Combine your scores for both sections. The highest possible total score is 150 points; the lowest, 30.

1. a-5, b-3, c-1,
2. a-5, b-1
3. a-5, b-1
4. a-5, b-3, c-1
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-5, b-1, c-1
7. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-1
8. a-5, b-3, c-1
9. a-1, b-3, c-5
10. a-5, b-1

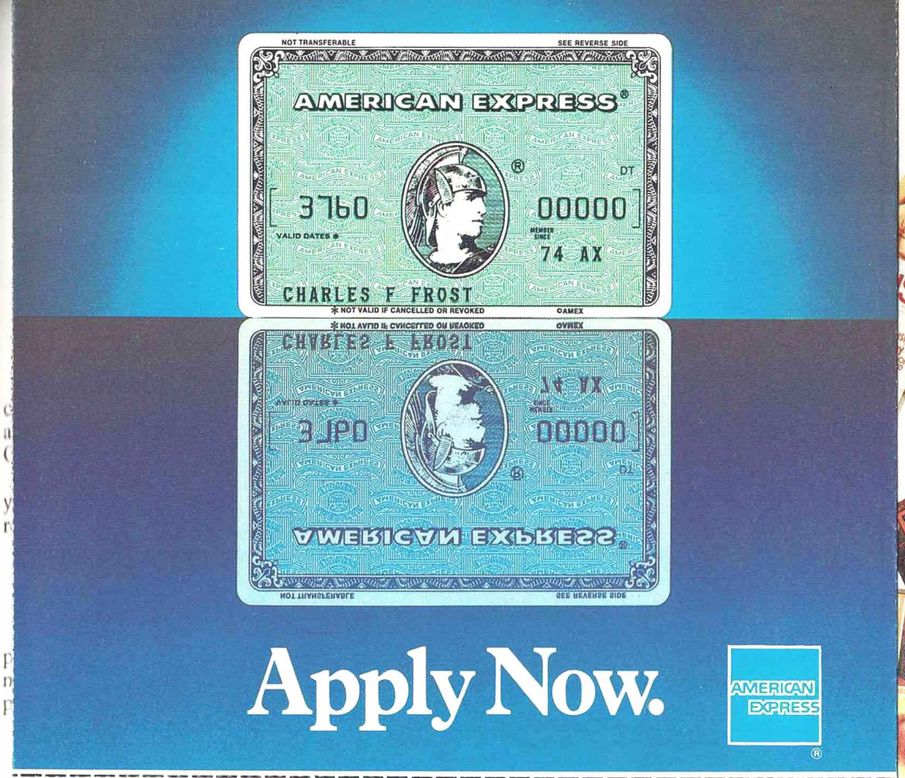
If you scored 125 to 150 points:
You exhibit all the earmarks of a true fanatic. You don't just get interested in something; you become obsessed by it. By sheer force of personality, people like this can accomplish outstanding feats. They are life's greatest saints and greatest sinners. People in this category are sometimes quite insecure and feel uncomfortable with anyone who doesn't think and act as they do. They feel their fanatical drive will earn them the respect that they can't get any other way. Unfortunately, things don't always work out as planned. People may be awed or frightened by a fanatic, but they may not respect him.

102 to 124 points:
You show many traits common to the fanatic, but if you are a fanatic you're likely to be a type slightly different from the person in the category above. People in this category are more likely to be fanatical followers than fanatical leaders. They may not have quite the obsessive drive of persons in the above group. Yet, once they catch the scent they can be determined.

79 to 101 points:
You, like most people, are not a fanatic — at least, not under normal circumstances. You may become extremely fascinated by something, but you're not likely to let it take over your life. However, people in this category can be quite impressionable. If people around them become fanatically interested in something, they'll go along for the ride. And there's nothing wrong with that, right? But if the fanatical attachments of people around them take a more sinister turn, then watch out. These are the "good" people who give history's villains room to operate.

54 to 78 points:
You have very few fanatical traits. You take a measured approach to life. This doesn't mean you are never enthusiastic about anything. It just means you don't ever let your enthusiasms control you. "All things in moderation" is a saying that probably applies to you. You do things because you want to do them.

30 to 53 points:
You appear to be the supreme rationalist. You examine all sides of an issue and never act without careful consideration. Some people may think you are aloof, but you're the type the Greek philosophers hoped would rule the world. Unfortunately, people like you are usually the first ones to be stood up against the wall when the fanatics take over.



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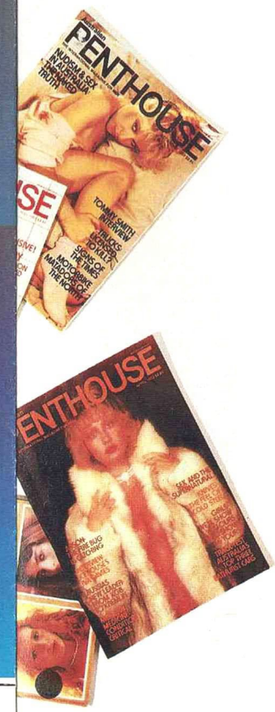

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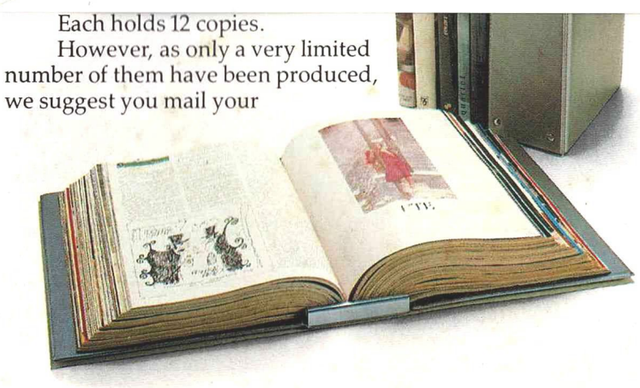

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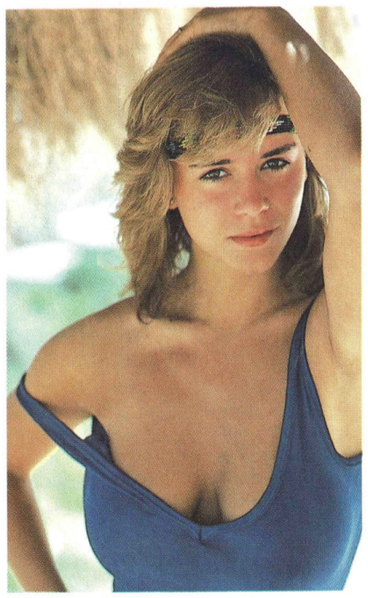
NETHERLANDS

HILDA

Ever wondered where the term "Dutch treat" originated? Neither have we, but it does seem an apt description of 20-year-old Hilda Van Gils. Hilda is a language student in Amsterdam who earns her tuition fees working as a waitress in that city's famous nightery The Milky Way. She describes her workplace as a venue for the presentation of alternative music, poetry, drama and literature. She adds that the place does a nice line in space food cake, a heady confection based on hashish. Ever wondered where the term "Flying Dutchman" originated?

PHOTOGRAPHER BY CHRISTER LUNDIN



ITALY

GINA

If there's anything hotter than a short black on the Via Veneto it's 19-year-old Gina Creglia. Gina is a model who works from Rome and spends her spare time acting as an unwitting tourist attraction when she shops for clothes on the Eternal City's trendiest boulevarde. Not that she often gets to wear her fancy gear — she's primarily a nude model for artists, photographers and selected close friends. Gina says she likes her men like her fettucine — *al dente*. If that means she doesn't like limp noodles, it's going pasta joke.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIO PETER

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

ENGLAND

CAROLINE

Caroline Evans, 21, is as classy as English beauties come. Her body speaks for itself, while it's been said that those cheekbones are high enough for a jilted lover to fling himself from. And there may be a few sky divers minus parachutes in Sheffield, Caroline's home town, when the lads learn that she's soon to leave for the bright lights of London to study drama. So, at this stage it looks like it'll be curtains for all concerned.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIO PETER

MARTINIQUE

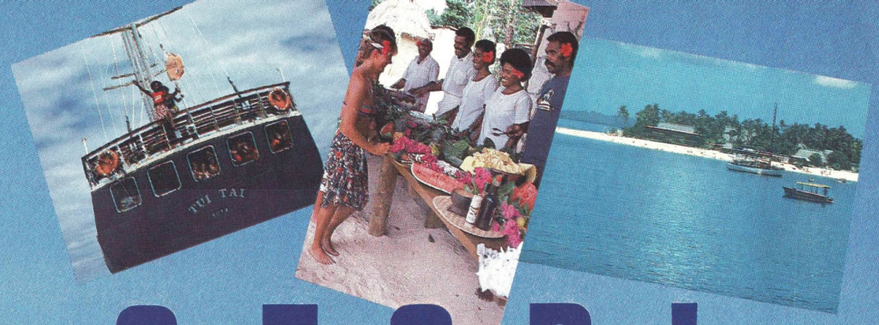
AGNEITA

Maybe the Yanks overshot their mark when they spent their recent sabbatical on Grenada. If they'd stopped short at Martinique, in the Caribbean's Windward Islands, the guys would have encountered 23-year-old Agneita Kellerman. Agneita is a former German national who now chooses to live in a more tropical clime. She tells us she advocates a more diplomatic brand of international relations than that displayed by the Americans. And by all accounts nothing — not even the Marines — can douse this fire burning in Ronald Reagan's backyard.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUG ROBERTS

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

WIN A WEEK IN PARADISE!



GO TROPPO!

Cast aside your worldly cares. This month *Penthouse* is offering you and your partner the chance to win a seven-day cruise in a tropical paradise. The winning couple will spend a week on the Farthings Adventure Cruise exploring the untouched and exotic islands of Fiji, sunning themselves on the decks of the magnificent 140-foot schooner *Tui Tai,* windsurfing, snorkelling, waterskiing, shopping in local markets, enjoying lavish traditional feasts and slumbering under a palm tree or on a gently rocking deck. They'll fly Qantas to Nandi, spend a night in the Dominion Hotel, then embark on a cruise through a tropical wonderland and end a fabulous adventure with a night on Beachcomber Island. It's all valued at more than $2000. If you can answer the three questions overleaf and are between 18 and 35 years of age, you could soon be on your way to an adventure in paradise, courtesy of *Australian Penthouse* and Farthings International Travel Club.

This Farthings Adventure Cruise is an exciting, carefree journey which offers you the chance to explore untouched islands few people ever even see. At the same time, you will enjoy one of the most relaxed and romantic methods of travel available in the Eighties.

The seven days at sea begin when you step aboard the *Tui Tai* at Lautoka Wharf. No "captain's table" or luxury cabins on this cruise — the atmosphere is totally relaxed and informal. Sleep on a bunk or a bedroll (some nights on a deserted beach if you like). Facilities include a fully stocked bar, windsurfers, snorkelling equipment and a ski boat. The friendly Fijian crew take care of all the hassles.

First stop on the cruise is the island Vata-I-Ra, a tiny speck in the tropical sea. Then it's on to historical Levuku and a night out at the infamous Ovalua Club. The next port of call is Koro Island, where visitors witness a traditional welcoming ceremony, walk to the Sacred Turtle Calling Cliffs and indulge themselves in a traditional Fijian feast.

As the *Tui Tai* continues on her course, visiting friendly villages inaccessible by road, you'll glimpse spectacular scenery, visit white sand beaches with perfect conditions for water sports, and laze on the decks while the sails above you billow in the warm trade winds. On the last day you'll relax on the island of Vomo in the Yasawas before a leisurely cruise back to the final ports of call, Beachcomber Island and Lautoka.

This holiday is brought to you by Farthings International — the travel club for the 18 to 35s. Club membership offers you weekends away, party nights, concerts, discos and special holidays like this one.

To enter the contest simply answer the three questions on the coupon below, fill in your name and address, and get your entry in. The first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win the Adventure Cruise.

Clip and send your completed coupon to "The Adventure Cruise Competition", *Australian Penthouse* Magazine, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. The answers to the questions can be found in the preceding copy. A brochure is available at all travel agents, or from Farthings, 100 Clarence Street, Sydney NSW 2000. The three questions are:

1. **What facilities does the Tui Tai offer?**

   _____

2. **What age range does the Farthings Adventure Cruise cater for?**

   _____

3. **Where will you take part in a traditional Fijian feast?**

   _____

Name:_____ Age:_____

Address: _____

Name of partner:_____ Telephone:_____

Permit No. TC83/2462. Issued under the Lotteries & Art Unions Act.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of such.

The Adventure cruise prize must be taken between March and December 1984. Precise dates of departure may be dependent on the *Tui Tai's* cruising schedule. The prize is not transferable or redeemable for cash.

Travel insurance is not included in the prize.

Entry and participation in the competition is completely free and open to all Australian residents between the ages of 18 and 35, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families and Farthings International Travel Club and their families.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entry will be the winner.

Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday March 30, 1984. The winner will be announced in the July issue of *Australian Penthouse*.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require.

The promoters, Farthings International and *Australian Penthouse* magazine, shall be under no liability to the winning contestant for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to persons or property or death or injury caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of "The Adventure Cruise Competition" (including negligent acts or omissions). On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

This competition is brought to you by Farthings International and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

TURN ON A FRIEND WITH . . .

Miss Della's

WILD UNDIES

SHOWROOM:- QUEENS ARCADE
(OPP MYERS) QUEEN ST., BRISBANE

TITTY BITTY FLUFF $25.50
Peep front Bra and divided leg Panties with just enough fur to tickle the imagination. Black, Red, Blue or Pink.

BIT OF FLUFF $12.50
Matching male brief with untie bow and touch of fur.

SINFUL $32.50
Sexy Underwear in Sheer Nylon.. Free and Easy Bra with wicked little panties, delicate suspenders and black stockings. Wear the full set if you dare, in Red or Black. BRA & BRIEFS $15.95
Briefs $9.50
Matching Male Briefs $10.95

HOLLYWOOD PEEP SHOW $39.95
The greatest show this summer — Open front Bra and Panties with Suspenders in Red or Black Satin, Black Stockings and Garter for that long leg look.

ECSTACY BRIEFS $9.95
Love should not be without a pair of sheer ecstacy divided leg panties. Black or Red.

EXCITING COLOUR SLIDES BEAUTIFUL GIRLS & GUYS NOW AVAILABLE

BEDTIME ROMPER $27.50
Plunging front creation in Sheer Nylon and ruffles. So easy to wear. Hot Pink, Black or Red.

MAIL ORDER:- MISS DELLA
BOX 24, TOOWONG, Q. 4066

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

POSTCODE.....

QTY.	STYLE	SIZE	COLOUR	PRICE

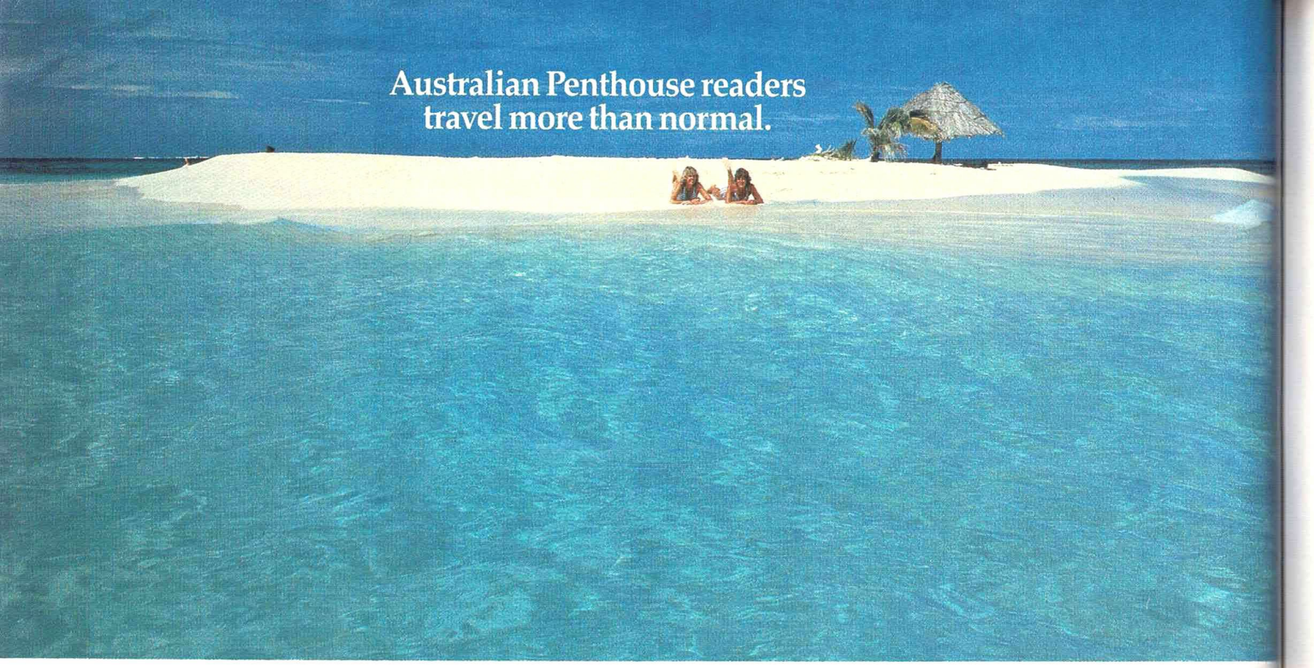
Please add $3 pack and Postage TOTAL

bankcard 496

CASH — MONEY ORDER — CHEQUE

PLAY PEEK-A-BOO in this Sheer Black Red or Soft Pink nylon, turn-on creation. $29.50

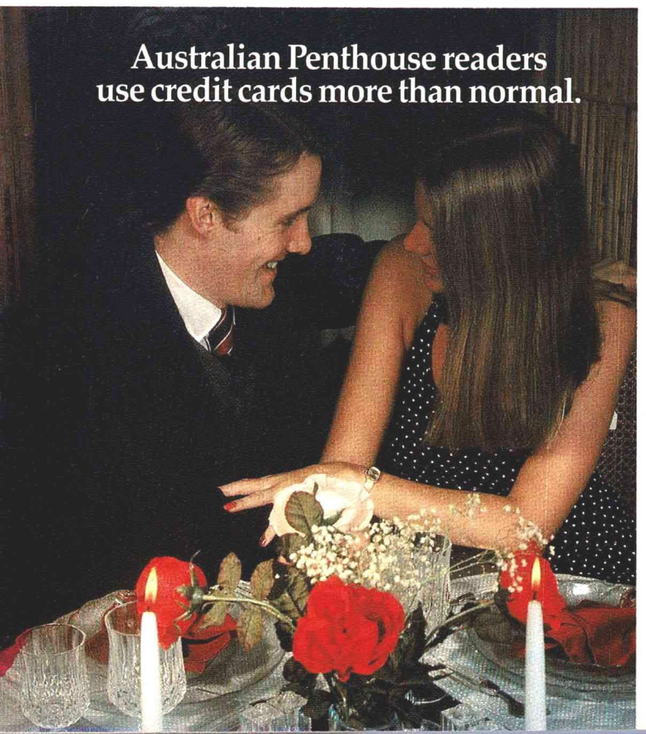
COLOUR SLIDES
Now! See Miss Della's beautiful girls wearing a selection of her daring designs.
COLOUR SLIDE SETS A-B-C- and D. $9.95 per Set.



Many publishers go on and on about numbers of readers being of prime importance.

And it would be easy for us to agree with them, after all, the largest selling men's magazine on a per issue basis in Australia is Australian Penthouse.

The latest ABC figures verify that. We outsell the Bulletin, Time, Newsweek, Playboy, Australian Business, BRW and all the sporting magazines.



But unqualified numbers are of little importance.

Millions of men could be reading a magazine and it might look great on a media schedule. But if they're the wrong men, the results in the market place won't look very good at all.

While people choose to read one publication or another for emotional reasons, the reasons an advertiser chooses a magazine have to be logical ones.

It has to be a business decision and one based not on his or her own reading habits, but on ones based on facts.

And the facts simply are the Australian Penthouse reader drinks more wine, spirits and mineral water than the average Australian male.

It follows that such an abnormal person must be a prime target for companies marketing such products.

The Australian Penthouse reader also is more interested in owning or renting VCRs. He smokes more than the average man. And he intends making more overseas trips.

Also, he uses American Express and Diners Club more than the normal Australian male does.

From these facts there's only one

Guys who read Penthouse aren't normal.

conclusion to be drawn:

The Australian males who have the money to spend, and are spending it, read Australian Penthouse.

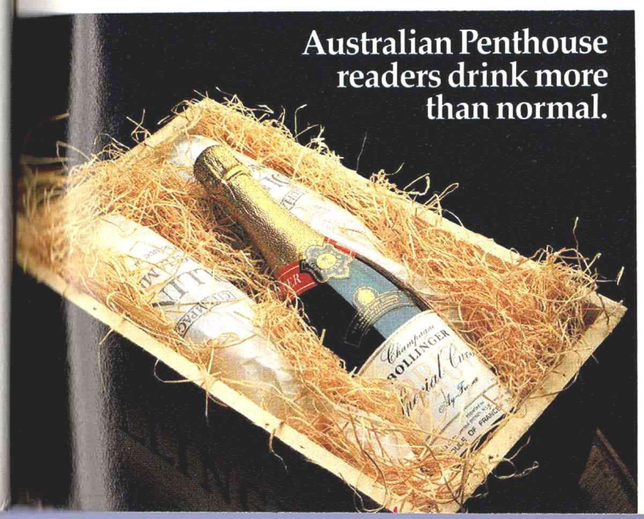
And as Australian Penthouse is kept, there's a lot of repeat viewing of your advertisement, among other things.

These are extras that aren't even included in our already attractive cost effective figures.

So don't let embarrassment stop you from putting Australian Penthouse on your schedule.

It could be more embarrassing explaining why it isn't.

Australian Penthouse readers smoke more than normal.

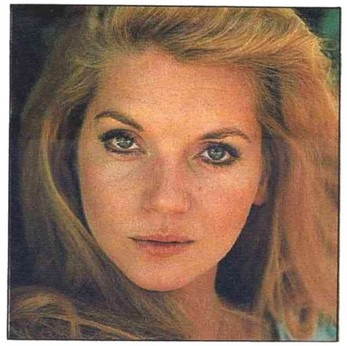


Sydney: Max Press,
Howard Jenkins, Paul Dotson (02) 929 6144,
Melbourne: Bob Gaff (03) 690 8233,
Brisbane: Geoff Horne (07) 202 6813,
Adelaide: Steve Birbeck (08) 332 8144,
Perth: Tony Allen (09) 328 9593, 328 9363

Australian
PENTHOUSE

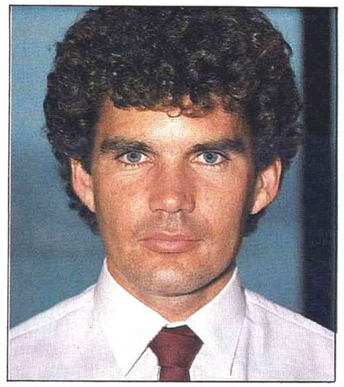
NOW, MORE THAN EVER, IT'S A BUSINESS DECISION.

PENTHOUSE PEOPLE



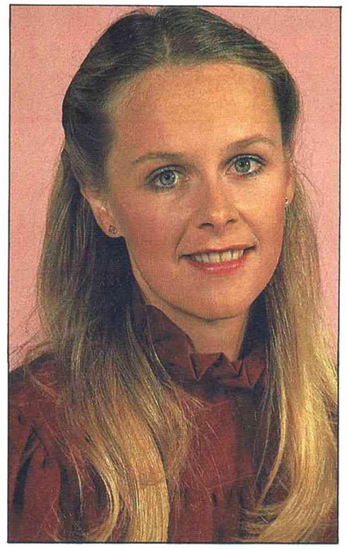
ABIGAIL

Those who have never seen Abigail in the role of actress will be pleasantly suprised when she appears as the mother of Melvin Purple, son of Alvin Purple, in the upcoming comedy *Son of Alvin*. The Seventies sex siren is relishing the chance to display to a wide audience abilities which have generally been glossed over in favor of her more obvious attributes. "Young spunks are always one-dimensional characters in Australian films," she says. "I'm looking forward to a role that offers some complexity." Far from clinging ungraciously to her former image, Abigail gives the impression that her real career is just beginning. She sees herself primarily as a comedienne, and justifiably so in view of the rave reviews she received for performances in such theatrical successes as *There's A Girl In My Soup* and *A Bed Full Of Foreigners.* Born in Hampstead, England (she won't say when), Abigail first trod the boards at the age of three but ultimately set her sights on academia. She did a year of medicine in London and then a year of civil engineering at Perth University before returning to the stage and eventually slotting into the role which would make her Australia's first television sex symbol. As the neurotic virgin Bev Houghton in TEN's soapie of the Seventies *Number 96*, she flitted through countless scenes of excruciating sensuality. Although she never actually appeared naked, Abigail excited more lustful talk and wishful thinking than her host of successors put together. Although her career has been dogged by typecasting, she's not bitter: "I've never objected to the sex symbol image because, after all, it made me famous. It was inevitable after a soapie of such longevity. My serious roles have not been publicised because that doesn't sell newspapers, but I'm really only concerned with the critics' reactions." The comedic timing which persuaded viewers to accept her presence in their lounge-rooms 10 years ago will bring her the credit she is owed when *Son Of Alvin* hits the screen a couple of months from now.



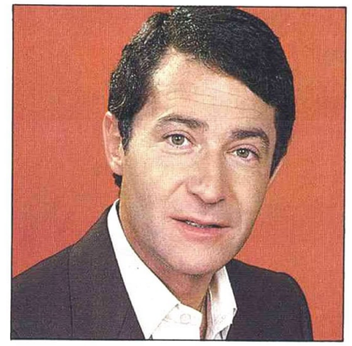
RUSSELL GOWARD

Russell Goward is a man who knows his priorities, and relaxation isn't one of them. "I don't need it now. Maybe when I'm 50 I'll have time for relaxation." Goward is the dynamic 29-year-old offsider of corporate raider Ron Brierley, of Industrial Equity Limited. IEL is an investment firm that trades in companies, buying a stake in those whose assets are undervalued and then selling at a profit to other companies. Two of IEL's more publicised recent takeover attempts have been for the brewers Carlton United and Cascade. The former venture is rumored to have realised IEL a profit of $10 million in a matter of days. Russell Goward has always been a man who knew where he wanted to go, and he wasted no time in getting there. After completing his Higher School Certificate at the tender age of 15, he left Brisbane for Canberra, where he worked as a public servant by day and studied full-time for an Economics degree by night. He also completed that part of a Law degree useful to him (Corporate Law), disregarding the rest. Goward's always been a pragmatist; for him the prestige of an LLB meant nothing. As soon as he'd gotten enough out of his studies, Goward quit the public service and headed for Sydney, where he joined merchant banker Hill Samuel. He stayed with them five years before joining IEL. That was three and a half years ago — he's currently Deputy General Manager and is soon to become Chief Executive Officer. Goward puts in a 15-hour working day, six days a week. While the financial rewards are certainly lucrative, he says he derives far more satisfaction from maximising profits and watching the company grow. As far as Australian companies go, IEL is a bullet performer, in two years climbing over 100 places to reach the Top 50 of Australian firms. Goward gives credit to poker for honing some of his business skills, but the initial spark may have come from boyhood hours by a Monopoly board. These days, though, he only plays for real money.



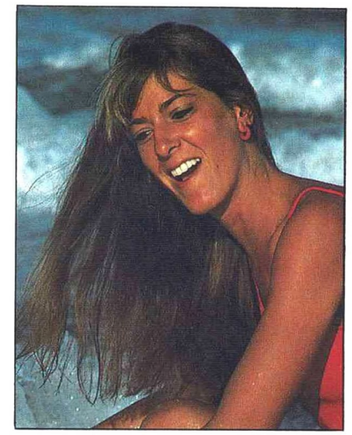
PENNY COOK

Unlike many TV stars who don't mind having their private lives plastered all over the afternoon press, Penny Cook, the hugely popular vet from Seven's *A Country Practice* series, guards her quiet times with limitless ferocity. After playing the veterinary role for two years, Penny, 26, has had to come to grips with her public property status. In view of the 12-hour days necessary to produce two hours of quality soap opera each week, that can be gruelling. The fascination with her reached its peak in late 1982 when gossip writers seized on rumors of Penny's betrothal to ABC radio announcer Clive Robertson, and refused to let the matter drop. A year later, Cook is philosophical about the trauma of being hounded by reporters at every turn: "Looking back, I think if I hadn't been tired after a long year and just terrified about the whole press reaction, I may not have been so guarded about that aspect of my life." Things have quietened down since then, despite a huge resurgence of publicity when her *Country Practice* character finally married in yet another "TV Wedding of the Year." She now devotes most of her time to *Country Practice,* but when the shooting schedule permits, she returns to Sydney's Stables Theatre to help out by selling tickets or serving coffee at Griffin Theatre productions. The Griffin Company was set up by a number of NIDA graduates, including Penny, who were sick of waiting for acting jobs to be offered. Although now a national TV star, Cook remains devoted to the struggling company, helping out with voluntary work and taking parts in productions when her TV commitments allow it. She's one rising star who keeps her feet firmly planted on terra firma.



STEVE LIEBMANN

It's been about two years since Steve Liebmann settled back in a berber lounge chair and welcomed a small early morning TV audience to the national *Today* show. Two years spells a lot of 3.30am rude awakenings, early morning coffees and first B&Hs poring over morning papers at production meetings. And at two hours a pop, the show has put Liebmann in the hot seat for an enormous amount of live TV — the most demanding and exacting presentation in this medium. Liebmann loves it. That's evident from watching him, and his relaxed professionalism is hailed across the country. He's no new boy, having worked in the media since his high school days in Cooma, NSW. Rock 'n' roll was king, and Liebmann was spinning the fantastic black plastic at Cooma's Radio 2XL. He stayed on after his schooldays until being offered a job at Canberra's 2CA in 1962. He also made his TV debut in the nation's capital when he joined CTC 7 as news editor and on-air presenter in 1967. Sydney's Radio 2UE snapped him up as a senior journalist the following year, and in '71 he realised the only ambition he says he's ever had — to be news director at that station. 1976 ushered in a period when the words "Liebmann" and "workaholic" had an affair in print. He was at 2SM doing news and commentary, presenting Seven's *Eleven AM* TV program, and juggling these with his position as Seven's evening news anchorman. The juggling act ended when Channel Nine signed him as presenter for its planned morning program. A year of production plans, pilots and frigging around by the station saw Liebmann in the uncharacteristic position of having very little to do. When it finally went to air, *Today* suffered its share of teething troubles but when Liebmann was joined by New Zealand expatriate Sue Kellaway, the format of news, commentary and entertainment was set. The program is now a bullet performer in the ratings of all 45 stations it is beamed to nationally. Liebmann is content with *Today's* direction; he reckons he's on to a good thing and he's sticking to it.



SUZAN GEDAYLOO

Suzan Gedayloo is a female pioneer in the sport of sailboarding. While it has frequently been proclaimed as the fastest-growing sport in the world, until recently sailboarding was strictly a male domain. But Gedayloo and a few other ladies are changing that tack, and Suzan is doing quite well out of the whole deal, thank you. While her unusual name derives from her Persian father's antecedents, she is a classic all-American girl, displaying the unique Californian female nature/nurture combination of stunning good looks, success and self-assurance. Currently residing in Hawaii but making frequent excursions to exotic tropical locales to represent her sponsors, Suzan says she was just about the only girl in the water when she started sailboarding off Oahu's Diamond Head. There are more girls involved in the sport these days, but they still tend to be a novelty. Suzan has been sailing professionally for two years and apart from picking up the Sportsgirl Women's 10,000 which was incorporated into the Ripcurl Quiksilver Wave Classic at Torquay in Victoria last year (netting $4000 in the process), she has taken high placings in a host of other events, resulting in a record which would place her near the top if the female division had a ratings system. Suzan has a realistic view of her role in sailboarding: "I know that nobody lasts very long in professional sport, but I will be sailing for as long as I possibly can." And her advice to any woman contemplating trying the sport is to go for it. "Windsurfing is a great sport for women to get into, and there are a lot of opportunities for girls at present." After a quick trip to the Caribbean following her Australian sojourn, she's currently in Hawaii, practising for the O'Neill Invitational event. And if she decides to grace Australia's shores again, we're sure that anyone who appreciates Suzan's sort of nautical talents will join us in a cry of "Hello sailor!"

Sweet Chastity

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, OUR LUSCIOUS HEROINE HAS GONE THROUGH A PRETTY DRAMATIC CHARACTER CHANGE OVER THE PAST FEW MONTHS. UNDER THE DISCIPLINE OF PROVOST SERGEANT STIFFENRODD SHE HAS METAMORPHOSED FROM THE WITHDRAWN, SPIRITUAL ACOLYTE OF THE LATE BILLY GREYBLOOD INTO AN EXTREMELY AGGRESSIVE AND PHYSICAL LADY—SORRY—FEMALE PERSON!

THIS IS THE LIFE! THE WIND IN YOUR HAIR AND A COUPLE OF HUNDRED HORSEPOWER THROBBING THROUGH YOUR LOINS!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE WORLD? THIS WAS ONCE A PEACEFUL BACKWATER WHERE THE EMPHASIS WAS ON THE QUALITY OF LIFE!

THE ONLY SOUNDS WERE THE GENTLE HOWLING OF THE WEREWOLVES IN THE FOREST AND AS THE SUN SET OVER THE QUAGMIRE THE NIGHT AIR WAS FILLED WITH THE MUSICAL CHIRRUPING OF THE VAMPIRES!

IT WAS A PLACE WHERE YOU COULD ENJOY THE SWEET AND SIMPLE PLEASURES OF LIFE!

JUST MY LUCK! OF ALL THE MONSTERS IN TRANSYLVANIA I HAVE TO GET CARRIED OFF BY A POET!

WASH DOWN THE MACHINE, IGOR....

...AND SEND A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE UP TO MY BATHROOM!

LAY OUT MY RIDING CLOTHES. I THINK I'LL STICK A BRACE OF WEREWOLVES AFTER LUNCH!

ER..... CHASTITY! A WORD WITH YOU, MY DEAR!

NOT NOW, UNCLE VINCENT—I NEED SOME EXERCISE! LATER!

I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL! SHE'S FAR TOO INDEPENDENT! I MUST REASSERT MY CONTROL! SHE MUST RESPOND TO MY WILL!

HAVE YOU TRIED A HORSEWHIP?

WHILE THESE BEWILDERING EVENTS ARE PREOCCUPYING THE THOUGHTS OF THE INHABITANTS OF CASTLE DREER, ABOARD A MERCHANT SHIP EN ROUTE FOR TRANSYLVANIA, OTTO, STOWAWAY AND BLACKSHEEP OF THE FRANKENSTEINS, IS ON HIS WAY HOME.....

I SWEAR—IF I LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED—I'LL NEVER EAT ANOTHER CANNED PRAWN!

AT LONG LAST—REEKING OF PRAWNS AND NOT EXACTLY DRESSED TO INSPIRE CONFIDENCE, THE WEARY TRAVELLER SETS FOOT ON HIS NATIVE SOIL.....

GROAN! I THINK I'VE GOT PTOMAINE POISONING!

WHAT D'YA MAKE OF HIM—OR HER?

YOU SEE SOME VERY WEIRD PEOPLE AROUND HERE!

THERE IT IS SOB CASTLE DREER! MY HOME! SOB

BUT THE DEPRIVATIONS OF THE JOURNEY AND A LIFE DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO THE PURSUIT OF ONE FORM OF DEBAUCHERY OR ANOTHER IS TOO MUCH. ON THE VERY STEPS OF CASTLE DREER THE STRENGTH OF THE TATTY PRODIGAL GIVES OUT.....

BEHOLD—A STRANGER AT OUR DOOR!

WHAT A HORRIBLE SIGHT!

SOME SORT OF PERVERT ON THE RUN FROM THE POLICE!

YECH! IT'S THE BARON!

GROAN!

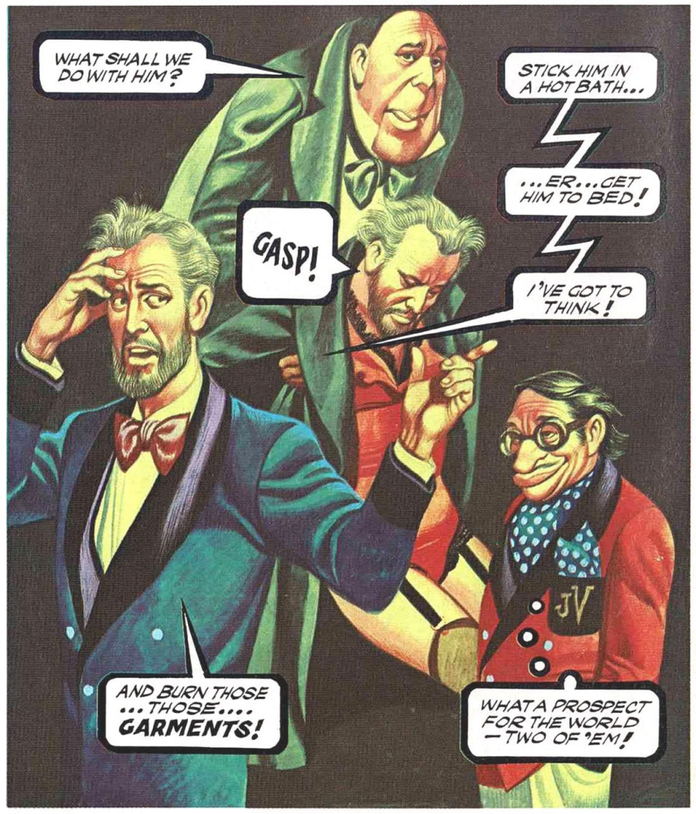
WE'D BETTER GET HIM INSIDE—BEFORE SOMEONE SEES HIM!

WHAT'S HE DOING IN THOSE ER.. CLOTHES?

THE KINKY OLD SO AND SO! HE'S MANAGED TO KEEP THAT SECRET LIFE WELL HIDDEN!

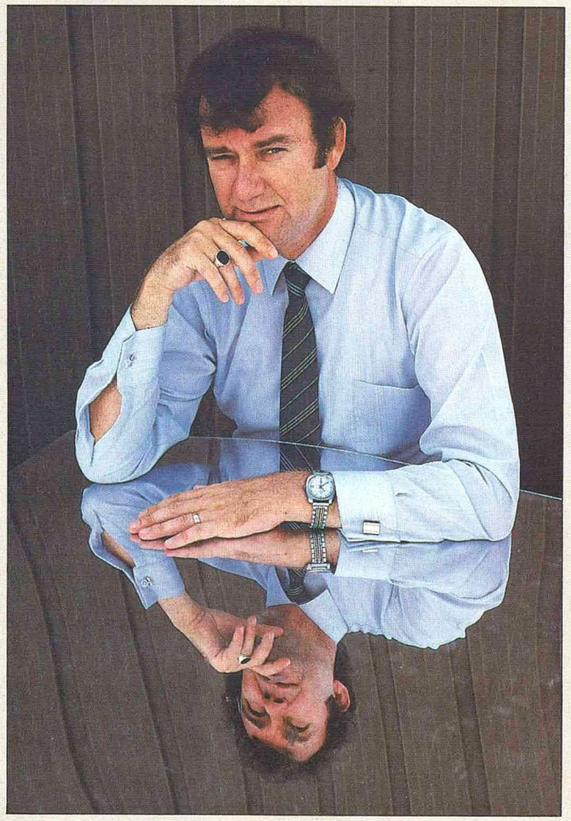
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WHO THE DEVIL IS THAT?
BARON!
YEAAGH!

IS IT? CAN IT BE? MY DEAR BROTHER VINCENT!
OTTO!
OH,NO! I HOPED ...I THOUGHT THE CREEP WAS DEAD!


WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?
GASP!
STICK HIM IN A HOT BATH...
...ER...GET HIM TO BED!
I'VE GOT TO THINK!
AND BURN THOSE ...THOSE.... GARMENTS!
WHAT A PROSPECT FOR THE WORLD — TWO OF 'EM!

THE FOLLOWING DAY....
HERE-DRINK THIS, YOU POOR, POOR MAN! YOU MUST GET YOUR STRENGTH BACK SO THAT YOU CAN ENJOY ALL OF THE AMENITIES OF YOUR FAMILY HOME!
MY DEARS! YOU ARE ALL TOO, TOO KIND!
ISN'T IT EXCITING, UNCLE VINCENT? YOUR LONG LOST BROTHER — HOME AGAIN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!
YES, IT'S ABSOLUTELY WONDERFUL! I'M THRILLED TO BITS!
CAVIARE AND DOM PERIGNON FOR BREAKFAST!
UGH! HOW THE HELL DO I GET RID OF THE CREEP? HE'LL PROBABLY WANT A SHARE OF THE FAMILY FORTUNE — NOW THAT THERE IS ONE!
THE BARON ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS! IT'S A LIST OF HIS REQUIREMENTS .....2 VELVET SUITS... 2 SILK DRESSING GOWNS ...12 SILK SHIRTS ...6 PAIRS HAND-MADE SHOES... AD INFINITUM!
ONE THING'S FOR SURE — HE'S NO THREAT TO A FULL BLOODED HETEROSEXUAL MALE WITH YOUTH ON HIS SIDE!
HOW TO GET RID OF AN UNWANTED RELATIVE! NOW THAT'S SOME — THING WE'VE ALL WANTED TO DO AT SOME TIME OR ANOTHER! HANG IN THERE, FELLERS — YOU MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING NEXT MONTH!

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



BY BOB BOTTOM

The author has been a key figure in the continuing debate over proposals for a national crimes commission or national crimes authority. Bottom is the author of The Godfather In Australia, a factual account of Australia's organised crime connections. He has provided material to Royal Commissions and government inquiries, and has assisted various police forces, at one time having been special adviser to the NSW Government on organised crime.

FIGHTING CRIME IN THE EIGHTIES

The authority of the law has been so eroded in Australian society that the "scales of justice" now weigh very heavily in favor of the criminals rather than the victims of crime. It is difficult enough at present for ordinary policemen to deal with ordinary crime, but the limits placed on police power make it almost impossible for them to effectively combat organised crime. The only solution to the vast problems confronting law and order in this country is the immediate establishment of an ongoing national crimes commission. If it isn't done now, Australia will be overwhelmed by organised crime within just five years.

With the whittling down of police authority over the past decade, organised criminals have graduated from old-style racketeering to sophisticated, syndicated organised crime. In the old days, police were able to maintain more of a check over the emergence of organised gangs simply by the use of traditional consorting laws — until a calculated lobby under the banner of civil liberties made consorting laws virtually unusable. Now, not only is there freer intermingling between individual criminals and between gangs and syndicates, but the development of an unholy alliance between the entrenched underworld and an upperworld of more insulated figures in the legal, accounting, banking and business worlds. This nexus now facilitates national rackets turning over not millions, but *billions* of dollars.

To properly tackle organised crime of this nature, law enforcement authorities require power of access to banking and other financial details, and ideally, taxation records. Police are denied that power. By tradition, Australian society has accepted Royal Commissions as the appropriate vehicle for securing such proof, and establishing truth. Thus, with organised crime now posing a national threat, an ongoing Royal Commission-type structure has been deemed the logical approach for an all-out assault against organised crime.

It was 10 years ago that the Moffitt Royal Commission began its hearings in NSW — that being the first commission of inquiry into modern-day organised crime. The lessons arising from that inquiry demonstrated that Australia needed an ongoing commission to deal with organised crime generally. Indeed, if the Moffitt Royal Commission had been extended at the crucial time into a fully-fledged crimes commission, Australia might have been spared much of the pervasive organised crime that has now taken root. Unfortunately, the Moffit inquiry was an ad hoc Royal Commission, restricted by its terms of reference to inquiring only into allegations of organised crime infiltration of NSW licensed clubs.

Mr Justice Moffitt did his job admirably, his work being respected even by American authorities as a landmark effort. But the premise upon which calls were initially made for a crimes commission was that once the Moffitt Royal Commission had gone out of existence there was no positive follow-up. And although the Moffitt commission did look at the wider area of organised crime as it related to clubs and associated police corruption, its limited terms of reference forced it to ignore information pointing to murder, drug trafficking, illegal gambling, vice and other rackets.

Had the Moffitt commission been given a general brief, it could have wiped out major drug trafficking syndicates in their embryo stage, for many of the identities being investigated in relation to clubs have since proved to have been masterminds of the drug trade.

If Mr Justice Moffitt had been able to look at illegal bookmaking, he could have thwarted syndication of SP bookmaking, for at that time major figures who had come under his notice were still in the throes of networking betting outlets. Similarly, he could have disrupted illegal casino operations at the time when people associated with them were entering the international drug trade. Likewise, he could have crippled Sydney vice kings at the time when they were extending into pornography rackets which now ensnare young children.

In a similar vein, the next major inquiry — the Woodward Royal Commission into drug trafficking — was restricted by its terms of reference to drugs. It too had to ignore material pointing to other areas again involving major organised crime figures controlling illegal gambling, vice and other rackets. The Federal Williams Royal Commission, also restricted to drug trafficking, likewise came across considerable material on the extent of organised crime generally and the reality of the so-called "Mr Bigs" and "Mr Big Enoughs."

The Costigan and Stewart Royal Commissions, as well as the Connor inquiry, have all had the same experience . . . an investigation of certain crime figures inevitably leading to a group or syndicate, or a combination of them, and the probing of one racket invariably pointing to another. Because of the extension of their terms of reference and of their duration, these two commissions have been able to initiate follow-up actions while still in operation. In that respect, they have been fulfilling the role envisaged for a crimes commission.

In a nutshell, then, Australia needs an all-embracing crimes commission, preferably a national commission together with supplementary state crimes commissions, to combat organised crime on all its fronts. As successful as ad hoc Royal Commissions may be in their own right, in accordance with their own terms of reference, they may only serve to cut off some of the tentacles but leave the real octopus of organised crime untouched.

In stark terms, organised crime in Australia has mushroomed into a two-headed monster . . . an underworld and an upperworld. No longer is it old-time back-street racketeering. Instead, it now reaches into all facets of society, with hardline criminals of the old underworld working hand-in-glove with politicians, lawyers, accountants, bankers and businessmen in the upperworld of society.

It is a universal truth that organised crime cannot exist or flourish without protection. Certainly, the development of syndicated crime has been aided by some corruption within law enforcement agencies, notably the NSW Police Force. But it is no longer valid to simply point a finger at the police. The disturbing truth is that organised crime has become sophisticated more because of the patronage of people in the political, legal, accountancy, banking and, indeed, media fields than through its association with crooked police.

Mr Justice Moffitt recently warned that unless effective measures are taken to counter it, organised crime will take over in Australia within five years. Of course, there has always been an underworld, going back to the "pushes" at the turn of the century, the "razor gangs" of the Twenties and Thirties, the black marketeers of World War II, and the sly grog merchants and back-street baccarat operators of the Fifties and early Sixties. But dramatic changes unfolded from the mid-Sixties. Out went old-style baccarat and in came shopfront casinos; syndicated networks took over from the Friendly Freds conducting SP outlets; and replacing bawdy houses and laneway prostitutes were modern massage parlors that could advertise in the daily press. Coupled with that came the drug trade. Except for cocaine dealing during the razor gang days, organised drug trafficking did not develop until major crime figures entered the trade in the late Sixties.

In the illegal gambling field — the traditional moneypot for organised crime, often funding its spread into other areas — the turnover Australia-wide for illegal bookmaking has been estimated at $4 billion. According to the Connor inquiry, the figure for NSW would be $1.8 billion, with Victoria accounting for one billion and the other states making up the rest. Illegal casinos, now opening up again in Sydney, turned over hundreds of millions of dollars in their heyday. Then there are the race-fixing rackets, involving national betting coups that can rake in half a million dollars on a single fixed race.

> "Australia needs an all-embracing crimes commission, preferably a national commission together with supplementary state commissions to combat crime on all its fronts"

In the vice area, the turnover nationally runs to hundreds of millions of dollars. However ambivalent one might be towards prostitution, the fact is that more than 80 percent of working girls are heroin addicts. On a Sunday, girls of 12 and 13 walk the streets of Sydney's Kings Cross. Even younger children have been used for pornography.

The overall drug trade turnover totals $2 billion per year. Discrepancies in Australia's national accounts of up to $1200 million have been attributed to the laundering of drug money and illicit proceeds from gambling and vice.

The man in the street is familiar with major drug busts that have grabbed the headlines — the *Anoa* yacht shipment of $44 million in buddha sticks, Bela Csidei's marijuana plantation in the Northern Territory, the Thailand heroin case, the little old ladies with their camper van full of drugs, the Griffith grass castles and the Nugan Hand affair. But what has not been spelt out is that behind such cases are inter-connecting links that point to the real masterminds of organised crime in this country. These people, rather than merely those arrested in possession of drugs, should be the priority targets of a national crimes commission.

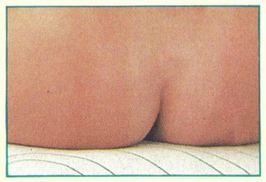
Operating alongside the three main arms of organised crime — drugs, gambling and vice — are a multitude of subsidiary rackets dominated largely by the same networks. These include:

- Shoplifting, costing well over $100 million a year and attributed usually only to errant schoolkids, light-fingered housewives and thieving employees. In fact, about 20 percent goes to syndicates through professional shoplifting gangs trained in Sydney and even sent overseas to plunder stores in London, Paris, Rome and Madrid.
- Arson, again costing well over $100 million a year, with much of it carried out on a fire-for-hire basis by professional "torches" provided by syndicates to burn down premises for profit. The public and business community consequently pay higher insurance premiums.
- Bird smuggling, an international racket grossing up to $40 million a year and involving of American Mafia indentities such as Vincent "Big Vinnie" Teresa.
- Poker machine cheating, with an annual rake-off variously estimated at $25 million up to $110 million.
- Illegal immigration, with many of the 100,000 illegal immigrants having been brought in by syndicate figures, in some cases with phony work offers using the dummy companies of a Sydney vice king.
- Loan sharking, in which hardline criminals act as collection agents. Even "respectable" companies have been found to defy the law by charging up to 150 percent interest.
- Social security fraud, whereby one of Australia's top organised crime figures has been able to get a number of weekly cheques while putting $750,000 through his bank accounts. The Costigan commission uncovered one fraud involving a million dollars.

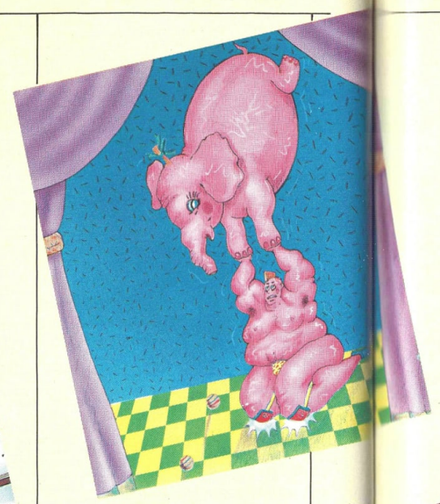
The list goes on and on — protection rackets, credit card frauds, money laundering, car stealing gangs, corruption in the court and jail systems, penetration of unions and legitimate business, and infiltration of national institutions such as Telecom, Australia Post and even the Federal Attorney-General's Department.

So vast and sophisticated has organised crime become in Australia that it demands special action to control it. Sophisticated crime should be met with sophisticated methods. Australia *must* have a crimes commission or crime authority with full Royal Commission powers.

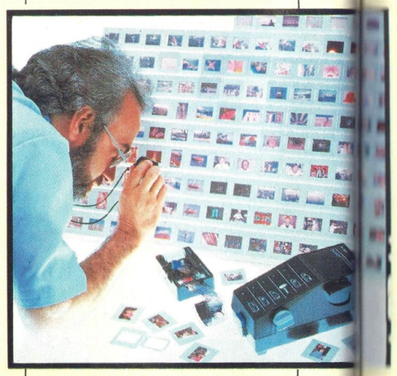
LOOSE ENDS



Back in September *Australian Penthouse* ran a Dream Evening Competition in conjunction with Bacardi rum. From the wild, weird and imaginative entries received, the winner was Robyn Kildey, a saleswoman from Glebe in Sydney. With her escort Peter Weitman, Robyn was chauffeur-driven in a Mercedes Benz at dusk to the Macquarie Lighthouse for a candle-lit dinner. There they were serenaded by a gypsy band, then whisked to Mascot to board a Cessna Citation Jet bound for Hobart. The couple spent their dream evening drinking champagne and gambling in a private room at the Wrest Point casino and were returned by jet to Sydney the following day. *Penthouse* and Bacardi wish to thank all involved, including the NSW Department of Transport, the Kei Ron Catering Centre, the Aviation Centre, and Federal Hotels.

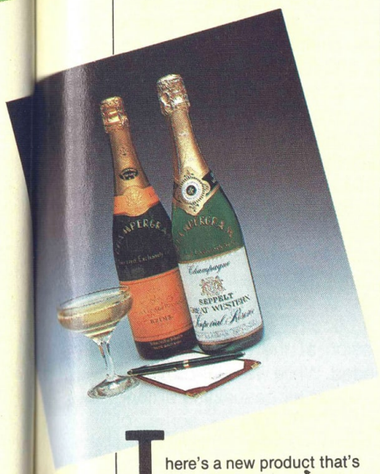


Polaroid — the company which invented instant print photography — brings the same immediacy to 35mm slide photography with its Auto-process system. The system, comprising one color and two black and white transparency films, a compact manual processer, a slide mounter and slide mounts, allows you to process your own slides in less than three minutes. The system is available through specialty photographic retailers.



The Japanese are masters of the erotic art form — for centuries their graphic illustrations of sexual play have been a source of titillation for all who view them. Original erotic artworks are now available in Australia from The Kabuki Shop, Sydney on (02) 331 2926. Censorship restrictions forbid us reproducing the works here, but be assured that they're all they're cracked up to be.

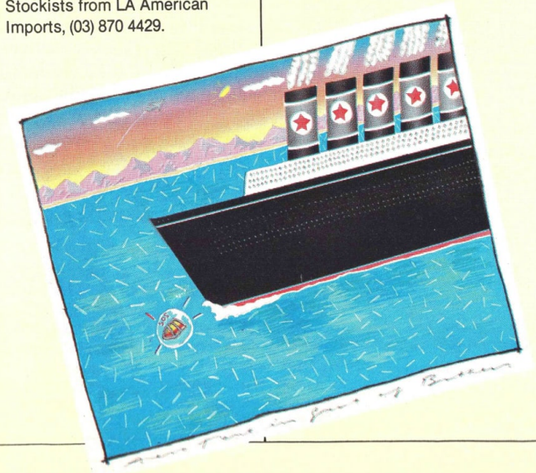
The old dicky knee is a common ailment among those of the sporty persuasion. As well as relegating the sufferer to the sidelines, a knee problem creates painful difficulties at work and at play. A group called Fighting Fit Products is distributing a newly designed medical knee strap which alleviates knee pain and allows the wearer to continue his routine. Called the Cho-Pat Knee Strap, it's said to be great for sportsmen and for anyone whose work requires them to spend a lot of time on their knees. The mind boggles. Info from Total Marketing Pty Ltd, (02) 439 7458.



There's a new product that's setting the camp scene all a flutter. It doesn't vibrate, gyrate or tickle your date — it floats! Campers are queueing up for Nova Aero Tents, German-designed models that will float due to their inflatable mattresses and structural suppports. Sized from two-man to 16-man, these tents require no poles and can be pegged to the ground like a normal tent or launched on a river or lake like a boat. Great for fishing, flash floods and fooling around. Stockists from LA American Imports, (03) 870 4429.

Now you can listen to your favorite music while you're swimming, surfing, sailboarding, or waterskiing. A new product called the WetMan secures your pocket stereo or radio safe and dry in a waterproof pouch attached to a belt, adjustable headband and waterproof headphones. Available by mail order only, you'll get more info on this trendy apparel by ringing (02) 371 6312.

Let's get together, the two of us over a glass of champagne . . . The Sydney Champergram service will engrave your Valentine's Day message in gold on a bottle of bubbly and deliver it to your chosen one for as little as $21.95 — less than the cost of a dozen roses. An idea to keep in mind for special occasions all year round. You'll find them on (02) 745 1162 or (02) 74 1429.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

Tommy Fewster of Shoalwater in Western Australia takes home the booty in this month's *Penthouse*/Polaroid competition. For his winning photograph of Tania Fewster, Tommy has a choice of two Polaroid prizes. He may choose a Polaroid SLR 680 AutoFocus/Auto-Strobe Camera or the newly released Polaroid 35mm AutoProcess system. This system, comprising AutoProcesser, Cutter/Mounter and a pack of Polachrome 12-exposure film and slide mounts, allows you to process your own transparencies in minutes.

Do you have a flair for photography? Prove it by sending us a revealing snap, taken on any film, and let *Australian Penthouse* judges evaluate your talent.

Fill in the coupon below, put it in an envelope with your photo(s) and send it to *Penthouse.*

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse,* Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) ..... of .....

am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse.* I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject: ..... Date .....

Signature of witness: ..... Date .....

Queensland's Debbie Davies

COMING IN APRIL AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Hawke's Anniversary — Political correspondent Mungo MacCallum's acid wit hasn't won him many friends in Canberra, and his critique of the Australian Prime Minister's first year in power certainly won't make him any new ones in the Labor Party.

Island Holidays — If you dream of doing a Robinson Crusoe, then let travel expert Fred Baker tell you where to go to find your girl Friday. His survey of more than 40 Australian islands covers a range of holiday experiences from tropical luxury on Lizard Island to icy isolation on Herd Island in the Antarctic.

Pet Of The Month — Debbie Davies is the hottest thing on two legs in Cairns. This 18-year-old stunner works as an "exotic" dancer and she says she was once the cause of a miners' strike in Central Queensland. Find out why next month.

The Punk Portfolio — Photographer Jim Sheldon's assignments to troublespots like El Salvador and Afghanistan were a piece of cake compared with the brief *Penthouse* gave him: "Go down to the Darlinghurst ghettos and shoot the color and craziness of the Sydney punk scene." As usual, Sheldon delivers the goods.

The Curse Of Lono — An exclusive extract from the new book by the king of Gonzo, Hunter S. Thompson. It's the story of an hilarious, brain-curdling South Sea adventure from the quintessential outlaw journalist.

Fiction — You don't have to look hard to find tough men around Sydney town, and Les Norton was one of the toughest. But that didn't stop a variety of pretenders from having a go at him. Robert Barrett's story of a notorious Sydney bouncer is guaranteed to get your adrenalin pumping.

Bill Waterhouse Interview — He was king of the Australian turf for 20 years and he still wields power in the world of high finance and low politics. In this interview, Australia's best-known bookie says he's no Simon Pure, but adds that if he'd done one tenth of the things people have accused him of, he'd have been warned off the track for good years ago.

RESCUE MISSION

Continued from page 41

elements that made those movements possible were many times this. The in-air refuelling alone was a substantial enterprise, involving seven K-135 tankers with their large support crews. Yet, from the start of training at many military and non-military sites in the States — which also involved large numbers — operational secrecy was maintained.

It is enough to say that the Soviet Union would have been delighted to expose us. Yet we penetrated deep into a hostile country — and we evacuated — without detection. We flew in, flew out — and might have been back to try again. Desert One was just over 500 kilometres from the Soviet border. Until President Carter announced the attempt to the world, no-one knew of it. Our preserving secrecy in the face of the American press and domestic government agencies was harder than keeping foreign agents off the many trails.

As for Delta itself, it did not fail if only because it wasn't tested. The hostages were released after nine months and many blows to our national self-confidence, after our "screw up." Largely on the strength of subsequent information from them, I became even more certain that our mission at the embassy would have succeeded. While we could not have expected to avoid all casualities among the hostages — as well as some, of course, among ourselves — they would have been rescued. There was nothing for which we hadn't or weren't prepared.

A commander's praise of his men is often — and rightly — suspect as being mere dutiful rhetoric. But who deserves praise if not the soldiers of that splendid unit? These were superb men to begin with. They were imaginatively as well as exhaustively trained, and in physical condition, determination, integrity, and initiative they were unequalled. They were men able to cope with extreme stress and were also peerless in teamwork.

For Rice Bowl, they were also meticulously rehearsed, and, in their non-emotional way, they yearned to do what they knew they were capable of doing. Those who applauded the Israeli feat at Entebbe would have cheered themselves hoarse had Delta been delivered to the embassy's east wall on Roosevelt Street. Perhaps America can take some heart from that.

STOCKISTS

Centrefold: Make-up by Cathy Pereira; Cane furniture from Peggyrae Benson Antiques, Naremburn, NSW; Bed from Arredorama of Sydney, Melbourne and the Gold Coast; Bedlinen from Powder Blue, Double Bay, NSW and Actil Australia; Garments from Physical, NSW and Oyiko, Double Bay, NSW; Tiles from Classic Ceramic Importers, Leichhardt, NSW; Shoes from Raymond Castles, Sydney, Melbourne and Auckland.

Sun, sea, sand and decks.

When you're parting with your hard-earned money for a holiday, you want all the holiday you can get.

So this year, instead of your everyday package, take a cruise on Oriana.

'Will I have a good time?' you may ask. Will you ever!

The Oriana is one of the most exciting holiday resorts on the face of the earth...or the ocean.

There are decks with swimming pools. And decks with bars. Some with lounges and two with discos.

There are decks where you can gamble, catch a movie or a tan.

Other decks where you can enjoy the fun of shipboard games.

And the whole ship where you can enjoy the fun and games of shipboard life.

Of course, it's not all sun, sea and decks.

Every now and again we put into one of the Pacific's picturesque tropical islands.

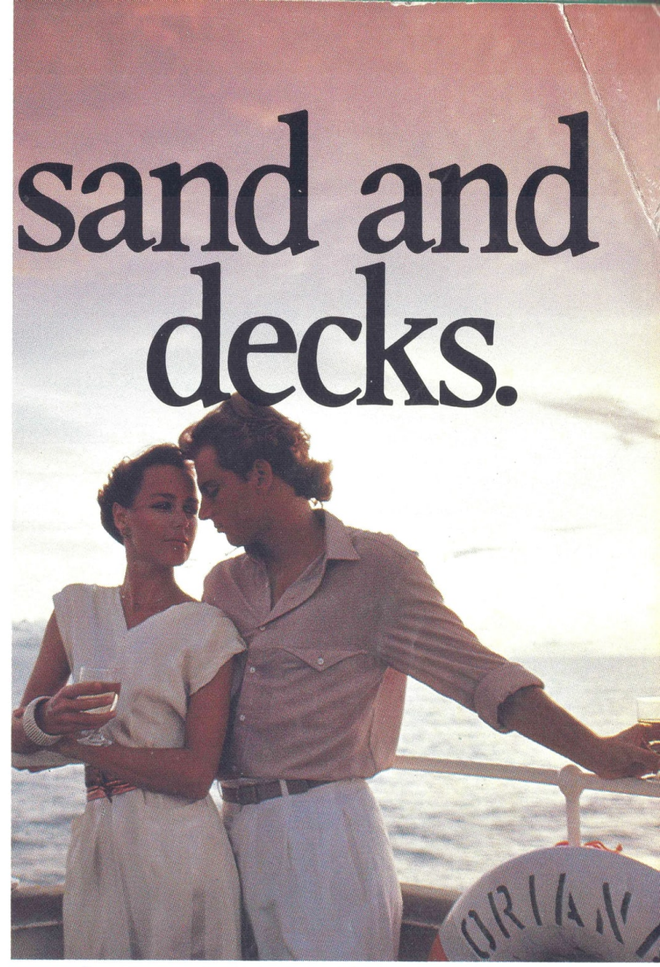
To attempt to describe them would do them an injustice.

Let's just say they are everything you ever dreamed they would be.

Right down to the coral lagoons, the palm trees and the powder-white sand.

By now all this probably sounds as though it should cost the earth.

But it doesn't.



In fact, a holiday on Oriana can work out cheaper than a package holiday to Queensland, Tahiti or even Bali.

What's more, the cost includes all your food and all your entertainment.

(More than you'd find on an average package deal.)

So it's not nearly as expensive as you'd think, considering you get twice as much holiday as most people experience.

For more information about the Oriana and Canberra cruises see your local travel agent or P&O Booking Centre.

Take me away P&O.

PO3621PH.O&M

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

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